



1509.

"Eco form il Franceso Voleto peò l'escretti che sott: La moia di Portum via caduto, Creato il nuovo Rè chi si propara Dall'enta cendesar che ebb. a Novara."

Ariasta.

1 4445.

Noi siamo partocos delle acque di Lisse."
Admiral Persono applicarrat de la Mormera.

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Jan Har

# THE EY BROOKS

This Volume

IS VERY CORDIALLY DEDICATED.

# NOTICE.

THE Letters forming the robuse, with the exception of those headed and was On Travelling and Roma Urbs," appeared Travellers in Tary, in the column of the Daily Telegraph, between the . month of April 1866 and the month of February 1867. They are we republished by promission of the Proprietors of that Journal. That which now sees the light again, under the comprehensive title of Rome and Venice, is scarcely a fourth part of my original correspondence from, I think, nearly every province of continental Italy, save Calabria Sicily I did not visit; and for many reasons, at which I have hinted "in another place," I have cancelled all record of my experiences in the Tyrol with Garibaldi—the Washington of Italy: "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," but whose reputation has been shamefully maltreated, within these latter days, in Eng-

land, signify because he is old, and has failed in two attempts, and because he is too noble and too pure to tell lies, or to disguise his horror and hatred of the cogging and shuffling of diplomacy, and the wieledly impudent impostures of priesters. My readers, and especially any critics in the amone sphere of journalism (how with the one another, to be sure!), may be reason of congratulated on the excision of three-fourths of in primary mass of matter. The hole would have made a work as intolerable as one of Prynne's,-"all rind and no fruit." The piteous entreaties of my terrified Publishersenotwiths anding, I had resolved to produce an actual book of "Travels in Italy;" but better sense prevailed, and I held my hand at the present excerpt.

G. A. S.

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# NOME AND VENICE

## IN 1866-7.

## ON TRAVELLING AND TRAVELLERS IT ITALY.

THERE are two ways of doing averything—the poetic and the prosaic. There are some persons so richly endawed with the imaginative faculty that they have been able to invest the commonest and meanest things of life with an aspect of poetry, or with nobility of thought and language. Thus the sublime Siddons, at the dinner-table, astounded the little footpage, who had handed her a glass of ale by mistake, with an outbreak of blank-verse:

"I neked for water, boy; ye've brought me beer."

And I have heard of a man, of the highest literary attainments, but whose pecuniary difficulties were continuous, who would borrow half-a-crown in the Spenserian stanza.

Although I have turned a verse occasionally, as husbandmen turn a sod, I think I can conscientiously aver that I have not one tittle of poetry in my soul, and that I never wrote, and (what is more) have never striven to write, anything of the nature of lyricism. But I do not affect to despise an art.

of which I am ignorant, or to indervalue gift of which I have been deprived. The grapes are not sour. They are only as far beyond my risch as that sumptuous bunch of hothouse "sweetwaters," at a guinea a pound, which tempts my eyes, while it derives my pocket, in the central avenue of Covent-garden Market.

There are the age casier of accomplishment than to sneer at poets, wetry; and for smartly sour railing, the poet-hater promisended to old Stephen Gosson, who, falling foul tells the story of Mithecus, who was an excellent sook streng the Greeks, and as much honoured for his confection. Phidias for his curving. But when he came to Spark himking there for his cunning to be accounted a god, the good laws of Lyeurgus and customs of the country were too strong for his diet. The governors banished him and his act, and all the inhabitants, following the steps of their predecessors, used not with dainties to provoke appetite, but with labour and travail to what their stomachs to their meat. "I may," says Stephen, "well liken Homer to Mithecus, and poets to cooks; the pleasures of the one winites the tody from labour, and conquereth the sense; the allurement of the other draws the mind from virtue, and confoundeth wit." It is, I apprehend, very facile to be thus consorious. He who has no the can say very cutting things about Francaselli or Jules ( ); the man who commeither whistle "Wapping old States," nor hum "God have the Queen," is usually reedy to sneer at Mozart and Reethoven Tweedledum and Tweedledee;" and if you would hear a good set homily on the nasty, filthy, selfish, idle, healthdestroying habit of smoking, you should lines to the moralist

whose stomach would be turned by three whills of the mildest of havening.

Never was there a more terrific libradamenthus than he who sits in judgment on the things which he jees not like, or which assumed do. An author may be a very pungent satirist, but no past: which may be one of the resonant, perchance, why the greatest poets have often been so scurrily treated by writers of satire: nor have I ever been free from a lurking suspicion that the eminent Judgmal may at one period of his career have essayed to write lither ecloques or epics; that his performances were not very farourably received at fashionable dinner tables or by the critics of the public baths, and that, soured and disappointed, he avenged himself on the Theseid, and "took it out," as the vulgar saying goes, of poor hourse Codrus, whose chief faults, it is possible, were to have a wife and a large family, and to suffer from chronic bronchitis.

For myself, I can say with cassdoar that I should like very much to be a poet, just as I should like to be Baron Rothschild, or the Marquise de Caux, or Mr. Millais the painter, or a Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company. Providence has decreed that I am not to be anything of the kind; but it is still free to me, I conjecture, to regard the man of millions with admiration and without envy; to go into ecstasies every time I hear Patti sing; to dwell with over-recurring delight on the "Huguenot" and the "Order of Release;" and to dine at Fishmongers' Hall whenever I am asked, or my liver will endure clear turtle, and Steinberg Cabinet.

I said there were two ways of doing everything—the poetic

and the prosaic; or, if you prefer to vary the terms, the refined and the vulgar. It can be no secret to such readers as I possess that I am a Vulgarian, and that I have never swerved from vulgarity of thought and coarseness of style during the twenty years in which I have been writing for a livelihood. Me Bosotum in crasso jurares aere natum. You might swear, finding me anywhere, that I was born in the gross atmosphere of Cockaigne; although for a man to be a cockney it is means necessary that he should have first drawn beath athin the sound of Bow bells. He may have a cockney and. The inmost utterances of his heart may misplace was. Yet it has often struck me that one of the lower animals say a dog or a pig-coarse as may be its appetites, gross its manners, and unintellectual its organisation, may have more and better opportunities of judging the qualities of things which are of the earth earthy, than the Colossus, stalking along sublimely, his head in the clouds, and his nose upraised, in the direction of the Milky Way.

It is the ascertained business of a very few persons, in every age, to study the stars,\* and of a smaller number still to understand anything of that which they study; whoreas the common and petty things of life intimately concern millions upon millions at every hour of the day. Granting, then,

The people, set them on the stars to gaze;
Instanting, with much confidence,
They are the only men that have science
Of some brave creatures; yes, a world they will
Have in each star, though it be past their skill
To make it manifest unto a man
That reason bath, or tell his fingers can."

for the sake of argument, that a cockney and a vulgarian has four short legs—the Colossus has two long ones;—that his nose, instead of scenting the planets, is the rather disposed to sniffing for foxes, or for truffles underground; and that his eyes lie naturally close to the earth, it may be conceded, perhaps, that he is sometimes enabled to arrive at a tolerably accurate estimate of the external phenomena of terrestrial nature, and that he may occasionally turn up little specimens of vegetation, or shells, or pebbles, which the Colossus his nose still among the stars—has never seen, cannot see, will not stoop to see, and, in his sublime ignorance, tramples under foot, and crunches into powder. A persuasion that such may be the case, and an idea that the scent-hunting bound, and the truffle-grubbing swine, may in their generation do good service to that cause which we should all have, Titans and Troglodytes, at heart, -the increase of the sum of human knowledge. - are my sole apologies for republishing the papers which form this book.

For it appears to me that, from the pectical standard, Italy as a country and the Italians as a nation have been done, literally, to death, and that distance has led such enchantment to the view taken of the Peninsula, that the eye of appreciation has grown, occasionally, somewhat weak and watery: a circumstance which has led not unfrequently to the confusion of hawks as hernshaws, and to the acceptance of clouds as whales. China, I surmise, is a land about which almost every traveller has told lies. Spain and Russia are countries which no travellers save Ford in the first, and Mr. Sutherland Edwards in the second case, seem to have understood anything worth noting. Germany is a country which

is not worth travelling in to understand, for its only tolerable products, its literature and its wines, can be studied or drunk at home; but Italy is a region about which every traveller that ever visited it has dreamed dreams.

The Italians themselves have, perhaps, been at all times the greatest visionaries with respect to their own country; and within these latter days the regeneration of Italy may it be permanent!—has been chiefly the work of a statesman (Count Cover) whom his enemies declare to have been no prore an Atalian than a Shetlander is an Englishman. I have however, to quit this section of the argument: for were I to continue the discussion as to who is and who is not a good Italian, patriotically considered, I should have Mr. Swinburne battering me with a flery torch. and telling me that out of the pale of Mazzinism there was no political salvation; while, if I dured to hint that my own boau-ideal of a patriotic Italian was the late Daniel Manie, I might be reminded that the illustrious Aenotian in question was by no means an advanced despected, the he was an uncompromising advocate of a "strong" government, and that as a lover of moderate freedom he enjoyed to the last the esteem and admiration of the Emperor Napoleon LIL.

French travellers in Italy have, perhaps dreamt fewer dreams concerning the Peninsula than have the Germans or the English. But their theory as to things Italian is decided enough. A Frenchman's political views of the country are very simple, and seldom vary. He is of opinion that Italy should be free; but he questions the expediency differ being united. His dream is one of a federal Italy.

governed by native sovereigns, all to be petted, patronisad, and protected by the grand French number. The would semorablessly drive out the Teutonic invaler, sindeed, he has driven him out over and ever again; nor would be install himself as an armed occupant in the invader's place.

The first Napoleon might, by a stroke of his pen, have united the whole Peninsula under his sceptre; but he hald his hand. He was crowned King of Italy, it is true; but his kingdom comprised only Lombardy and Venetia, with some part of Piedmont, and later the "department of the Tiber" and the "départment of Thrasymene" were decreed, under exceptional circumstances—those of the impossibility of bringing an impracticable priest to terms-to be integral parts of the French Empire. He dreamt the federal dream, and made a kingdom, here, for his brother-in-law, and a grand duchy, there, for his sister. Rôme excepted, he never held, nor professed to hold, Italy as a conquered country, as the Spaniards had held Naples, and the Austrians Lombardo-Vénetia. He wished Italy to have her own princes, her own usages, her own judges and magistrates, and her own troops. He exacted merely that social barbarism should be abolished, that the Code Napoleon should supersede the antiquated system of medieval jurisprudence, and that all the Italian governments should be amenable to Franch influence.

It need searcely be said that in the tail of the last sentence lies the sting. In my own opinion (and I trust that I am not singular in it) both the first and the third Napoleon have done an immensity of good in Italy; but as I shall frequently have to revert to their Italian work, I

shall not enlarge upon it now. But hall the Bonapartes converted the Italian into a perfect angel (which they have certainly failed in doing), the non-Latin nations would still fiercely denounce the influence of Bonapartism in Italy, and continue their stale tirades about "the insatiable ambition" of the conqueror of Marengo, and the "occult designs" of the victor of Solferino. The non-Latin nations have. I take it, a clear right to talk in that way; but those who are of the Latin race have as clear a right to talk in their way, and to regard the influence of Cesarism in Italy as much more beneficial than detrimental: beneficial as being calculated to establish a temporary metro termine between the peril of a return to the stopid and ernel despotism

That same evening (an exquisitely beautiful one in August) I strolled for away through the suburbs of Milms past the great Naumachial circus built by Napaleon I., past the Piazza de' Armi, towards that famous triumphal monument of marble begun under the vicercyalty of Eugene Beauharnain, and dedicated "alle aperance d'Italia indipendente," by Napoleon I., and

<sup>.</sup> During my sojourn in Italy (I advalt the time was one of trenespoints political excitement, and that the national venity was intensity mortifold not only by the defeats of Custozza and Lissa, but by the contemplaces cession of Venetia by the Austrians, not directly to the Italians, but through the intermediary of France: a scornful flinging away, as cannach the Kaiser were saying, " Here, give this dog his hone, and let your Graceal Lebend hand it to him; for I will not"), I heard, saw, and read, in conversation, in public orations, in caricatures, and in returns serious and trivial, at least five hundred times the Emperor Napoleon III, compared to Parintle, to Timour, to Ignatius Loyola, to Herod, to commodus, to Amurath, and to Judge lecariot. In a satirical paper of large circulation, published in Milan (the Spirito Follette, I think it was called), I meticed one very large cartoon, which was simply a blasphenous travesty of the magnificent Road-to-Calvary picture by linfaelie, now at Madrid, and known as the "Spesimo di Sudlia." It was Italy who was staggering and fainting under the weight of the Cross; Rome and Venice were the Holy Women; and the Emperor Rapoleon was the Itoman centurion on horseback, who starnly orders the procession to move on. This shominable picture was exposed, surrounded by admiring crowds, in the Piazza del Duomo, on the bookstalls by the theatre of La Scula, and at a dozen shops in the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele—three of the most public resorts in Milan.

of the Hapsburgs and the Bourbons on the one hand, and, on the other, the equally dismal danger of rapid Red Republicanism.

The necessity for French influence and protection in Italy must one day—and at no very distant one—cease to exist. But every new nation must remain, for a certain time, in leading-strings; and in the Italian case which is, the advocates of French influence may argue, best?—that the guide should be a nurse of a kindred race, and who has already indped to suckle the bantling and place it in

terminated by the Austrians, who dubbed it the "Arco della Pace," and covered its sides with tawdry bas-reliefs, and fulsome inscriptions in bad Latin, crying up the virtues of the Emperor Francis, the gauler of the Spiejberg. It was thus decorated when I first went to Milan, many years since. But when I revisited the arch that August evening in 1866, it had changed its aspect; it have record of the events of 1859, and the inscription beneath the architestee ran, Englished, thus:

National III.

AND

VICTOR EMMANUEL II.
ENTERING, THEIR ARMS COVERED WITH GLORY,
EXULTING MILAN,
TORE FROM THIS MARBLE THE IMPRINT OF SLAVERY,

AND WROTE, INSTEAD, THAT ITALY WAS FREE,

Where would "Milano esultante" have been in '66 but for that "entrance with arms covered with glory" in 1859? Where would Italy have been now, without the help of Napoleon? Could Victor Emmanuel have won Solferino and Magenta alone? Without the aid of France, the Piazza de' Armi of Milan would be full at this day of white-coated Austrians, exercising "in squadrona and platoons, with their music playing chunes;" the adjoining Castello would be full, as of old, of political prisoners; and any caricaturist venturing to lampoon the ruling powers would be very summarily taken to a guardhouse, strapped down upon a bench, and soourged—it would matter little if the offender were man or woman—within an inches and it would matter little if the offender were man or woman—within an inches like or her life. But "exulting Milan" had forgotten the cavalette and the basisse in 1866.; just as those liberated Fenian convicts the other day were no sooner freed from picking oakum at Millbank and wheeling bricks at Chatham, than they went home to Ireland and set about abusing the British Government.

the way of walking; or an Austrian corporal, brandishing handouffs and willow-rods, or a ranting, raving Red Republican, with Pianori's dagger in one hand and Felice Oraini's fulminating bemb-shells in the other? I must be pardoned on this head for queting one Italian authority on Italy, when I entrest all English admirers of this beautiful and interesting land to read M. Cimmino's novel, I Congiurati. Therein—from the testimony of an Italiano italianismo—they may form some idea of the infinite mischief and misery inflicted on the cause of Italian independence by secret societies and assassination plots; by Mazzinism, in a word, which has never ceased to retard, instead of accelerating, the great cause—that of the creation of a new and healthy member of the European family.

I don't say that I agree entirely with the ordinary French traveller who pins his faith to Cesarism in general, and M. Thiers' Italian notions in particular; but I do say that a nation which has been more or less enslaved and held captive to the foreign bow and spear for fifteen hundred years has some need of guidance and protection ere she sets entirely up for herself as a great European power. Perhaps in a dozen years or so we shall have no kings in Europe at all, and then the Republic of Italy may form an important section of the United States of Europe. In the mean time Frenchmen will continue to opine that united Italy, with an ermy thrice as large as she needs, with finances in a state of chronic disorder, with a clergy continually plotting to everthrow the newly-built edifies of freedom, and with a cather-worm at her very heart in the shape of Rome. and its Pontiff more impracticable than that Pine whom

Dispoless I. took into custody, is, if not a failure, a mintake, and that the next European convalsion will crumble the next built edifice to fragments.

With regard to Italian literature, the French know wellnigh nothing about it. They sat patiently by while an
Italian, the late M. Fiorentino, learned the French language in order that he might translate Dante for them.
They wouldn't read the Inferno when M. Fiorentino had
published it; and at the present moment it is probable that
the only notions entertained by the majority of educated
Frenchmen touching the works of Italy's greatest poet are derived from the drawings of M. Gustave Doré. Every Italian
above the rank of a shopkeeper speaks French; and not
one out of every score of French travellers I met in Italy
during nine months could speak twenty words of Italian.\*

With respect to art, the average Frenchman's Italian creed is as simple and as invariable as his political one. He regards artistic Italy as a mine, and he extracts as much precious metal from it as ever he possibly can, nor will be pay even for smelting the ore if he can help it. The English tourist goes to Italy to buy ancient pictures, or

Nor, much as they vapour about "La Diva," and much as they profess to admire Rossini, and much as they sneer at us as a nation incapable of appreciating abssionl music, do I think that the French have any sincere love for or any profound comprehension of, Italian music. The Thérire des Italians in Purk has always been an exotic, which would have died long ago but for a large subventier following Government; whereas in Englandprivate enterprise and the compression of the people have, during a period of a hundred and lifty years, including one and comesimus were vant these on Italian opera in London. In George the Third's time, even, we had two—the Ring's Theatre and the Pantheon. Again, there is somely a provincial form in Resident which periodically, the very best Italian artists have not been heard. When did Grief or Mario, Alboni or Lablache, visit Tours, or Abbaville, or which Rossier?

modern copies; the wiser Frenchman sends the elever young alumni of the Ecole des Beaux Arts to the Villa Medici, to copy the pictures on the spot, and bring them home to Paris. In act, the Frenchman is the worst customer the Italian can have. He purchases little; but he observes, imitates, and borrows everything he can lay his mind and hand upon. When he was all-powerful in Italy, he stole. Napoleon would surrender a principality, but he would stick like grim death to an antique cameo. He would part with a kingdom, but a manuscript by Lionardo, or a picture by Rafselle, was not to be rescued, under compulsion, from his insatiate maw. "Gallig semper crudeles, rapaces, barbarorum omnium Italis infestissimi."

The cruelty and the barbarism may be doubtfui; but, of the artistic rapagity of the French there can be no doubt. I have an old catalogue of the contents of the Museum of the Louvre, dated 1812; and it is half drolly half melancholy, to follow page after page of the records of impudent plunder. The Venus de' Mediciand the Apollo Belvedere, the Transfiguration and the Communion of St. Jerome-nothing came amiss to these "cracksmen with a taste." But they did not destroy: they only stole. If they were obliged to bombard a city, they built it up again. Of the long Austrian sway in Italy, no architectural trace is visible now but fortresses and barracks; whereas, although French domination in the Peninsula endured only from 1804 to 1815, in hundreds of cases, while travelling, when your eye lights on a good road. a well-built bridge, a commodious hospital, a solid quay, a handsome modern theatre, you will, asking, "Chi l' ha fatto!" receive the answer, "Napoleone Primo."

The veneration still shown by the Italians for the memory of the first Napoleon,\* and which is so magnificently expressed by Manzoni in the Cinque Macdia differs very widely from the feverish and fantastic cultus accorded to the Corsican by that French people whom he subdued, but whose vanity he flattered by the ephemeral gift of military glory. There can be little doubt that Napoleon's heart was con stantly and chiefly in Italy, and that he loved Milan more than he loved Paris. In his desolate captivity, Italian was the tongue he liked best to speak; and in Italy his exiled kindred found a home and a respectful welcome. He did great things for Italy, and he would have done infinitely greater and better ones; but his life was short, and the task was long; but the occasion was fleeting, and judgment difficult: as many men have discovered since Hippocrates' time. He succeeded, however, in abolishing feudalism in " Italy: everywhere he reformed the criminal code—save in Tuscany, where it was scarcely susceptible of reformation, and in Rome, where the priests baffled his efforts to reform anything. If his gendarnies were somewhat unscrupulous as to the number of brigands they shot (Fra Diavolo was among the number), there is abundant contemporary testimony to prove that, for a time, he extirpated brigandage from the Alps to the Adriatic, and that during his sway there were rooted out those hideous pests to society the bravi, or professional assassins, who, for at least eight denturies, had publicly pursued their abhorrent trude throughout Italy. If his gendarmes did nothing else, they blew out the

<sup>\*</sup> A gold piece of twenty france is habitually called by the persentry in north and central Italy "we marringo,"

brainer of Salishadil, and Sparafacile, and Sparagitive. And let this aspecially be noted; that so sees so Mipoleon will and Raly once more reverted to the Pope, the Bourbons, the Austrians, and those pale Grand-Dukes, always trembling, always ready to invoke the aid of Austrian beyonets; beigandism and bravoism revived. Finally, let it be remembered, and to his imperialishle honour, that the Republican General, the Kirst Consul, the Emperor, the King of Italy, the "Chief of Banditti," as he has been called by high Tory critics, inexorably decreed the abolition of that aborninable and inframen outrage to, and desecration of Humanity, which for ages had been common all over Italy, and the audible evidence of which only lingers at this day in Roam, where it. counts yet a few miserable victims among the choristers in the private chapel of the Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholia. Church.

And now, not without perturbation, I approach mine own countrymen who have travelled, or who travel, in Italy. I think they may be divided into three grand classes: the solemn, severe, and classical travellers; second, the canting and gushing ones; third, the idictic plagiarists.

Addison justly enjoys a considerable degree of renown as a classical traveller in Italy. He drags in quotations from the ancient poets, it is true, à tort et à travers, in all parts of his interesting work; but now and again he allows the mellow humanic of Sir Roger de Coverley to peep from beneath the ambanistal carle of his periwig; and gives us some very life-like and unaffected touches of Halian manners. Sterney perhaps, might have written, an he would, the very best book on the social habits of the Italians that has appeared in

the English language—a book as shrewed and trendant: as that of the President de Brosses in the Ryench; but Sterme's incurable laziness and perversity. "his essential cussedness," as I once heard an American phrase it, prevented him from doing anything thoroughly; and he teases as only with such delightful but disappointing fragments as the bit about Madicofani, and the Italian lady with whom he went to the oratorio at Milan.

The Head Master of English classical travellers in Italy is, without a doubt, the Reverend John Chetwode Eustace, who made the tour of the Peninsula with his patron Lord Brownlow, and in whom may be summed up nearly all the merits and demonits of all the chaptains who have our made the grand tour with noble lords. To his really sound learning, and genuine love for antiquities, the compilers of Murray's Italian handbooks has a been very largely indebted; and, although Einsteen was a Ploman-Catholic proest, his four weights volumes are generally regarded by the most ortiodox Augicous as a standard of all that thecorons and right-principled in Torvism. Mr. Hustice went to Italy while the French were dominant in the country, and it will be very easily understood that, as a faithful child of the Papacy, he does not approve of the late Napulon Bousparte. ditti" is the mildest term he has to bestow on the French armies. When at Veronn, he noticed that the Fresh were "detested as the most cruel of the many barbases tribes that had invaded the devoted country."

You may be aware that at Verone there exists, quite intact as to its outward walls, and even susceptible of use as to its interior, a magnificent Roman amphitheutre, capable

of holding twenty-two thousand spectators. For many ages it has been far too large for any purposes of recreation to which it could be put by the Veronese; but from time to some sort of functiones—to use the convenient Spanish form—have been held within its gray old walls. Now it was an Emperor Joseph putronising a bull-fight in the arena where an Emperor Joseph putronising a bull-fight in the arena where an Emperor Joseph putronising a bull-fight in the arena where an Emperor Joseph putronising a bull-fight in the arena where an Emperor Joseph putronising a bull-fight in the arena where an Emperor Joseph putronising a bull-fight in the arena where an Emperor Joseph putronising a bull-fight in the arena where an Emperor Joseph putronising a bull-fight in the combats of gladiators, and gave his benediction to the closely-packed asands in the forty-five ranges of seats.

Mr. Eustace is inclined to be tolerant towards exhibitions of this nature; but those wretched French, during their stay in Verona, having exceted a wooden theatre near one of the grand portals of the amphitheatre, and caused several farces and pantomimes to be acted there for the amusement of the army, the Reverend Mr. Eustace is "down" upon them immediately. "The sheds and scaffolding the writes, "that composed this interable edifice were standing in the year 1802, and looked as if intended by the builder as a satire upon the taste of the Grande Nation that could disfigure so noble an arena. The Veronese beheld this characteristic absurdity with indignation, and compared the invaders, not without reason, to the Huns and the Lombards."

I have no doubt that they did, and to the Goths. Ostragoths, the Wisigoths likewise; the modern Veronese being a dirty, good-for nothing lot, generally speaking, who find it expenient to excuse their own sloth and uncleanliness by declarate themselves to be the lineal descendants of ancient Bomans, cruelly oppressed by successive hordes of barbarians; but within my own time I have known the

"noble arena" of these ardent classicists descerated by all kinds of "miserable edifices" with the fru consent and concurrence of the Veronese, who flocked to the edifice, and paid their soldi to see the show. I have seen a horse-riding circus in one corner, and a company of zanni and panto-mimists in another, and Dr. Dulcamara, in his red coat, powdered wig, and top-boots, drawing teeth, and selling vials of the clixir of love in the centre, where Hercules' pillar used to stand. And perhaps there was not much desceration in any of these harndess buffooneries, and they were preferable, in the long-run, to the Austrian Emperor Joseph with his bull-fight, and the Roman Emperor Gallicuns with his gladiators and wild-beasts.

Eustace, in a solemn "Preliminary Discourse," has laid down something like a code of rules for the guidance of travellers who intend to visit Italy in the true classical spirit. "Virgil and Herace, Cicero and Livy, should be the inseparable companions of all travellers; they should occupy a corner in every carriage, and be called forth in every interval of leisure to relieve the fatigue and to heighten the pleasure of the journey." This is excellent advice; and, indeed, the majority of educated travellers are given to carrying a copy of Horace (Firmin Didot's exquisite little red-lined edition is at once the most portable and the most legible); but in these rapid railroad days, when to have, so frequently to change trains, a Murray's guidestock ordinarily supersedes Virgil, Cicero, and Livy.

Very admirable is Mr. Eustace's advice to "diligent travellers" to learn a little of the language before they go to Italy; and very aptly does he quote Becon's famous re-

minder that he that travelleth into a country before he both come entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. After this, according to Mr. Eustace, the traveller should study the history of the different revolutions of Italy, not only before, but during the decline and after the fall of the Roman Empire. "The republican part of Roman history," he goes on to say, "is considered as purely classical, and as such is presupposed in the first paragraph."

Eustace wrote before those and scepties Niebuhr and Sir George Cornewall Lewis had disturbed the learned world with their doubts, else he might have added that much of the republican part of Roman history was considered to be not only "purely classical," but purely mythical. He wrote, too, before the days of Sismondi, or at least before that illestrious historian had published his great work; so the student of Italian history is commanded to the Abbate benine's History of the Revolutions of Italy, and to Roscoe's Lorenzo the Magnificent and Leo the Tenth: both books quite worthless as authorities now.

The young traveller, too, may read Addison's Dialogues on Medals (and very delightful reading they are, written with the untiring felicity of that graceful author); numismutically, the Dialogues are not worth a brass farthing. Mr. Eustace's model diveller may then turn his attention to architecture, and muscled to con Dean Aldrich's Elements, "translated to the should peep into Stuart's Athens, and Wikins's Magna Gracia. Then as to sculpture: "Some acquaintance with anatomy is a desirable preliminary to the knowledge of this art;" therefore the tourist would do well to

tivate his classe in pictorial art he should read (shade of my grandfather's pigtail!) Du Freeney's Art of Painting, and Sir-Joshua Reynolds's "well-known" Discourses. At music good old Mr. Eustace shakes his head gently, but gravely. Italy, he admits, is the first country in the world for music, both with regard to composition and execution; yet "young travellers ought rather to be cautious against its allurements than exposed by preparatory lessons to their dangerons influence."

When Mr. Eustace penned this, Mrs. Billington was the great prima donna assoluta of Italy. The model traveller must take maps with him—D'Anville's map of ancient, Zannoni's map of modern, Italy.

Touching the time selected for travelling, and the route to be taken, the traveller is advised to pass the Alps early in the autuum, and first proceed to Brussels; thence to Liege, Spa (gare à la roulette!), Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Bonn, and along the banks of the Rhine to Collentz, Mayence, and Strasburg; there cross the Rhine to Mannheim; traverse the Palatinate, the territories of Wittemburg, Bavaria, and Salzburg; enter the defiles of the Tyrol, or Rhætian Alps; and. passing through Innspruck and Trent, turn to Bas and and to Mestre, whence he may send his carriage by land to Padua, and embark for Venice. From Venice he may go by water up the Brents to Padus, and visit Areque, and then pass onwards to Ferrara and Bologna; then followith Via Emilia to Forli, thence proceed to Ravena and Rimini, make an excursion to San Marino, and advance to Ancona, whence he anay visit Ostia. He will then continue his journey by Loretto and Macerata to Tolentino; thence, over the Apennines, to Foligne, Spoleto and Terni, and so follow the direct road through Civita Castellana, to Rome. He should reach Rome in November, and devote the whole of December "to a first contemplation of the Eternal City, and the consideration of its most striking beauties." He will then proceed to Naples, where the months of January, February, and March will be delightfully employed. In the week before Easter he . must be back in Rome. April, May, and June will be given to a leisurely survey of Tibur, Ostia, Antium, Mount Soracte, Preneste, and the Sabine mountains. The tumuli of the Alban mount may be reserved for the hot months of July and August; and in September it will be time to turn towards Florence, between which and the other Tuscan cities the winter is to be agreeably divided. In the beginning of the next February our indefatigable traveller is to pass tho Apennines to Modena, Parma, Piacenza, Lodi, Cremona, Mantus, and Vorona. Thence Peschiera and the Lago di Garda are to be explored. After that he may direct his course by Brescia and Bergamo to Milan. Having taken a trip to the Lago di Como and the Lago Maggiore, he may shape his course by Vercelli and Tortona to Genoa. He will then take the road of the Maritime Alps by Savona to Nice, after which he will turn inland to Turin; and I wish him joy of his inland tour, for he will have to go over the unutterablyabominable part of the Col di Tenda.

But for geographical anthorities to the contrary, one might think that the said of silee washed the shores of Nice, and that it was over the Col di Tenda that the demoniac pigs passed. The scenery is magnificent, but every village is one huge hoggery, and every cottage a sty. "Mount Cenis, the him in distant perspective." It will be abserted that the Reverend Mr. Eustace does not say one word of setting in or out of Italy by the way of St. Gothard or the Splugen, the Simplen or the Stelvio, or even the minor passes of the Tonale or the Bernardina. The reasons for his reticence: Napoleon was, at the time of Mr. Eustace's visit to the Peninsula, very busy indeed in making roads through the peaks, passes, and glaciers; but he granted rights of membership in his Alpine Club only to himself and to his soldiers. I wonder even that he left Mont Cenis pass and the Cornice road open to Mr. Eustace, and that the good ecclesiastic was not obliged to make the coast of Italy by long sea, say from Gibraltar to Genoa, or from Malta to Venice.

Most of us have heard of a celebrated musician who, ere he sat down before his pianoforte to compose, was accustomed to dress himself in his Sunday best, to have his hair frizzed and powdered, and his handkerchief elaborately scented. Numbers of wax-candles were disposed about his room, and a diamond-incrusted snuffbox, filled with the choicest Macabaw, was placed at his elbow. Then, with laced ruffles at his wrists, and jewels on his fingers, he felt himself en train for the cultivation of counterpoint and thorough bass, and proceeded to invent tremendous sonatas. It is difficult to rise from the perusal of a book on Italy by an English traveller without being reminded—the tremendousness of the result apart—of the musician who combined composition with coxcombry. The majority of English tourists seem to think it essential temperess themselves in their very finest intellectual clothes before they pass the Alps;

and nine out of ten of them, as I have before hinted cities gusli or cant. The poets may be exempted from this cate. gory, since gushing and canting are perfectly admissible in poetry, se long as they are relieved by beauty of language. We do not expect a poet to be logical, or even rational. only want him to be eloquent.

Byron gushes tremendously in Childe Harold about the Coliseum and the Dying Gladiator; but he gushes milk and honey; or the committee of his thoughts runs with rich burgundy in lieu of water. In his letters, however, to Murray, and in his convergations with his friends, Byron showed that he had a very shrewd, practical; and even humorous apprecisation of Italy as a land inhabited, not by postical shatmations, but by substantial human beings; and there can be little doubt that, had Lord Byron chosen to do so, he might have written one of the best prose works on Italy or the Italians with which it was possible to endew his country's literature.

The Italy of Samuel Rogers, again; must be criticised not as a book of travels, but as a purely postical rhapsody, less high-flown than Byron's, but still rose-coloured and myrtle-tinged and orange-flower-flavoured in an elaborate degree; yet was Samuel Rogers; peet and banker; one of the dryest, cutest of more; and it is clear that he know all shout Italy and the Palisas, and could have written in prose most admirably shows them. The monkeys are said to forbear from speaking artisulately lest their rich relations, mankind, should force them to work. Sam Rogers piped seemingly smeet postry, lest his countrymer should insist on his telling the muli in pros.

And why on earth should not the truth he told allout country? Why could not Madamardte Street hand her clear-sighted daughter of Necker and the seas, tell was an Italian things, instead of gushing and canting as the han done in Corinne! Because the Apollo Belvedine and the Transfiguration are in the Vatican, and the Venneda Madicia is in the Tribune of Florence, is all Italy, from Calabrin. the Sass, to be hallowed ground? Why, there is a spline did Murillo in our National Gallery; and in the Billian Museum there are numerous exquisite examples of Greek statuary; but the possession of those art-treasures does not blind us to the fact that St. Giles's is very near Great Russell-aircet; Bloomsbury, and that St. Martin's Weeklieuse in just behind Trafalgar-square. If a map goes to Italy, and discourses upon his return about the fifth and the barbariers. to be found in many of its parts; the half Joey Grimality half mumbo-jumbo buffeonery and mummery into which the rites of the Roman Catholics Church have degenerated in Rosse and Naplocat The discusses Ralian cookery, and alfudes to the really important fact that the sausages of Bologna are very much superior to our best Cambridges,he is told, forworth, that he is a Philistine, that he has no soul for art, and that he is indifferent to the charms of histerio associatione.

As to being a Philistine, I searcely know what the term, intellectually used, means, ar how it applies. The shallow and conceited sciolists who devised the enser; in order to insult writers whose middle and views were breader than his may plume hisself mightily on his device; but twenty years hence; I finey; we shall trouble conselves no more

about what 'a literary Philistine may have heart Than we trouble ourselves now about "Della Crusca," or Signa Matilda," or that "Satanic" school about which paor Southey made such a pother.

As for having no soul for art, whether a man has a soul for anything is a fact known only to his Maker and himself; and by his acts and deeds only are we entitled to surmise whether his soul is as broad as the beam of the Great Eastern, or so small and narrow that, as some old writer whose name has escaped me puts it, it is just but a pinch of salt that serves to keep his body from stinking.

And, finally, touching the sanctity of historic associations, didn't Julius Cæsar invade England? and am I thereby to be debarred from talking about a grocer's shop in Suargatestreet, Dover, or the table-d'hôte at the Lord Warden, or the slipperiness of the Admiralty pier? Wasn't Constantine the Great born at York? am I for that reason to be forbidden to refer to the Desister St. Leger? Every country is full of historical associations. Second requirements in Europe; acores of lands in Africa and Italian the indelible stamp of the Romans. In the market-place of dirty little Moorish villages in Barbary you will find battered stones, two thousand years old, with the inscription, "Fic Casar transebat," dimly legible upon them. Julian the Apostate had a palace in Paris; Pontins Pilate, they say thed at Marseilles (although others stand out for the shores of the Lake of Income); am I in companie to be warned off from the jewellers' shops of the see de la Paix, or the flower-girls of the Cannebière, or the Bedouin douars of Algeria? Every country has a history; every country is but the actual

modern condition, manners, and circumstances of every land need close and careful study and record, which will be all the more trustworthy if it be constantly compared with the conditions, manners, and circumstances which have gone before.

It seems to me in the highest degree disastrous that for a real and life-like picture of Italy and the Italians in the last century we should be constrained to go to the smirched. pages of the profligate adventurer Jacques Casanova. with the exceptions of that which Stendhal (Beyle) has written concerning Italy, and Storey the sculptor's admirable pictures of Roman life, I do not know a single book in which a tangible Italy, and breathing, vascular Italians, are so vividly depicted as by the diverting vagabond whose voluminous memoirs are at once half the pride and half the shame of autobiographical literature. No doubt that Casanova has told an infinity of lies about his amours, and about the illustrious and the celebrated personages with whom he claims to have rubbed there is, notwithstanding, an amazing quality and the in his writings -- truth which, perhaps, he 🙀 re of himself, and to a great extent unconsciously. We it as it may, he has painted with Micris-like fidelity the Italy and the Italians of the eighteenth century. But Casanova in his entirety is so infamous, that a man dare acrosly place his volumes on the shelves of a library; the sale of the Memoirs is prohibited by the French police, although it is tolerated throughout Belgium and Germany; and in England discreet booksellers announce in a whisper to the collectors of facetice that they have a copy of Casanova on hand. It would be futile task to publish an expurate edition of the rascally magnum opus.

As well might one strive to treat Jean Juoques Roussesses es Dr. Bowdler treated Skakespears, and bring out an edition of the Confessions for "family reading," but it might be fine sible, I imagine, to collect in a single volume the marrow of Cassinva's descriptions of the cities he visited, and his observations on the men and the manners of his time, kicking Casanova himself and his scoundrelly amours entirely on one side.

## THE AUSTRIANS IN VENICE.

I was very tranquilly and happily enjoying the springtime of the year 1866 in the fair city of Seville, in Andalusia, revelling in oranges, sweet lemons, early peas, and other luxuries (including that inestimable one of not doing more than I could help), varying existence by occasional trips upwards to Cordova and downwards to Cadiz, and meditating a trip to Lisbon and Madeira, when, moved by the instigation of the Father of Evil (as the old indictments for hightreason used, in somewhat stronger lagguage, to say), the heart of the Prussian Otto Von Bismark Schoustein, count of that ilk, was stirred up to winth against the Austrian Graf Mensdorf-Poully; and, there two statesmen pulling the strings of the respective reval\*and imperial puppets they held in the hollow of their hands. William of Prussis began to shake his fist fiercely at Francis Joseph of Austria, and the Emperor Napoleon III. became Local soul!) infinitely concerned at the prespect of the party of Europe being disturbed.

In consequence of Bismark, my journey to Portugal and to the Canaries was adjourned size die; an inexerable telegraphic message informed me that war was imminent; and that I was wanted near its probable scene of outbreak; so, with a heavy-heart, I probable scene of outbreak to Madrid, mouned for the last time on the Paerta del Sol, and

watched Dona Isabel de Borbon, with her covey of niños and niñas, "robust infantes and infantas" all of them, roll by in their gilded coaches, drawn by fat sleek mules; and so passed the Pyrenees, grumbling, and came through Bordeaux to Paris, whence, growling like a bear with a sore head (I saw that identical bear, sore head and all, in Long-acre yesterday, escorted by two foreign persons of brigand-like aspect, and in blue blouses, and followed by a troop of ragged children), I went down to Calais, and abode at an inn, even at Dessein's Hotel, as that delightful George Borrow says, when it seems to occur to him that he has been talking a little too freely about the Caloros and Rommany chals, and that it behoves him, for the sake of the Society, to be a little biblical.

Dessein's was very dull; but I had to stay there for the best part of the week, waiting for messages and letters and a travelling-companion. I read Sterne, of course, conscienciously—a copy of the Scatimental Journey lies on the coffee room table—and pleased myself in famey by selecting places in the court-yard, where the disadigeante might have stood, where the Franciscan might have accessed the clergyman, and where the little French captain might have come dancing in from the street. On being informed that the inn formerly kept by Sterne's M. Dessein was in quite another part of the town, and was now converted into a museum. I was much abashed, and retired to my room, there to smoke tobacco.

"This Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay;
AB itesh is hay:
Thus think, and maoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lify white and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state be-present
Thou art e'en such—
Gone with a touch:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high.
Then thou beholdst the vanity
Of worldly stuff—
Gone with a puff:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco."

I was very low in spirits, in consequence of Bismark, and the non-arrival of my messages and travelling-companion, and I learned the whole of the quaint old poem by heart, and Radph Erskine's paraphrase of it, too, out of a ragged copy of the Gospel Sonnets which I had picked up, together with a Moorish door-knocker and a rusty dagger, at a ragshop at Toledo. How on earth did that book of the old Scots minister get to Toledo? Perhaps it was found in bygone days on the person of a wandering heretic by the familiars of the Holy Inquisition, and that the heretic was reasted for having it. No; that was scarcely so, for the Gospel Sonnets are prefaced by a poem in praise of smoking; and the Spaniards are too fond of smoking, for the merciless Inquisition even to have burned a sincere lover of the weed.

Messages, letters, and travelling-companion came at last, and we went straight through Paris and Chamberi, over Mont Cenis (which was almost impassable in consequence of Bismark—I mean of the snow-drifts, and had to be traversed in sledges) to Milan, and so, by Perchiera, to Venice. Here I begin the excerpts from my Diary.

Venice, April 20.

The Italians are certainly a strange people, and, according to our received notions, not at all business-like. It may be asked, "What is business?" Alexandre Dumas the Elder has answered the question very wittily and pithily-"Les affaires: c'est l'argent des autres." Business is other people's money, and business-like liabits are the systematic process by which we make that money our own. The English, who have been so signally successful in the acquisition of wealth, have always understood as a first principle, that all matters appertaining to business should be plain. prosaic, and altogether divested of imagination or fancy, or of that picturesqueness which is apa occasionally to tranch on Behemismsm. The foreign merchant will smake in his counting house, darcas to the English trade the consumption of tobacco during office hours is scandal onely unbusiness. like. The forein bunker shots up his coose while he ent. his breakfast, indulyes in a pap or stroll off to the cosine to take a hard to piquet. It would be horribly unbusinesstike-it would be within an inch of the commission of an set of bankrapicy-for an English banker to do such a thing. If you call on a Continental man of business it is not unlikely that you will find him in an elegantly-furnished salon-that you will see pictures on the wells, chana on the mentelpiece, and flowers on the table. Not unfrequently abroad, when I have gone to draw a bill, I have stumbled into the bondoir of Madame instead of the bureau of Monsieur; and more than once I have mistaken the cuisine for the caisse. Who would be liable to fall into such orrors in Birchiu-lane or Tokenhouse-yard? The sound of he as astemating in parely city regions as a minte of a hundred and one gung, or the odour of arange-blossoms. Business men in England require business environments. For them, consequently, have been devised the hilleons paraphermalis known as "office furniture"—functed desks and stools, and leathern-covered tables, and with no gayer ornamentation to the walls than is comprised in a Stationers' Almanac, weights and scales, a letter-rack, or a placerd full of inhospitable platitudes to the effect that you should call on a men of husiness only during business hours—that you should confine your conversation exclusively to business, and that having done your business you should go about your business as soon as possible.

The mention of office furniture and mural decoration brings me at once to the position with which I started—that the Italians are far from business-like in their habits. Would you believe that the walls and ceilings of the waitingand refreshment-rooms at the Milan terminus of the Lorebardo-Venetian Railway are covered with colossal fresch paintings, illustrative of fanciful allegories and fantastic passages from the works of such unbusiness-like people as Dante, Boccaccio, and Ariosto? That these frescoes are exquisite in conception, grand in design, and beautiful in execution will avail very little, I am afraid, as an apology for their thorough violation of established business rules. What can the author of the Divine Comedy have to do with locomotives and goods-wagons? What connection is there between the Decemeron and a vinduct? between Orlando Furioso and the personanent way? We men of business well know how rail-

way waiting- and refreshment-rooms should properly be descrirated. Nothing should be seen there but monstrous signboards, or framed-and-glassed advertisements having reference to breakfast cocoa, corn-flour, lists of bedding, felt roofing, Sydenham trousers, and Benson's clocks. Art should have its place, but a business-like place, there: such as in the information that the Chinese colour tea for the English market, that no vent-peg is required for Barlow's tap, and the pictorial emblazenment of Allsopp's Pale Ale, and Dunville's V.R. Whisky. No doubt the man of business, after cooling his beels for half an hour in one of these vestibules, will enter his train a wiser af not a sadder man. He will have learnt the all-important truth that Epps's cocoa is a breakfast beverage, and acquiesced in the futility of "giving more;" nay, from attentive study of the Kamptulicon and the Eureka, the Revalenta, the Anthropoglossos, and the Kalos Geusis, he may pick up a little Latin and more Greek; the value of which to business men, whose classical training has ordinarily been neglected, can scarcely be exaggerated.

The Milanese have got their frescoes, nevertheless; and among the series on which I gazed with rapt attention this April was one which has since furnished me with a theme for these remarks. It was a noble allegory of Venice. There she was: the patriarchally aged, yet the ever young—stately, superb, the beautiful Queen of the Adriatic. Over her rounded limbs fell—the folds the ducal robe of purple velvet lined with ermit. On her fair hair rested the Cap of Estate and Maintenance—the princely diadem she wore for sleven hundred years. Around her were the lions which are still the delight of St. Mark's Place. Behind her threat

soared the two columns with St. Theodore trampling on the crocodile, and the Winged Lion conning his ternal Evangel. At her feet were strewn thick the gemeann the rich vessels, the drugs and spices, the infinite merchandise, which of old time were brought by her argosies from the ends of the earth. And in the foreground stood the shawled and tribbaned Turk, the Jewish merchant in his gaberdine and high cap, the negro glistening and brawny, and gaudy as his brethren who in bronze and marble bear up the mighty architrave of Doge: Pesaro's temb. They all-Turk, Jew, and Pagan-were come to pay obcisance to the Sea Saltana, This, with the Piazzetta for a background, was the allegory of Venice. It pictured the Silent Sister, the Niobe of nations, as she Once was, and as the Italians in fond, yet half-despreasing; imaginings hope that she will be again. But when is the day of her deliverage to come, and when are the tears which, with but twelve months' intermission, have flowed for half a centure, to be dried? Since waits and waits, and the Italians wait too, cleneling their hands and grinding their teeth; and meanwhile the waitingroom at Milan is throughl with courists and pleasure-seekers.

There is not a better waiting-room, nor, indeed, a better railway terminus, in all Italy than at Milan. The Tarks station is handsomer in an architectural sense, but Lombardy beats Piedmont in the internal arrangements and decorations. Fees to porters are not only prohibited, but the prohibition is rigidly enforced by the inspectors.

Ten days elapsed. I went downsenth my head full of the freeco through Bergamo, and at Desentate saw the last of the kingdom of Italy and the Italian flag. Heaven help her out at all her troubles, for they are many and sore enough,

and threaten to be sorer. And then I came to Peschiera, the Austro-Veneto frontier, the which Peschiera I consider to be, with the exception of Fenchurch-street in the City of London, and Jersey City in the State of that name, U.S.A., the most abominable railway station with which in the course of my wanderings but this sublunary globe I have ever met. The place is like an ill-kept station-house, out of which a herd of drunken devotees have just been turned to make way for the captured belligerents of a Patrick's-day shindy. The platform is beset by a loitering mob of Austrian soldiers and douarniers; the refreshment-room, both as regards its fare and its cleanliness, is about on a with a Hottentet kraal; and a male and female gerilla would be disgusted at the "accommodation" for ladies and gentlimen.

I am wasting time, however, in disparaging this vile exgerescence to the Quadriluteral. Peschiera-not Poschiera the fortress, but Peschiera the railway station - is on its last legs. It is to be pulled down very shortly. Under the wise and enlightened policy of the Government the passport nuisance has been abolished in the Austrian dominions; and the little hutch at Peschiera, through whose sperture the police commissary used to blink mistrust at you through his green speciacles, has been closed for good and all, and looks like a Luggage is no longer examined at stopped-up rat-hole. Peschiera, but is merely plombé till you reach Venice, where the examination is all but nominal. In another six months or so, it is to be hoped Peschiera will be numbered among the dead ducking whom, according to Mr. Andrew Johnson, it is uscless to expend ammunition. Yet how soothing to he spirit it is to shake your fist at an extinct or an expirit

nuisance! When, as an old traveller you remember how you have been worried and bullied, and the and harried, this same Peschicra—how needlessly impertment questions have been asked you; and how hands with rails, with a mourning border a quarter of an inch long, were thrust into the middle of your clean linen, and pawed the leaves of your favorite books—you are apt to regret that shut-up passport hutch, and that now useless luggage counter, with a sensation of relief win to that with which you look on a despotic school-master's tombstone. The raffian cannot any more cane little boys because his breakfast bacon was ill-toasted, or because his wife scolded him overnight. He is shut up, and is as important pedagogue as the bygone despot of Corinth.

Fending the good time coming, they still keep you waiting a whole weary hour at Peschiera; and as fitteen minutes would amply suffice for the transference, of the luggage from the Italian to the Austrian train. I conjecture that the delay is due to a laudable desire to lone St. the Hottentet bread of a refreshment-room. It is Erquellines or Verviers over again. I intend to write a book some day on the Average number of hours wasted by continental express trains? Without going deeply into the calculation, I am sure that the average would not be much under five and twenty per cent. You have another hour's stoppage -or fifty-five minutes, a pretty close imitation of ove-at Verona. The train helts at the Porta Vescova. You have no time for a run to see the Roman amphitheatre; but you may be reggled in an apartment scarcely superior to the Poschlera kraal, where the viands and the mode of serving them irresistibly remind you of the establishment of that restaurateur on Holborn-hill, who used to anpply the hungry with "a devilish good dinner for threepence-halfpenny," consisting of leg-of-beef soup, bread, and flies. The refreshment wriff at Verona is slightly in excess of Monsieur Francatelli's.

There is not, however, much to be gained by grumbling at the state of things here, or at Vicenza, or Padus. If the stations are wretchedly provided with anything in of comfort or luxury, and contrast nuserably as regards whitecture and pictorial embellishment with the gay and tasteful edifices in regenerated Italy, you may console yourself by the reflection that they are all very strongly fortified. The Verona station, indeed, is a complete citadel; and goods-sheds and signal-houses are curiously mixed up with moats, bastions, and lines of circumvallation. It is impossible to cross the frontier or to be half an hour in the Austro-Venetian territory without becom aware that the Austrian "autograph" -as Mr. Thackeray used to call the double headed eaglehas got a ver both grip of the country, and that there is a remarkably opinionated conclusion in his duplex brain that he means to keep that country as long as he can. As he is a very powerful eagle, strong on the wing and adamsantine in the talons, the contingency of his giving up his Wenetian quarry is, to say the least, remote. It is not impossible.\*

That England should abandon the Ionian Islands seemed,
for many years, a contingency more remote; but a compact
body of importunate persons in backy breeches tired out our
patience at last, and we gave up the Sept-insular Republic to

This was written in the spring. In the summer came Sadown, and the Anstrone gave up Venice. But would they have surrendered it had Out-

Ionian people by any means, who risgove and and overtaxed by Greece, are now mourning over its withdrawal of the British, and howling for them to return. I dare not presage that any Venetian would regret the departure of the Austrians from Venice, or would be unpatriotic enough to pray for their return; yet I have read that some degenerate Venetians, after their ten years' servitude to France, welcomed Ferdinand of Anatric in 1815 as a saviour and a deliverer; and that evaluating their brief spell of Republican undependence in 1841, under the heroic Daniel Manin, there were Venetians who murmured, and Venetians who did not agree with the late Dr. Pangloss in his notions of universal optimism.

The Kaiser Francis Joseph, who, rightly or wroughs, concrives that he has us clear a title, both by treaty and conquest, to his Italian domini ne as we have to Lover Canada when we talk so glibly of the chains of races to be governed by rulers of their own blood, we should do well to remeraber that we have in North America little less than a million of Frenchmen, and Roman Cutholic Frenchmen too, under rule-will doubtless stick hard and fast to Venice and The Quadrilateral until those territories shall be wrested from him by the upheavings of a great European war or a greater . European revolution: or until, as is just possible, the ingenuity of diplomacy exerted in that long-threatened European congress on which we threw cold water a few years since, but in whose assembling we must soon acquiesce, shall suggest some convenient arrangements satisfactory to all parties, by means of which Italy shall gain her heart's desire, the amour propre of Austria shall be gratified, and the ruler of France assured that the thorough independence of Italy " from the Alps to the Adriatic" with ot open the door to the "party of action," that is to say, of anarchy. In the mean time it would be unressonable to expect that Austria should do very macktowards beautifying or developing the resources of the try which, in the opinion of liberal Burope, ought to be taken from her at the man a constant of the first at will note the seres be is cultivating, has little tem but out of which he may be turned to-morrow. To fortify your house against those who come with sticks and stayos is one thing, but to repaint it inside and out, and have the gas and waterland on, and the roof seen to, and the front drawing-room-papered in white and gold, when, for aught you know and within a couple of years, John a Nokes, may be declared the rightful owner of the messuage which now pertains to John a Styles, In the door-plate now bearing the name of F. J. Hup-ourg replaced by one inscribed V. E. Savoy-Carignan, is quite another things

be Animans, therefore, have the ded to keep their dry in the Venetian territor, and are ready to execute any necessary repairs in the way of hombproof case mates, curtains, ravelins, said demi-lunes; but they think it also art of their duty to sweep and garnish the country, socially speaking, when, at very but motice, they may be forced to quit, and be sued besides for dilapidations and mesue profits. The money they can muster is expended its works to keep the Italians out, and they are in beautifying the points, which they comery, in hopes of pleasing the Italians when they come in anstrians indeed complain that, as if is, they have done a their too much for the internal improvement of Venice;

and were they even ready, politically, to surrouser the city, they could not do so equitably without reimbaresment for the enormous outlay they have included in building bridges, embanking canals, and preserving palaces from tumbling to pieces.

Thus, while on the Italian side of the frontier traces of energy, enterprise, and go-sheadism meet you at every step, the posts no sooner begin to be striped with the Austrian colours than you find inortia, stagnation, and neglect. only traffic is in munitions of war and convoys of provisions for the forty or fifty thousand armed men who are kept idling in the provinces from which Austria, oppressive as may be her taxation and never-ending her exaction, does not derive one kreutzer of profit. Venetia is, in every respect, a dead loss to the Government of Vienna; and the few thousands of Italian conscripts who are annually sugared from a reluctant and disloyal population hursel of to distant garrisons, fil totale Empire as whalf so and are not in the he couple of region guid and unsatismetory. railway passed to free July signs a concouraging than the alacrity with which the people, properly so called, flock to the railway stations; but between Peschiera and Venice not many persons are to be seen in the trees beyond English tourists and Amstrian of the state of th then, to decorate the malls of the stations with frescoes. Were any pointed, and were they designed to harmonise with the productions would be trow, of the dismallest nature.

Suppose I draw a fresco in imagination. There might be

an Allegory of Venice not elethed in purple au but half-naked, and in rags. An Austrian bonnet de police is on her golden locks instead of the cap of Estate and Mulntenance. A mast pair of handcuffs must be substituted for the ring with which she was wont to wed the Adriatic. An . Austrian, sergeant with a stick keeps watch and ward over her. You may introduce the Doge's Palace in the background, but in the basement is an Austrian guille-house, and a surk of very ngly field-pieces are planted in the Piazzetta, prepared to blow the caryatides of Sansarino at the Zecca opposite into shivers at the slightest reduce. Her Grand Canal is still dotted with gondolas, but among them please not to forget an Austrian gunboat lying off the Lide, and the mail-packet of the Austrian Lloyd's getting her steam up for a trip to Trieste Trieste the briving which has put the commerce of Venice into he pockets has little to hope Triente will brofit for from the opening by it; Brindisi to dient but the port , fittle scour, of Venice de l'nigh dans take millions Reep nough say, oner came ips of burden. Danish ap Holborn-bars. Whose desiege Middle-row again we are see East Indiamen unloading at the Dogana. These hints way suffice for the Allegon of Menice as she is -- say, we may theow in the island desire storgie hisggiore, whose conventes said to to full misselful prisoner.

It is quite time to have deposite allegories and other figures when you come to Venico and for the deposite of the researche, and for the researched struc-

nothing short of such a such as Alexandria succeed under the Grabs, and such destruction as Carthage under the Romans, could rob Venice. But beyond had ralaces, her churches, and pictures,—and of these last even nearly all that could be with any show of decency removed from the walls had a stolen or sold,—Venice is as empty as Napoleon's grave at St. Melena. She is a despoiled sepulcare, desorted, and despaired.

This wondrous beautiful spring-time should be the beginning of a prosperous invasion of pleasure tourists; but even of these there is a lack of Venice. The Holy Week is gone and past, the benediction to the City and the World has grown stale, and the forestieri should be rushing up from Rome and Napless yet the hotel epers of Venice sit with aching hearts and blank fages, which ly gazing on the virgin Land the the pages of lodgers. We was no softux of traveland the mosquite horizon in a further legs. This year and be still more mengre. troubled, the artist the plain truth must enice has become rather a lare to travellers of the withre of Mesers. Brown, Jones and Robinson. They have poilt by the Alpine Club and alexand and Grand Hotelism. by Paris, and its-r

The beauties of Swins received and he appreciated by travellers of a very low the lecture ballore. A healthy had or has can take stands in hand, and tramp about Chamouni and the shores the lake without incurring even the perils attendent in over adventurous investigation of peaks, passes, and glaciers. The exercise one gets during the

"regular Swiss round" is as bracing and invigorating that enjoyed in riding to hounds, or foother it over the Brighton Downs; and while the chest is opened, the lungs are cleared, the muscles animated, and any number of roofs shaken out of the liver, the eye is pleased and the mind delighted by the contemplation of the most remantic and sublime scenery. in the world. You have no need to have recommendate, or Louis Viardot, or John Thatin, to be ab anderstand ont Blanc. The Grand Mule and the Mer de Glace and interest the merest clodhapper. This is the reason Thy Switzerland is with travellers an universal favouritas You can't wrangle about the conflict of styles in a precipice; the odium theologicum has nothing to lay hold of in an avelenche. The merest Phillistine may be wonder-struck by a mountain; whereas in the Campo Same Pisa, or in Giotto's chapel at Padua, he is gravelled wonce. Switzerland is easily accessible; deligiting wiels and children as well ke idiots, is cheep. as matrons and old men, and, by

To travellers of the more Paris is Paradise. Paris and to de House Baris the Louvre, Paris with its boulevants, its shops in Bo Boulogne, its impamerable theat the inexhibite al round of brillinhee its cafes, its restaurants, ita and excitement Paris is the only place, for those who travel for plantere. passed through this gay metopolis three ties within last six months, bt exceeded a few although my stay in it can hours. Last Same I Jom the north of Germany, on my way to Spain. s about nine o'clock when we drove through the blasses wasts from the Place

Lafa and Rue St. Honoré. The carried rue from one from some state off the conlevard the Gramman him. A whose-jerkuled cook, just from pated from him him marie pans, was smoking a cigal trade street-corner, and ever and anon dancing anythrome just himself. We reached an hotely but had scarcely the in our room teachers, ere a little fixed card was thrust underneath the markets and Monsieur. Alphonse, "coiffeur schaisoness."

Could you wish for? than that which he saw in a twenty-minute wive all cooking and dancing, and the ting and smoking, and the barber always ready to the your No wonder that Brown, Jones, and Johnson adore Party Ampsteud, according to the middle god gentleman in Pickwist nie the place for a wounded heart; but since Paris has become not only the outers and over, but the unive consoler. Doctors tell the district run over as they used to tall them to win to Tumbridge It's rather to hard to expect that when Brown, Jones, and Rebinson, with their wives and their sweethearts. and a brice chiday, are to spend it at school. You neymoon looking out of one would not like to uses which are half mournof those chesp rse, and such carry the body in the ing-coach and h n the piot squeness of the thing has boot. A gondola, worn off, is not much l rown, Jones, and Robinson to idea that the contractorat a lives his me general for the Venetian more plas is Mr. Shillibeer.

Again, it is notice be denied that Venice is damp, and

chrighter is the wither the more aboning it is the mitted by its narrow cases. At low-water stones—that is to say, the measuremental frown, at Robinson unpleasantly of the mitteh. Sanings notwithstanding, the same or rolls a very described to the senate. The best of the senate of the senate of the same of

rist taking his pleasure A cheer Lilie Capulets is not a is, but of a Mondanes a many other noble famines to Not. You grow tired at last of sitting ark's Place, and listeries to the Austrian band chottisches and man Affer a week in Venice, Lown, Jones, and Robinson coaste know all the officers in the Austrian garrises by small. The perpetual passing and repassing theory chaired, tight waisted ad their jingling men in white coats, with their this of the man apars, grow as tirritating at tying his shoe was to the gamester. If you have managed to scrape any acquaintance among the matrians, not a single Italian will speak to you; if the way Italians, they will home you to death about the woes of Venice.

Brown, Jones, and Robinson did not come to Venice

taste and a special itude, bus a abeducation. too of no ammont rider, are needed the ore Venice and be properly in scienced, or her ploto architectural wonders enjoyed. They engage a rate and go through the usual round of sights; but a have seen the ducal prince and the churches, the An the Academy, the Augum and the mian contried at the cafe and Lazar them until a of the stary housen red the Paibblico, wed about luve caugh and to long city theatres, und talls and not grounden the der the

The Rev. Mr., Englace, and he failed to almire St. Mark's The come which swell from its roof, and the patron goral us" (those glorious mosaic and comber its portico, give it establish the pagoda." Again, "A person acappeara he walks, the activity of ordinary enstomed Total confinements of Venice, and towns, wour hotion of the gondolas. He of the dull, ind longs to expetiate its, and to range at large through the streets without soot and a retinue of gondoliers." Which shows that Mr. Marice did not know his Venice. dedy may go out shopping in the streets of Venice for halfwhent stepping into a gondola.

## FOROM TREESTE TO VIENNA

Mough to Lagh their bumbler for ten days b nmility had don he roset down for be ready at athey l mel which is a would your worships patients its shadow before ? square itself to the necessity of waiting from therday until Monday for a Schneller Yet this was landing the other day from A at delay to Vicans. Trieste, I choped to go up It is the To site. Nobody cares about staying Swindon of Austro-Levantine Em the junction from which you merely which innumerable routes diverge gulp down a basinful of some hen scamper away to Germany, or Italy, or the Ea

And Trieste is, besides, something the state of the state

hotel charges in intered in a splant considerable to the arm and a splant and and a splant considerable to there exists a sightness of a search. A sight my skings a cold that Anima and in Weapan Mass from it and he wayman portions and fords run on my vasical duck a back but at Trake, I confess, I for a ruy his hot inpervious. I was sayer, and get a search for at Trake (quoth by why of consolation that the time consists is consisted.) I was indicated as a small consistency in the resolution of a place with the consistency of the resolution and that the place will be a search of the resolution of the commission of the resolution of the commission. The resolution is a search of the place will be a search of the resolution of the place of the resolution of the place of the resolution of the resolution of the place of the search of the resolution of the place of the place of the resolution of the resolut

There as only it were to to be so very slow and such as to give to the to via the rotto of Adelsharg, one interest the additions of the care you reach the capital. There mans preter it the anellzug of makes many stoppages, and remains to intermediate stations long enough or comfortably constroing those for sanistantial meals per diem in which Teutons delight. Those four meals a day are, I am inclined to think, at the bottom of the deep hatred that the bear to the Austrians. "The Venetians a genial German with whom I once Roveredo. "You are half starved in

able in eople and pleased. protocols are no ments were powerless to the me to forgot that many many, I was due in Vienns, and that I was b he told forgot that the he Kanadat It was father an Irish own, of making haste, to the three days for the but for that I had my reasons, too-wesons connected a crutch and a cut and so fin for the Schnetsen and was haved by blown down by the forth-east wind

last. ds ince rai nd it comes de the Nassan balloon. . Hov of Parlishin untries with his and ould not set him the true with. stas con stated that if you wan against this rude and orug vailer he is absolutely strong enough to hing form; from which I conjecture that Boreas kind of to the fog you could cut with a knife. I tremendous distribute, blows upbut if such were the case, when er coll. to be written against my

ame I think to be hanged with my feet

teen hours signed and the soft very coming a celerated stall some very twenty minutes.

Steint to breaking in at the below stallions the
sign new of the from the stalling of the from
astonish to the many stalling the stalling whole
while the stalling and assass a Combos at
the stalling the first and assass of Richards at

he route, thro our Tel and Print Cooke and David Cox e pin your faith to Lines. now forcing you to aline good old Sam Prout. was between Grate and Loyrach. perver race, with montal horizon painfullye are to be weated from ben hackneyed subjects. Wales; if sluth fouth Wales street and Pan Mall, just us at

Gil Blue or Pepys's Diary, as 11 if the layls King.

To him whose delight is in man, his manne, his re ture, his limitation, and his language this straint gountry to not learnife with matter for observation and thought. At brieste you leave a ver Babel of longues, a very standagundi of humanity and the mone hangers, where ap their willyour gold artistican Greek ingues- to chool more or less Atac, instants, more de less the Rubborn Tentonic black letter and cuffic, tasi-cuneiform dismuic character, all darts wedges and isose Trans. The range clere from whom I took my taket dominate. employe who gave were "achtrelin alden fund glare ping the thing marked whaten of the certificate much their of two floring thereas the district commbus from the Denstian, ip a 'Sowy and a shaggy dark dark datote" \* thic so ich they do not and the post of the ried my geighed were uning Schoos, with flowing s, and has beekbones. And as ce of the Blenes, Call in a k beches high boot a trez cap, Daivill they always speil their pie cost the with a Bangsters Best Parend Latest Parisian Likon. our aggare for, as very inquisitor in their owder, playing-cards, and pro-

## ROME AND VENICE.

the dataire As a custom of pulling off the cap of everyore in me. The astrian of the low of the cap bows. He unfovers wis both hands, and as wough he were offering yorks is head with all there in inside it. To complete the ethnological both toth with a swe left the terminus a abole regime. The way is a blue tights and blueher book. The way is a substantial soldier as a smaller, we mand those or as distributes spacing gentles as a particular of the distributes and heir foings in a man as to their the amazons as meet steaming these are to calculate or as to their the amazons as meet steaming to be a particular, or as eithing, to swe-arrivant.

seem as though Name herself, the Eur settlement of the Congress of Layback, not withstanding, had determined to erect a barrier between the stern north and the sunny south; for north of Adersor commences that Neutral Ground of geographers, the wild and desolate expanae talled the arst. It is an immense tract of any limestone, worked or ild the good purpose by the and known as Istrica a A It starts the dipine spirits and steel estaway down Dalmatia and Albania into (12 sec. 1 never saw a more hideour region: it is more torrifying even in its burn in is than stony as to of the north of Spain; for there at a stone stones are broken, and heaped in wild deorder about the landscape, offering all kinds of houstin shapes, replete changes of hort and tade. A karst is the huge ricerest of his his little during riddled, a piercel he basins, vaneye than o deverns, cletts, septible sources. Egreatcoat. dus of and to walk af Bora lives ren rlatau he

×4

lashes himself into a rage, and after bowling up and or a time, and sending any casts or country people spine g that come in his way, rushes down to Trieste to low up the natives. For that is the way, toy merry free. Be sure you get up your passion in the parloar. Then wou can rush down-stairs foaming to the kitchen, and kid the seconds. But the dear old Mother Nature was is not any ve in her high takeries in this howling the ss. She can smile sometimes. In a lew out-of-the sing man of the Karsandie vines thive grow, and plots for tollian sweetness and attempts have been with to cultivate a charry, the brether to the yeld for the Dulmatian hills, and from which is made for employing inquents the called Mara hino the real nector of Olympus. Fadios albeit repudiating our harsh, petations seen serely resist f and it was of Maraschauthat Siebe took too saidle.

But why am I linguing on the Llasted heath, or rather quarry, where the war proposed at the proposed are hard and another now stain and submit a how to find another and submit and so like a submit and so like a labelity is toned at the stage of the grain. In the like a babble, the proposed are the stage of the grain. In the like a babble, and a submit and a like a labelity and a submit and a labelity and a submit a labelity and a submit and a submit a labelity and a submit a labelity and a submit and a submit a labelity and a submit a submit a labelity and a submit a

brings back to my mind the happy valley in the second act. of the Night Dancers. Ah! here is enother valley, with such chillets, such a village inn, and a real water-wheel. I seem to see Amina in her nightgown coming over the rustic , causeway, to car the candlestick come washing into the tor-There is poor Elvino with his hair dishevelled, and regions down, and that artful wicked Lise, and my lord the count, we his wed moustache and his intolerable traling-cap with the lid band. Stay! see; there is Doctor Dulcamara—scarler of ap-hoots, flaxen parruque, and all who drives up to Polischach Stations in that id vival; gig with the which horse. He dismounts and hands Ne orino the station clerk, indeed-a little black bottle. Down in that green nook I see Signor Lablache in the Gazza Ladra, come secreaking over the bridge in all the majesty of potestal pride; antique village, a ruddy farm damsel, in the shortest of pormouts, is milking her kine, and a loveswain notches her name, on the roof-past, while the h. They come again, destate application of the second sec en one and so delightedly the or, the opera, and listened with bliss ugh their voices had to travel a quarter Refor Italy and Switzerland! Bah! foreity see Korwood or Twickenham. Trad III . May you sai the same hands of wine and snowy at parety little tables

More, and draw up the

inarriage contracts soal monks, with shaven crowns and sanfalled feet and hempen girdles—and I am glad to admit that the Austrian friars are the cleanest I have seen for a long period: Tyrolese sharp-shooters and jägers, thlans and Pandours in all manner of wildle martial garb—for the Government of the Kaiser seems to have a transplantation and military uses the Government of Inchastes.

"bold peasantry their country's pride, were tented in the carante with a mabundance of gold a ornaments quite surprising in a leaner where a special realist unknown; working most wearing sharp, jalant with half-dollies for buttons, particuloured enters and half the streaming ribbons; their wive and sharphers in the and coquettish of Leans, the heightest and briofest of petteouts, stockings a gay hues, and variegated cleaks.

Also, there should be reverse to this rosy victure; but the interests of truth compel me to state that it was only on the platforms that the pretty villagers in their appetrist costume were visible, distinctly the readside in all the cattivated tracts they were to be say the last double, ragged, with foul-clouds the last their licids, hearing and weeding, digging and delying, and bending, order baskets of manure like beasts of tirden. When as the sain stopped for a month of a station, a station as the sain experiencing some difficulty in drawing a bucket some a well—and when I observed a grinder that many are mally father, and a her by the advantage of his content of the shoulders with a catalogue of his bullock—I confess that in the catalogue of his bullock—I confess that in the catalogue of his bullock—I confess that in the catalogue of the catalogue of his bullock—I confess that in the catalogue of the catalogue of his bullock—I confess that in the catalogue of the catalogue

lowed, that the condition of the female agraedural population is much the same all over continental Europe—and insular Europe too, for that matter:

It was my lot, ere the day was out, to witness a change in aspect of the scenery and the condition of the atmosphere was no more prepared than for the appearance of or the downthat of a shower of red-hot scorice. be pased to recollect that this was the 22d of midspring and that we were in the titude of At Trieste, abating a touch the "bora" on Sunperature had been we compressive. So late clock that morning we had journeyed through a really ern charmiles and miles by the due and waveless Adriatic, and shough templing regions to was which, in some covered the very slopes of the cuttings and embankaters, through groves and ane es, and fields of Indian corn. It needed but the to have made me think I was back in Andalusia. We got to Gra about three in the afterne and plunged with an almost appalling suddenness into the depth, or rather the height, of winter. Mountains capped with show for these we were prepareds, but the country was assert snow, the were the tiny lake sets of solid ree, he and the sak in the village village how There was now on me church-spire, and on the case of the in the same ds -not snow having the mow that dooked as had come to stop then sleet, and then falling util evening

Under these hyperborean circumstances did we cross the Semmering.

my snow this winter, as the unhappy prisoner.. I have Mr. Charles Reade's wonderful novel, had boy Jos his cast by instalments. Returning from blazi sunshine consonath of Special found all country between Avila and Burgos as white as a wedding-cake. April. as about the first of April. I said, "he at is an end of winter." It was warm on the shores of the Liv of Biscay, and warmer at Bordeaux, oiled. Then, going into Italy and for one day in we had a smart fall of a at Chamberi. "It is no I said; "I contain thee, Savoy; and the art generally shrouded in a great in a Scotch mist." we had not reached b in our passage over Mont Cenis, ere grim was grings that which everwok us on the Semmoring prutched us by the throat. We were transferred from the diligence to a sledge, and were going down to Susa merrily enough on runner we never bumped but one of and ady-companions clared that we had met with an avalanche, the in the opinion was a kind of ditch-when we were fairly but in the drift, and had to be dug out and shovels, and set sinning again by the collers underneath our seage irons. was still wee in bitterly for her fugitive Sovereign, her recreant court, and her diminished house-rents-that is say, it was pouring cuts and dogs, which do at Turing. At Milan, we had the n humanity—smile and files and of the first; b

plain would have been unreasonable. In fact, one or two good soaking wet days a week seem to do the incomparable Duomo at Milan all the good in the world. The white marble turns, under the moisture, to a myring ties of the turns, under the moisture, to a myring transities of the the wet searches all the little curning crain. The the turn of tracery; and when it dries up, and the sun common out ain, the thousand-year-old fair shines forth with a first glory spick and span new, as though its first stone had been laid but yesterday:

"My heart leaps up hen behold
A rainbow in the
So was it when my hes
So is it now I am a man;
So he it when I shall grow ok
the let me die."

For the "rainbow in the sky" Mr. asword, might very well have substituted the Duomo of Mr. It is a joy for ever.

phase, of the golden primary, and we had done with the hateful winter. I thought, for dall. I had left all my furs and winter gear behind the lice, and lied indulged in day-dreams of white ducks at the seckoned without my host—and the Semmering.

After all the combined influence of rain and snew, under which we accomplished the passage of the great Alp, may not have been without a beneficial effect. The adversemess of the treatances to anything like sight-seeing reneased it inflict on you a detailed account the middle of the rest inflict. Rejon the profere, at my im-

potence to give you a yard and a half of fine writing the Semmering. That it is awful, majestic, and subjune I make no doubt. Not being able, however, to see anything but snow and win and the steam of the engine from the carwindows went to sleep. So I have slept over other windows over the Brenner and the Stelvio, over the Cordilleras and the Sierra Morena. Where is the use of keeping awake if you can't see anything from the window?

When you wake up, and have hooked your travelling-lamp to the padded head rest, you may consuit your "Murray," your "Baedccker," or your "Guide Joanne" at your case; and discover that at the head of the pass the engineers have constructed a tunnel four thousand feet long through the mountains, at the shift of nearly three thousand feet above the level of and that this is the toftiest railway in the world. All inishing as it is, the old post-and-carriage road made under the Kaiser Karl VI. soarsteven higher. passes by artful zigzags right over the mountain, and directly above the railway tunnel attains a height of thee thousand two hundred feet. These igzags, forming in their integrity an angular spiral, caused an old traveller to remark that the road over the Semmering was the only one which enabled a man going before you see the nape of your neck. others the line has been called the Retrospective Railway; and if Lot's wife were among the passengers one might expect to find all the telegraph-posts converted into pillars of salt.

So by Gloggnitz and Wiener-Newstadt, a came to half-past nine at night, to Vienner and to half-past nine at half-past ni

## THE KAISER.

Vienna, May 5.

I MADE on of a party, while in Vienna, bound for a stroll in the gardens of Schönbrunn. The Kaiser and the Kaiserin are in residence; and while they are in the palace the private spartment, are not shown to the public. Otherwise you are free to wander as you will about the imperial domicile. No policemen warn you off the premises. possessor of all this splendour has seeming arrived at the sensible conclusion that beautiful things were made to be looked at, and that although a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, it is shorn of half its interest when its contemplation is confined to a select few. So the gardens and the conservatories, the aviaries, the menagerie, the fish-ponds, the artificial ruins, and the statues, are all very much at the service of that public who, in the origin, paid for them; and as soon as the imperial family go back to Vienna, one of the gorgeous flunkeys will take you through the rooms in which they eat and drink and sleep. Well, we took our fill of what was visible; and, unhindered by minutory notices, are carriage-wheels were permitted to crunch the gravel of which would have been high treason in Eng-

When we had seen the Gloriette and the Schönbrunn

-the Beautiful Fountain itself-and watched the exquisite effect of the sunlit green spring foliage chequering the marble form of the Hebe, who is perpetually dispensing to thirst sight-seem an element much purer than the nauseous lime-impregnated stuff which passes for water in the hotels sof Vienna -- when we had seen the wild beasts, including " the African lion, who was in a rage as usual because his cage was too small, and the grisly bear who was corled up into a ball in the sun and sleeping tranquilly through the European orisis; and the fox, who was wide awake and sitting on the top of a tree-bole, looking remarkably it is the busts of Count Elemark; and the Bengal typer, who, in consequence of the heat of the day, and refind to an inper apartment, and sidy allowed one briedled pass to be visible across the threshold of his dea- when we led conthe golden eagle, (ambled in his mind, and plum on by our science or by floar, at a a very frollesome ostrich, who was , executing in his puddock the precise " . hara galty" rhiel. has furnished Mr. Carlyl, with such a very valuable figure of speech; a poculiar croate, and is your by whose particoloured head, with a quartity of yellow bain, presume He false, behind, reminded one strongly of the bist new clean in bonnets; a most horribly ranged, in rose and depraced looking valture, clad apparently in an old door rest, who was exhibiting such feats of strongth with his brok in the way of twisting and widening the intensives between the wires of his cage as made the likelihood of his coming out for a walk among the ladies and children rather a proci-, mate and imminent one than otherwise awhen we had seen all these things, we harted for a time to rest ourselves under

one of the cool and shady archways of the inner peristyle of the palace.

Suddenly we saw a carriage rapidly coming to us up the long, smooth, gravelled road. An officer outputy made a courteous sign for us with his hand to move a little on one side-quite as much, I think, with the view of preventing our toes from being crushed as with that serving the illustrious impates of the carriage from the contact of the vulgar. Up came the ourriage, awakening a red echoes from the archways. It was a simple equipan open caloche, black and yellow---the Austrian colours - lined with drab, and the coachman and lookman in diveries of the same line. It had two secupants, both in full uniform- on officer in white and an officer in light blue. He in light blue wa the Engered Francis Joseph. No guard turned out, no trans best to came. The Kaiser and his aide-de-corporated at a narrow ade-loor; and I, going on my vay, sawithen, no more.

A very different blaser was the from the gay, gallant young man the nearly twenty years ago, was called from the corps of Liely to ill the throne vacated by the harm-less but in the Ferdinand. Four months ago I saw King William of Prussia driving a near dev Liele in an equipage well-nigh as sample as this. There can be no massale about King William's age. He looks what he seem stabborn, stiff-necked, obtuse, but withed so nice and kind-heurted cold gentlemen; his mired thoroughly mad up, and he himself conjectory in it. But I declare that Francis Joseph, who comparatively speaking is a mere boy to William I., looks, by a decen years, the older man. He is a comety

Kaiser, quite the entleman in appearance, and should be apperness, with an alert, vivacious mien; but, ah! and worn and wretched he looks, how furrowed mature wrickles, how grizzled with untimely gray! life of ceaseless worry, care, anxiety, must be his! anot retire to an inner martment like the royal Bengal nd allow only his, Karrerlich-Königlich paw to be He must be always be in evidence. He must be always giving diend All day long he is being bored by so body by generals, by minister, by courtiers, by sup and all be while the timbers of the ship of state are of and wining and the ship itself is rolling and nite and the manner of that much distraught barque was lay: day in the Bay of Biscay, O! Her pitchy seams are ren the dismal wrock to view strikes horror to her crew; but no sail in sight appears.

Instead of a sail, the Medes and Paraphere at the gate; Bismark is hawing at the wireturn sa the Silesian horder; the Italians are boiling and bubbling up at Pizzight like the "tenere piece" in the Arsenal of Yuki.

Dante; the Bohemians are beginning to at faur about slavic unity and the dynasty of George Podic trod. the Hungarians, instead of crying as they did to Theresa. "Moriamur pro rege nostro?" are squabbling in interminable consonants about "legal continuity;" Austrian credit is exhauste are half a million men in white to be boarded and feiged at the Kaiser's expense every day; the forced paper surrency is at fifteen per cent discount; and the Emperor Napoleon inclines to syow his intentions. Surely this is enough to silver the hair and furrow the cheeks of the amiable and well-mean-

saw step from his carriage at the s
the arm of his aide, plod wearily up a steiro rand
palace, not to enjoy rest or health aid
badgered, and baited, the first life b
and despatches, and the error he is compelled to arm agains by too and throw his
he is compelled to arm agains by too and throw his
he is compelled to arm agains by too and throw his
he is compelled to arm agains or their
the rest of pay—into the laster.

Il such a lit. To literate paiser, and "paosible," and receive the allegiance of the Estates of Styria with that celebrate. Old. Hat upon your livid? Better to wear the most battered a wideawakes, and down the second-to-starn acket from Lond general because the personal because that the personal because that the personal buttle buttoned personal buttle that the personal buttoned personal buttoned up by way of a change.

thou cossation in the guise of a fire-eater. For the shift of been in full uniform. There is a story in Irv. Ween's Roost of a pin cal Dutchman who came in a storm. Ilived in storm, and went away in a storm. Two-thirds of the story would apply closely enough to Fiancis Joseph. With boyish hand he was made to pick up the

denigh as unpleasant to wield as a fatnous and had suffered to the echoes. Windischgrätz's cannon, slic had been but had been but had been but has tunity has been but the echoes. Windischgrätz's cannon, slic had been but had been but had been but has the had been but has been b

he de de the plan other.

the plan other

the Styrian one,
which is qui
responses popular salutes.
But pleasant bourgeoids we fied, The

is a y-blue. The Archdukes are alway a sky-blue or milky-white.

leathern-stocked age. The costume and the barrack prevail; but the his searcely with intentioned Sovereign, who we like to reduce he encourtioned Sovereign, who we have and reign constitutionally; but

who came to the threne in a much reign in a muddle; who inherited nothing dear, whited sepulchre, Chinese etiq soldiers in white coats, debt, discoulant, di ruptcy. It is not Francis de la fatalité," as M. Bovary I came back to View the Kohlmarkt ri the Archduke Charles asserting the st disastro rland and I worth, the pabit of uthen ences; and he is too hones. rise or to parody the famo ander VI. to the seven young inbleman Messicurs marez donne un bil à our some The imaginative journals, sho consected that Milan story had probably the Frasal of Victor Hugo's Lucrèce

encated statement that Garibaldi has been hd tage thed for to Caprera, that he is by this ence, busy enrewing volunteers, one cannot afford as likely as not, and likeand aid man in the red shirt has been used as he King hamsdevas was blind old Belisarius by ror he paved. hk God that Garibaldi has not ce for olus. But he ho conquered who gave up the Dictatorship as calculy en a operarmed som e intrusted who, erals and place e ricks book wen Caprera co worth of poler a little goet's milk lendour at Stafford hen nstall he an break akfagt, nas 3 form the men bein the last made's her those only requirer for seattle successful of before rendered by subject to the man the his his name vilified Girappe Garibald much of hole-souled Christian to bear malice, because hours been in treated.

din's plied ribaldi has shown a hundred in the like wanted, he will be ready not to which so few aspire

and which fewer still deserve, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Nor are rumours less numerous from the interest many, nor are some dry factor in sufficiently ominious mature wanting to back those rumours in. Poor ex-Emperor Ferri nand, who for many years has been passing a quiet in drum, harmless existence in the Hradschin Palace, a. spending his vest wealth in gifts to the poor and de to churches and convents, has strainly waked up, they say, to the disagreeable consciousness that Praguetis Buhemia, that Bohemia is unmeasantly close to Saxon lamb is annistakably menaced by per erdinand has begun to opine that the Hradschin at Prague is no longer a safe a comfortable retres for a monarch retired from business, and only pious an charitable, but somewhat weak-missel. The wana is abhorred by the ex-Kauser, wh in inagination the sanguit public ism touring rout the sun and s big guns and Jellachich's in the Kaiserstadt he fill post man; but he is tacking up e the Hradschin, and intends to settle at Line. Eight rgons, padlocked bolted, and barred, and crammed with it, stare, crosses, and crucifixes of gold and silver, g, it is asserted, at the Prague railway-station, sent South when the evil day Poor old gentleman, who only wants to say his practical to be tucked up comfortably at might and have a hot posset to send him to sleep!

The King of Saxony is saw be in a quandary even

more dire than that of ex-Kaiser Ferdinand. The language used by Count Bismark to this respectable second-rate Sovereign would seem to be akin to that delicately qualified by Emilia in Othello as terms such as a "beggar in his drink" would not have used towards his "callet." I suppose it is the right sort of thing to do-to be passably civil to the Greenwars, but to bully the small Germans like pickpocks. Besides, it is the way of the world. When the Baron Front de Bœuf made that prodigious haul of prisquers, he discriminated in the usage to be shown to his captives. The note the leady Rowens were conducted to community apartments, and treated in a manuer belitting their rank; but Isaacor York was flung sans cérémonie into the deepest dungeon beneath the castle most, where the aron presently waited upon him, and proposed, with the aid two heathen blackamoors, to broil him upon a gridiron, unless her ed out on the dungeon-floor a thousand pounds of Bismark has used no more ceremony towards the King of Saxony than the Norman baron did towards the Jew of York. He has made no secret of his determination to seize upon Saxony. The King is said to have already sent away his entire treasure—eight millions of silver dollars, all the uncut Peruvian emeralds, the large oval sardon's, the famous green diamond, Rafaelle's "Madonna di San Sisto," and the priceless rarities of the Green Vault. Foreward is forearmed, and the King of Saxony is resolved not to fall unprepared into the net of the Prussian fowler.

## A PLIGHT FROM VENICE.

I came down from Vienna to Trieste, and thence returned to Venge-always in consequence of Bismark, whose conduct was now gowing outrageous-at the end of May; and on Thurs by evening, June 14, at half-past six o'clock, I left Venice to follow Garibaldi and his formes. It was time. The overt act of violated committed by Prussions in Holstein acti no doubt of the imminence of war; and it was Hibusht likely ' Venico that the Italian forces massed at Piacenza and as a gree might at once cross the frontier, and commence operations without waiting en for the lumching of Victor Emerguel's proclamation, and his manifesto to the Cabinets of Europe. There was no need, it was argued, for any solenan declaration of war between the Kaiser and the Re Calantuomo. They have been always at war, as the knights of Rhodes were with the Turks. The kingdom of Italy has never being recognised by the Power which was driven out of Lombardy in 1859, and which the Italians hope to sconge out of Venetic in 1866. With addenial of the existence of the sun at noctably which would be droll were it not pitiable, the official gazett ors of Austria always speak of the united country they hate and fear as Il Regno di Sardegna, or L'Italia Sarda; while the Italia hamout is the "Assembly of Piedmont, sitting at I What is there in

a name, however? The Emperor of Austria calls himself, on his silver coinage, "King Lombardo-Venetia;" and behold, in the capital of his empire, not a single silver coin is to be seen.

It was time for me to go. The internal terrors of the Ritter von Toggenburg, Luogotenente of Venice, had grown too descrete for continence, and he was arresting people left. Over a hundred domiciliary visits and as many arrests had taken place, in Venice itself, or Vednesday, night. At Padua, too, there had been disturbant, and some fifty political prisoners, conglit up by the strian police, had been major a strong guid to the capital to join their tellor pisfortune at San Giorgio Maggioro, and, perhaps, to be will dequently transferred to Coritz or the Spielburg. Toggenburg met them at the station, and doubtless experienced much innocent satisfaction at so ing whom coupled together. Finally, a number of Venetians of position and influence-professors, medical men, advocates, artists, noble ladies even - had been summarily ordered by the Government to banish themselves from the Venetien territory. They were scarcely allowed time to pack up a new necessaries. They were not permitted to enter Italy by Bologua or by Peschiera, but by a retinement of cruelty were forced to take the long and wearisome route by Verona and Bolzano, through the Tyrol into Switzerland. Even the Pass of the Brenner is now closed and guarded by Austrian artillery. Some of the involuntary enigrants were coerced into making a promise that they the not seek a permanent refuge either England atmosphere of free in Switzerland, A to the olfactories of the Cavacountries is evident

liere Toggenburg—which promise, so soon as they are well out of the clutches of the double-headed eagle, it is to be hoped those involuntary emigrants, with all convenient despatch, will break, like so much pie-crust.

In favour of foreigners, it was stated, an exception was to Twenty-four hours' grace had been granted them to get out of Venetia into Italy. On the streng of this assurance sing my passport duly viséd by the police in a ticket to Padua, whence a branch line has ened to Rovigo. At the last-named place a dili-Oscaro. There the Po was to be crossed to Ferrara, and thence could take the Italian rail to Bologua. Nothing could be more satisfactory than fulls theoretical itinerary. an practice, however, it was quite another thing. On suriving at Padua I received the grim intelligence that all the bridges on the new branch line-it was only opened last Monday, and these said bridges were regarded as triumphs of engineering skill-had been broken down; that there were no means of conveyance across the Po; and that the Austrian engineers were busy making preparations for inthe taking the surrounding country. Under these circumstances, nothing was to be done but to go on to Verona, and sleep there.

We reached the fine old city, now converted into a frowning fortress, garrisoned by thirty thousand men, at and night.
It is a long drive from the Porta Vescova to the city gates,
and when we reached them they were closed for the night.
Only after infinite trapple, and the three performed rite of
exhibiting our as ports—first to the carrie, whose lantern
went out; next to a German, and was for

leaving us out in the cold; and last to a Croat sergeant, who could speak neither German nor Italian-were we allowed tomake our way to a most infamous hostelry, called La Colomba d'Oro, where I remained until six in the morning, a prey tobugs and anxiety as to how I was to proceed on my journey. So soon as the clock struck six, having heard overnight that the military authorities might perhaps grant permission to foreigners to proceed by rail from Verona to knowing that the through train from Vent Verona at ten, I made the best of my way to. the Commandant della Piazza, The argency making me bold, I pentandal into a guird room, where there was an Austrian officer in bed, where bing awake from a sweet sleep, doubless about the all chrods after bierhallen of Vienna, swore at me. Northing di 'artemed'. I woke another, who was divid and directed me to the office of the commandant of the place, a very flerce old Austrian gentleman in a suit of whitey-brown holland, covered with decorations, who, early as it was, had begun his day a work and his day's allowing of eigen. I told him I was a foreigner, and wisher to leave the Empire - at which he nodded his head-and enter the kingdom of Italy, at which he bent his fierce old brows-I should have said the kingdom Be it as it might, however, the commandant of place could do nothing. I must apple he said, to the Smmand of the army, the Archduke Albert.

So off I went to his Imperial Highness's quarters, a pretty villa, near the Porta Nuova, called the Casa Peris. It was not yet seven, but Archduke had been up an hour past, and was away. It his troops in the citadel.

Whatever faults the Austrians may have, the credit at least must be given them of being very early risers. The Archduke, a stout aide-de-camp told me, would be back at eight, and then his adjutant-general might give me what I required.

So, to while away the time, I strolled along the great square of Verona, and its narrow streets and picturesque The city is in a most deplorable condition. the concomitant of stagnation, rottenness, Stagna for their own. It is bad enough to see ruin, it is worse to see ruined shops, or such mean stalls as are yet tenanted, seedy and forlorn, and scarcely any stock to show. I domainember an apothecary I Triday morning in Verona I am sure that Romeo must have see him in the neighbouring city three hundred years ago. There he stood, a pinched and disconsolate starveling, at the door of his farmacia, and behind him was his beggarly account of empty boxes. But not even a customer came to ask him for a trifling draught. Austrians have their medical staff abundantly supplied, and stand in no need of the services of Veronese apothecaries. At Trieste, it is true, they have put forth an appeal to the public at large for patriotic donations of lint, bandages, and lard for ointment, but they have not had the conscience to ask the Venetians for such succour ... They have been content with the infliction of the twelve-million "loan."

It was half-past seven, and I went into Te, the grandest one in Verona, but like everything clse mathis warbegone town, pitiably neglected and dilapidated. Waiters without braces, subshod, unshour and dirty; coffee cups without saucers and without species, looking-glasses cracked

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across, columns split up the shaft, and chairs with three legs -it was all of a piece. There is nothing new, nothing tidy. re but barracks and fortifications. The brand of Cain-of he Austrain corporal's cane—is on everything. To anyone who has known Verona in its good days-to anyone who has turned over the pages of the sumptuous edition of Rogers's Italy, with its exquisite illustrations by Turner actual aspect of this historical and artistic place is You can scarcely believe that you are in end of the town to the other there is the sm cavalry stable, and the guttural jab to the Austrian guard-room, and the white-coated Croat swarm like a plague Only on the Piazza stands, defiant of time of lice. laughing at the little ways of men, the old Roman amphitheatre, well-nigh as complete now as when, eighter centuries since, the gladiators fought, or the Christians were thrown to the lions in its arena. Black and seared and scarred it is, like some great brand which has been thrust into the furnace only to make it harder; but it is yet solid and entire, with its huge portico, its podium for the senators, its gradus for the mob, and its exterior baltei and practicationes and vomitoria. The vaults in the basement of the outside walls have been let out-as though they were arches on the Greenwich Railway -to those who carry on petty trades. There are blacksmiths' Horges, and cobblers' stalls, and butchers' shops burrowing in is one of the few unrivalled monuments left of the grandeur Imperial Rome; but, its degradation notwithstanding, the amphitheatre still looks superb, and frowns down with infinite contempt on the biggest of the barracks which the Austrians have built up in its vicinity.

Half-past seven A.M. is perhaps not too early in the morning to drink coffee, or, perhaps, if case-hardened and your stomach will bear it, to include in the matutinal weed. You may read the newspaper, too, appropriately over your coffee and cigar; but it is a little too. If think to wear whitekid gloves and strut about with an eye-glass stuck in your optic muscles.

In goodness' name, for whom do these white conted captains an alientenants dandify themselves? Women are said to diese to one another: not to please the eyes of men, but to surple envy to the hearts of their own sex. So I suppose it is it, mutual rivalry that the German officers are with tremendous bucks. In most Europeau countries defective sight is held to be a disqualification for military services; but to judge from the number of eye glass wearers—many of them mere boys—I saw before eight o'clock in the caffe, nearly half the garrison of Verona must be purblind.

At eight I went to the Archduke's again. I had retained since six, as a guide, an Italian lad, who was a kind of ostler at L. Colomba d'Oro. I think he must have been half-witted. In any case, he was so desperately afraid of the Austrian soldiers that he could not approach a corporal without assuming the posture of adoration, or pass a sentry without quivering like an aspen. This lily-livered wight being rather an impediment than an assistance, I dismissed him in peace, and prosecuted my further inquiries alone. But my second journey to the Archduke was as fruitless as the first. I was told that I must go to the police, as a preliminal measure, to have my passport vised. The police-office is in

the Piazza dei Signori, a mile and a half away. Thither I sped, to find it surrounded by troops, who with difficulty allowed me to pass into a crowded and dirty room full of Prussian shoemakers, French milliners, and Swiss couriers, all begging and praying for their passports to be viséd.

I had to wait in this den a full hour, and watch the resuscitation of the whole hideous machinery of the passport system, which, I had thought, was happily colished for But it is astonishing how soon the there of the bad returns, and how easily we fall into evil. Give me but a fortnight to drill my many would undertake to furnish you with an tumber of sworn tormentors or familiars of the Inquisition. Combby registers were consulted; fresh entries were made; you were teased with trivial questions; the old muttering and mumbling, and reading signatures upside down; the old stamping with reasy blue ink, and scrawling illegible nons on honest paper, and countersigning, and numbering, and sanding, kand blotting, and smearing took place; and after every man had got somebody else's passport, and an amicable scramble form distribution of premerty had taken place, we scampered back to the Archduke's for the final permission. Arrived at the Casa Peris, we were allowed the cntrée of the back-stairs; and, after being repulsed at the doors of many military departments, from the "Train Commando" to the "Hydrographisches Bureau,"—the Inundation Office I suppose, we found, in a garret, Hauptmann von Somebody, and Oberlieutenant von Something else, breakfasting heavily on beefsteak and cabbage. The Hauptmann turned his back upon hs, and the Oberlieutenant, taking our passports, and flinging them on one side, ordered us peremptorily to wait "dewn-stairs."

As the staircase was barely wide enough for two persons to pass one another, "down-stairs" wald only mean the coal-cellar; but beefsteak and cabbage are holy things, and will not bear interference. Not being able to find the cellar, I chose the second-floor landing for an ante-chamber, and sitting down on the stairs, cooled my heels there until the Hauptmenn and the Oberlicutement had fluished their breakfast. The capacity of the human stomach are receptacle for beef and cabbage is extensive; but it has its limits. Being fuff, the satisfied functionaries addressed themselves to our little business. Then the Adjutant General, and finally, I suppose, the Archduke, had to be consulted, and we received our passports and a magic slip of paper attached to each-a lascer passare, or permission to proceed by rail from Verona to Peschiera. The Prussian shoemaker especially overjoyed, and seemed to be thankful as for s special deliversas. I do met know that there exists in any particular prejudice against shoomakers -- it is our tailous. perhaps, whom we are more disposed to kill so so the sattle-trampet so ands; but this man was a Proportion well as a shoemaker, and he had seemed all the morning infunted by an uneasy expectation of being fallen upon and massacred by the Adstrians, merely because he was a countryman of the ubhorred Bismark.

The landlord of the Colomba d'Oro, having presented us with his permission to quit the Austrian territory in the shape of receipted bills,—whose amount, so far as my own was concerned, led me to the conviction that the Clarendon

in Bond-street is not such a dear hotel after all,—we started in the hotel-omnibus for the railway-station." It was by this time past ten; but the landlord, as he took from us seventy soldi apiece emnibus fare, gave us a solema assurance that the time-bill had been altered, and that the trans did not start until cleven. The man know perfectly well that he was telling a he: but sevenly soldi a bead, we a you have an omnibu load of a dozen, are something in these times; and, besides, be had an alterior object. A little generian, who had carefully concealed from the authorities the fact dias he was one, and had sometan procured a fronch passport, compress spendy, as we let the Cornella," In this " The state we have to traver in Poseblers." We tried to think him a select prophet; but his prediction turned out to be true. When we coulded one station the porters longhed in our faces, told us that the train raid left a hone before. Jothing was to be done but to return to Colomba d'Org, abuse the landbord, rear him tell more and then to a charter with inna for the horning if the opinibile to Perchicities

The ir is of yet a day old, yet things seem to have some but a new years already. Here were the good old times of hagging and pargaining with restriction—of the arts, recriminations, and years of good faith as false as divers oaths—comediack as though by magic. At last, for the hire of a rickety onucleus, drawn by two miserable spavined jades,—one of them by Rosmante out of trafforing Dreary Dun, the other brother to the celebrated cardidate for the Cowcross Stakes, on which Petruchio rode to his marriage with Katharine,—what agreed to pay about double the first-class

railway-fare between Verona and the frontier. But we were lucky, as it turned out, to obtain any conveyance at all. An interdict had been placed on all the diligences and postchaises. Nothing, in fact, save principle baggage-wagons, was allowed to circulate.

By two o'clock we were at Castelnuovo, and soon afterwards came in sight of Peschiera. The drive along the shores of the Lago di Garda is exquisitely beautiful. On this, a .. lovely day in leafy June, the water looked so blue, the distest countains were so glowing in purple and oraus tints, the sails of the fisher-boats glanced so howy white, the tall pines spread their velvet-green emopy of the constitution, that the temptation to leap from the one as, product sketch-book and a box of moist water-colours, and fall to limning or the spot, was well-nigh irresistible. Chareflection, however, it appeared thet a better time might be selected for taking sketches on the Laggidi Garda. In numerous con nient cyrles on its banks, Marian soldiers are posted, a more than one shotching willing han been fred at lately, the assumption that he was a taking plans of the fortil tions of Peschiera. The anathemas of the Old and New Societies of Painters in Water Colours rest on Heaviers tions of Peschiera!

The Austrian engineers are doing their best to ruin the Lago di Garda. The foreground they have speak already. As we journeyed onward we could feet arreyes on one side with all the luxuriant beauty of the lake; so calm, so blue, so sunny, so happy. On the other, the bowels of the cartil were being ruthlesslying up, and hordes of siddler-slaves in white coats were heaping the sods into breastworks and strengthen.

ing them with fascines. Most hideous did their picks and mattocks and wheelbarrows look on the border of this Paradise. It was as though you saw Death digging his first grave in a snug corner of Eden, and waiting with a leer for our dear brother departed. Or one side, then, you saw horrid, ugly, devilish War; on the other, the inestimable beauty and repose of the Peace of Nature, which is as the Peace of God, and passeth all understanding.

Over mosts and deadbridges we rattled into Peschiera, which really is so very paltry a town that to fortify it stans not like gilding refined gold, but locking up a brass farthing a silver could be supposed however, that the strategic position of the term of a fortiesse however, that the strategic position of the term of sin of importance and fortiesse. I do not believe in fortiesses an self-falling that there was never a citadel so strong but that some or later it fell, and that the final cause of all strongholds is to be taken. We were very glad to get into Product, and gladder still to get out of it. Half an hour after our departure the An trianslocked up the place for the land at and a filter natives not strangers are now allowed higness or each on the whole. I think I would atther be a cabin-boy on bound a South-Shields cother than Jodestà if Peschiera

After anoth recommented of passports and a new bargaribattle with the cettarion who was to take us to Described.

we entered of onlines number two, and had account two hours'
drive to the frontier of the langdom of Raly. I suppose we
were favoured with the very laviest drive extra headed. He
was not even to be moved into activity by the offer of a collective buona mano of chormous extent, but folled on his box in
a calm state of semi-somnolence, such included the butt-end of that

whip the other extremity of which we should have so dearly liked to apply to his own shoulders. My companion in the coupé—for it was a double omnibus—was a fat German gentleman whom I shall always remember from his having presented me with one of the most, execrable cigars over unnufactured. He was very friendly, and at great pains to use ure his fellow-travellers that he was not an Austrian; but I have a shrewd suspicion that I had met him before as a seller of meerschaum pipes in the Rauhenheim Strasse, itema. It is stock of Italiar was limited to one word, "Subito," which he dinned without intermission into the driver's ears, who only slept the sounder The German gentleman's warnings "Kein to gold," whom not even the premise in his own language of a bribe could arouse.

The frontier line between the dominions of Francis Joseph and Victor Eramanuel is marked on the Austrian side only by a post painted in the imperial colours, leach and yellow, and an oval signboard with the wird gren i. I do not know as a general rule, anything more fissignificant to outward yiew than the actual frontier line between two States. You may play at hopscotch over it all day long without fear of the resentment of hostile armies. It is only by common accord to quarrel that certain points on the line have been fixed upon as objective; and it is only on the general's map and at the green-table of diplomacy that the frontier assumes its real importance.

At this prenze the last inspection of the passports—I think it was the ninth that morning—look place. The drowsy driver was just preparing to lunge into Italy, when a

gendarme seized the horses' heads, and another asked us half insinuatingly, half menacingly, if we knew anything of a "Signor Bianchi." Nobody knew him, of course; our passports were all scrapulously en règle, so there was no more to be said. In another moment we were in Lombardy,—in the Regno d' Italis. "Bianchi hat etwas gethan," said the German gentleman, with a look of great wisdom. It was clear that Bianchi as a look of great wisdom. It was clear that Bianchi as a look of him. I wonder whether the little Venetian who had contrived to procure a French passport was Banchi. Small blame to him if he concealed his identity. There are certain critical moments when it becomes a moral duty to swear that black is white.

The jolly Italian doganieri at the King of Italy's customhouse fifty yards on just took the trouble to ascertain from our papers who we were, and made a perfunctory examination of our luggage; that is to say, of the luggage of my companions. "It is certain that the writer of this brought nothing into the world, and it is equally certain that, were a hostile bullet or an Austrian rope to send him out of it presently, he would leave nothing behind him but a raceglass and an Italian dictionary, and some socks and pockethandkerchiefs. That is all I have at present. I have put off the old Adam, and begun the world afresh, and the plunder of my effects would not fatten a flea. The inspection over, we shook hands all round, including the doganieri; and if I for one did not join in the shout of "Viva Italia!" which arose from our wayworn group, it was because I was adust, and, being a foreigner, afraid of taking liberties.

In the picturesque town of Desenzano, which stands in

need of a little pulling down and building up again—and it would be as well, perhaps, if the Desenzanian housemaids made the beds before five in the affect in; for the sight of mattresses and sheets hanging out of window at that hour, in order, I suppose, to air them, and bake therefeas in the afternoon sun, is not pretty—at Desenzano, I say, we found the radway area waiting, and at mine o'clock on Friday evening to were in Mild.

find Caribaidi. It was not known with certainty at Milan. His movements are rapid and secret. He had left Como, the head-quarters of the Caribaidini, I was told. He had gone to Lecce, to Bergamo, to Cremona, or even farther south to fiari and a letta, at which last point his son Menotti and mother caribderable force of volunteers is stationed, ready to go—no man can tell whither, and no man should know whither, till the right time comes. On Saturday morning, however, I took the train to Cameriata, and thence drove in a carriage to Como, on the shore of the lake. Six thousand volunteers were in garrison at Como, and, to my great satisfaction, I found that Garibaid had returned from his tour of inspectice, and was at Como too.

Note. I have very scrupulously suppressed the description of all that I saw of actual hostile operations between the Italians and the Austrians in Venetia and in the Tyrol in the months of June and July 1866. I am not a "military critic;" and I imagine, were I to venture on military criticism, that my remarks would be equally offensive, both as to form and to foundation, to soldiers and to civilians, to Italians and to Austrians.

August 5.

I ARRIVED in this interesting Ital run early on Sunday morning, in company with seven alian noblemen, my intimate friends. Our mission was one of State; indeed, we formed the personnel of an evaluatey sent by the most serence Republic of Venice The qually illustrious Don Alfonso d'Este. Duke of Ferrara. I may mention that our train comprised the gallant Don Apostolo Gazze grave Giacopo Liverotto, and that lively little dog N. Orsini. Giacopo Liverotto, and that lively little log M who sings such rare drinking-songs, and sin face so beardless and so buxom, that you might easily mistake him for a worden. From this you may judge that no were all very gay cordiers indeed, and made a very lively appearance as we swaggered past the old Castello and down the Strada de' Mercanti, the velvet and satin of our doublet- rustling, the plumes swaling in our bonnets, and the hilts of our rapiers glancing in the sun.

I know not whether it was the choice Landbrusco we had quaffed at our collation at the sign of Le Tre Corone, or some foregone predisposition to mischief which possessed me, but as we were passing the Ducal Palace I must needs, and in spite of the remonstrances of my companions, clamber up to the plinth of one of the columns of the gateway, and, standing on tipton, make a dash with my dagger at a big

letter B cut in stone, and which was indeed the first letter of my Lady Duchess's name sculptured beneath her coat of arms, the which was displayed by the letter of her husband's, in the midst of the architrave. Some of the young gallants laughed at my madcap freak, but the grave Glacopo shook his head, and opined that it was lill arove a bad business. If I remember aright, I had gardens of the Grimani Palace at venice, one night during the carnival, and had had have words with her.

The news of the mischief I had wrought soon reached the ducal ears, and about an effore dinner I was arrested by a man in black, named Bossow, was heavily fettered, and thrown into the deepes angeon beneath the ducal coal-Later in the afternoon, a guard of halberdiers conducted me a splittlid apartment in the palace, where I found the Duke a thress. They also seemed to have had The compact of Don Alfonso wore a very evil expression, and the Duchess had apparently been crying. I heard her mutter, as we entered, that the Duke was her fourth husband, and that he had better take care. To my astonishment, I was not ordered to immediate execution. I was received, on the contrary, most affably. The politeness of Don Alfonso was exquisite. He was good enough to inquire into the history of my early life, and was so obliging as to offer me a commission in the Ferrarese army; but I thankfully declined the honour, having no reason to complain of my then employers, the Most Serene Republic, and my state of life, that of a captain in the Venetian Heavy Horse. The Duke, however, vowed by Hercules-one of his Grace's ancestors-that I should drink with him. Rustighello, who fish of Asti spumante; and the Duke, who was in a sportive humor, insisted the my Lady Duchess should fill the goblets far us. This see did, her hand trembling strangely the while. Don Alichiso looked toward me, and I wished him luck, and I felt quit. for it is, after all, rather the proper kind of thing a do, to drink with a live Duke. His Grace did not say any and a about tother bottle; but, with a wish that what I had taken might do me good, bestowed on me a paternal benediction, and, scowling at the Duchess, went out for a little walk.

I observed that, as that the catchpole Rustighello followed his muster, he opened the curiously slashed sleeve and laughed in it. No sooner had the pair quitted the apartment, than the Duchess rushed to the day, looked it, and informed me, in a rapid recitative, that the pike was a villain, that I had been poisoned, and had not an minutes to live. At the same time she forced on my attention a small black bottle, containing a quantity of Old Doctor Jacob Townsend's . sarsaparilla and telling me that it was an antidote, bude me drink it. I was at first reluctant to obey her, for there was no end to the naughty fine told by that woman, but eventually, feeling as though I had a quantity of red-hot watchsprings undernesth my waistcoat, which were beginning to uncoil themselves, I swallowed the mixture; it was very nasty, but made to quite well again. The Duchess then implored me to have Farrara by the next train for Bologua, and with a wish that she might never see me again a wish cordially reciprocated by the undersigned-attempted to kiss me. successfully resisted the indelicate stempt, and glad to be

well out of this improper place, went for a stroll in the Piazza de' Signori.

There, at the Caffè Tofans, I met Genzells, Orsini, and the rest, who told me that sough the kind of a Spanish gentleman of their process, named Gubetta, they had been bidden to a but suppor that very evening, at the Princess Negroni's. Her excellency lived on the first-floor over the chemist and druggist's shop, next door to the Ducal Palace. They proposed that, although uninvited, should join them. The linkboy of the Corrière della Mattina, they said, would see me in. Now, I know that I ought at once to have driven to the station, and taken a ticket for Bologna; but hot suppers were always my weakness, and, in an evil moment, I consented to wait on the Princess.

We went, and had a very good time. There were beccafichi, there was pigeon pic, and a delicious Nesselrode pudding, which, however, had slightly too strong a flavour The best chefs will sometimes err. of bitter almonds. Francatelli has been known to nod. We were joined at supper by several beautiful young ladies, in low-necked dresses, who subsequently entertained us with music and dancing. Apostolo Gazzella, who has a rich bass voice, gave \*us "Mynheer van Dunk," and Maffeo Orsini sang a comic song with a roaring chorus. I have forgotten its name, but it was something about the way to be happy. Everybody had proposed everybody else's health, and we were almost ripe for "Auld lang syne," when, in the distance, the sounds of a chant, which was anything but a comic song, became audible. The voices came nearer and nearer, and I could make out the words, "Nici Dominus adificat domum," to which succeeded some most unpleasant extracts from the Burial Service.

The oung ladies in low desses had all disappeared, and the wax-candles went the confider another, leaving a disagreeable odour behind. Presently the great folding-doors of the salgon flew open, and there appeared on the threshold my Pady Duchess, dressed all in black, attended by seven Capuin monks, all in white, who, ranged in a row, were singing "Down among the dead men." The Duchess came forward and explained, that as we had once given her a ball at Venice -she alluded to that little misunderstanding at the Grimani Palace—she had deemed it her duty to return the compliment by offering us a supper at Ferrara. She went on to inform us that there was a pound and a half of strychmine in the pigeon pie, and three-quarters of a pint of prussic acid That abominable pudding!—I in the Nesselrode pudding. had partaken twice of it. Then, directing the monks to draw on one side a little, she showed us that, in addition to board, she had provided lodging for us in the shape of seven patent coffins, adding that if we wanted washing, the seven monks could supply us with any quantity of holy water. I made bold to remark, in the most pointed manner, that her accommodation was insufficient, seeing that we were eight in number, and seeing that only coffins for seven, with Capuchins to follow, had been provided. Whereat she screamed, and, bundling my young friends out of the room, once more produced the black bottle, and prescribed the mixture as before. I indignantly refused the antidote, and remarking that I considered her a highly offensive person, not to be permitted to go about any longer poisoning the junior branches of the nobility with impunity, informed her that I proposed to despatch, her with the carving-knife, and without further notice. This I presently id, and, as she gave up the ghost, she told me that she was my Mother. Upon this, with a disagreeable consciousness that everal Pharach's serpents were in a state of combustion at the pit of my stomach, I sang a brief song, in the minor key, on the subject of maternal love, and expired. At which the curtain fell, and life's brief candle was blown out. I forgot to state that my mother's name was Mademoiselle Tietjens—that is to say, Lucrezia Borgia.

Now I do most conscientiously assure my readers that, although I alighted from the through train from Milan to Ferrara on this Sunday morning, in the company only of a lively little lieutenant of Garibaldini on leave from Creto di Bong, and who was anxious to air his red shirt on a tour through Venetia-although I myself was clad in garments not more romantic than a travelling-suit of brown holland and a straw lat. and carried a perfectly modern carpet-bag in my hand-and, finally, although I drove from the station to the inn in a hack-cal, whose driver was slightly elevated with perfectly modern rum-I did, during the whole of some six hours' sojourn in Ferrara, experience all the sensations, and see in imagination all the things to which I have alluded above. To be sure, I was full of the Borgias when I came hither, for I had seen some of the golden tresses of the beautiful wicked daughter of La Vanozzi and Alexander the Sixth, which are preserved at Milan, and a learned English medical friend had been talking about some original letters of Donna Lucrezia which he had discovered in the municipal archives, and which he proposed to translate and publish.\*

But it was the town itself that took me back to the sixteenth century, and the days of daggers, doublets, and mortal The have done wisely to erect the railway-station so doses. very far from Ferraguself. The enormous Campo di Marte intervenes between modern civilisation and the wholly medizeval city of Lucrezia Borgia; she walks in all the Piazzi; her shadow is on every wall. Rustighello and Gubetta are lurking round every corner, dogging your footsteps to destruction. Pray, can you tell me why there are, to this day, so hady doctors' shops in Ferrara? Can you give me a reason why the "Spezeria dei Fratelli Forzadura" - what a name!-is a dark caverr, through whose shadows loom ghostly-looking jars, containing, no doubt, aqua Pofana, laurel - water powdered glass - for flesh wounds - and Scheele's preparation, highly concentrated? Can you tell me why the Vicolo delle Catene-Chain-lane -should run out of the Strada Oscura—Dark-street; and why the Contrada dell' Agonia-Agony-road-should be so very near the Piazza de' Martiri? The whole place reeks of poison and carvingknives, and masks and fetters, and man-traps and springguns. Don't tell me that this is all idle fancy. Go and look at Ferrara, and you will at once confess that it is the abode of horror and the cave of despair. Bologna, with its interminable porticoes, is gloomy enough; but Ferrara is the very quintessence of the Tenebra in architecture. The Castello strongly resembles the City Prison at Holloway, em-

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. William Gilbert has since published his elaborate vindication of the tenrible Duchess of Ferrara.

browned by the dust of ages, and the Albergo del Pellegrino is as like Newgate as one pea is like unto another. Ferrara, in one sense, may be said to rival the Escorial, for it is one huge gridiron of window-bars; and curiously, the huge cathedral is dedicated to San Lorenzo.

The heat of the sun being positively scorching on Sunday morning, I could not walk half-a-dozen paces without being reminded of the savoury saint; muy buen asado y tostado, with whom I made acquaintance last January in Spain. Ferrara is one cage. Ferrara is barred by an undying statute of architectural limitations. The windows of the palages and public buildings are all barred. Those of the private lices are closely grated. The fanlights over the doors are protected by iron rods; the pleasant view of internal courtyards and orange-trees-Seriffe oranges, doubtless, and very bitter -is intercepted by heavy trelliswork. I saw a cobbler at work, although it was Sunday morning. He was working behind iron bars, like Mr. Benjamin Webster in the Bastille. I saw a woman selling perches and ripe figs behind bars. The butchers' shops were simply twin brothers to the dens of the wild beasts at the Zoological Gardens and the clerks at the Post-office was asleep in the corner of his cage, and had to be stirred up like the hyena with the long pole of an umbrella, before he would answer questions. Why all these bars? Are the mammas of Ferrara apprehensive that their daughters will elope with the officers of the garrison, or their housemade run off with the baker's man? Is the city inhabited only by usurers, and do they fear that their strong boxes may be invaded by some Italian Manteuffel? Are the houses full of starlings that "cast get out"?

Ah, no! Ferrara is the d and barred up, and put, like the Koh-i-noor, behind a wire fence, because the people are all so terribly afraid of Lucrezia Borgia. She fell in love with the Camerine, at the Bellegrino, on Wednesday afternoon, and by Saturday night he died of the cholers-morbus. She asked the Archbishop of Ferrara to dinner on Friday, and on the same evening Grace was a cold corpse. said it was indigestion it was only Donna Lucrezia. For only a wink-a mere wink of disparagement-that unhappy captain of the National Guard died of the colic the day before yesterday; and the wretched landlord of the Caffè who ventured to observe to the notary that we lived in ticklish times, was laid hold of by Rustighello and his sollowers, and was hanged, the say in the great tower of the Castello this morning. Donna Lucrezia's brougham is always standing before the Spezeria Withe Brothers Forzadura; and she is strongly suspected of impregnating by wholesale the cavours and virginias of the governmental tobacco-shops with opium and cocculus, indicus. This is Fer-It smells of the cord, the dagger, and the poison-vial. The legend beneath the city arms is, "Guai so to sjugge on If you doubt my word, go and look at it.

Darkness is not an indispensable concomitant of horror. There was light enough, you know—although it was but darkness visible—in that terrible place which drew and whither Dante went. This ferrara seen are more horrible to me, because sunday morning the sun shone so brightly on its grim houses and dismal rows of dungeon bars. Shone! The sun rather blazed, pierced you with flaming glaives, came down upon you in a vulgarised

Danaëan shower—red-het cop. a lieu of new Miat tokens. The dogs flatly refused to ventual out in the sun. The very cats were chary of basking in it, and, pooring from beneath archways, put one partforward, the blaze and then drew it back again, broiled—the very converse of boys who test with one foot the temperature of the stream in which they yearn to bathe. Shadows of deepes third the barred projections of the casements cast on the phose laminæ of lime had been cracking and scaling off for conturies beneath these pitiless rays. There was scarcely a soul abroad. Now and then you saw something living glide along close to the wall, pelted by the sun's darts, and disappear. If it was black, and wore a cassock and a shovel bat, it was a priest.

The common object of waself and the little lieutenant of Garibaldini was forthwith to cross the Po, and proceed through Rovigo and Padua to Vicenza, where my companion had business with the commissary of the King, Mordini. enter the Venetian territory, even the portion evacuated three weeks since by the Austrians and now occupied by the Halians, was a thing easier said than done. There is a brannew raisev from Pontelagoscuro, on the Po, to Vicenta; that as smashed the bridge over the Po to pieces ere a parting ken of their affection for their quons, and kindy leaving the rails untouched, took locomotive most of the carriages. we thout locomotive insatisfactor as mustard without beef. As Rome was built in a day, to are things in Italy never done in a hurry, and it does not appear to have yet occurred to the railway authorities that they might get

Piecenia, or Bologna to replace a few locomotives down those stolen by the Austrians. In any case, they have not taken any such steps, and the railway from Ferrara being thus quite useless, the jolly old dilligence, combersome, uncomfortable, and barbarers, has been brought out again, and looks as fresh as the mint of the year 1836, and the dirt of the year 1846, and the dust of the year 1856 can make it. So it is, hey! for the and old wheel those three are always coming off, and the good old delays, stoppages, and breakdowns, and the good old rope harness, and the good old postillion in a mountebank tacket, who winds the good old airs on the cracked bugle horn, and comes round at the end of every stage, holding out his hat, and craving coppers like a comnon larger. There are coincidences in this world. A Tory Ministry, I perceive, has restched the rains of power in England; and the diligenza to the fore again at Farrara.

This truly Conservative slow coach was full on Sunday moraing, and we were botind to seek some other means of conveyance into the Vender I am try anxious to get out of errara; for to tell truth, the pleasande of druggists shops had begun somewhat to slarm me, and I was not at all easy an my mind about a certain covelette di vitello, con succhette, on which I had just breakfasted at the restaurant adjoining the station. The damsel contained on me was far and there we alightly too much of the get in a parely placonic spirit and a I ordered it all easy. I had winked that young we Just innerine the consequences, supposing her to have been married, and her maiden name something beginning with a B.

crezie rare a provar," says the page in Maria di Rohan; yet

The diligenza in defaulty most obvious vehicle was a gig. Respectability would seem to be very rise in this part of the country, for almost everybody drives a gig. The vetter rine who drove us from the station to a most cut-throat-look; ing little hovel in the suburbs, which was his own livery and bait stable indeed, offered to drive us to Vicenza, a distance of forty-five miles, "like the wind," and with two fiery, and most valuant horses, "freschive valorississimt cavata," for—how much do you think?—a hundred and eighty francs. "Otto Marenghi," Eccellenza, is the last price, "quoth the vetturino, throwing up his hands. "It is the just and exact sum which a man of honour and of heart should ask for such a journey."

I remembered in this conjuncture an anecdote I suce heard, of a gentleman who was accepted by one of the itine rant dealers in fine art who hang about the Royal Exchange and Bartholomew-lane, with those wonderful daubs surrounded by Dutch-gilt frames, representing the of Mount Vesuvius, Tintern Abbey by Moonlight subjects. For mere curiosity's sake, he asked to much he would take for a pair of landscapes.

prof. Surming and his customer had justing a pair of landscapes.

into the Funds or drawn his war dividends, replied, that as a particular and person two pictures for seventy grant they re yours, sit, cried the dealer, in quite a transport of delight, and he subsequently acknowledged that there was a clear profit of fifteen shillings on the transaction.

So when the vetturino told me that eight Napoleons was the lowest price he could possibly take, I told him that I would give two, and no more. Eventually—that is to say, after infifth haggling and chaffer we struck a bargain for forty Trancs, between which and the upset price of a hundred and eighty-three there was, it will be admitted, a slight difference, Most things in Italy, indeed, must be purchaled on the principle followed in a Dutch auction. You must bid downwards, or you will be unconsciouably swindled. told a tailor at Milan the other day to make me some white inconts, for which; foolishly emitting to make a bargain be brehand, he charge is a price so ludicrously extertionate, that thered him just one-half, threstoning in case of his cept it to complain to the British ambassador in and all the tribunals in the Kingdom of Italy. He the composition sate cheerfully and I daresay, would have su and a sail fundamente-A been fraisin, the pot not, would have even cheaper than I complaisant bette ag had covenanted that he all an not be obliged to that till the afternoon heats re over. So tall five o'clock till it has sooled a little, we went to the Perfegrino, infamously fifthy like all Italians away from the great cities,—and—own on a sofa in a darkened room, vainly the sanning—mase away the flies, and to slake our thirst with lemonade ad peaches. If I had carried the cholera away with me from Ferrara, I should, I daresay, have ascribed my mishap to the wicked wiles of Lucrezia Borgia, which is the way of the world. It is always the salmon, and never the wine. The terrible Duchess has done it all. We quite forget the lemonade and the peaches.

## FROM FERRARA TO ROVIGO.

n the Campo de Marte, at Ferrara, were parked a hundred of the heaviest pieces of field-artillory. This was the first sign I had seen, since leaving Milan, of Italy being in the midst of war. Let me montion that for the gig with which the vetturing priginally contracted to supply us had been substituted a carriage with four seats; and we had now two additional travelling-companions - a merchant of a, and a captain of artillery belonging to They were excellent company—civil, inthe royal ar anicative; indeed, a sulky Italian is telligett. I was not sorry to have an opporalmost officer in the regulars; for, on tunity o principle, I found myself growing the t elemai de daudations of Caribaldini, rather Marmoritani the quite forget the whom they vilipend to rehemently, the Austrans be in Milan, and the Monsignori still in the Legitons; in fact, that but for their present bugbear, the Lameror Napoleon, there would never have been a kingdom of that all.

We want no form aid, scream of Gardanni.
"we have been long enough in the form of the Value alone.
even do without Prussia.

Faremo dano.

Now, Faremo da noi is a very terse and piquant as pression; only, if my memory serves me correctly, the people of this beautiful peninsula were in the habit of screaming for at least half a century, "Italia fara da se." It was found eventually that Italia could not do anything for herself, and that France had to do it for her. Ingratitude, I suppose, is a political crime, whose prevalence is universal. The present generation of Englishmen is, perhaps, not sufficiently grateful to the good Tory statesmen who, according to the Tory journals of the present deviationished the cornlaws, emancipated the Catholics; and and municipal reform. It may be to forgotten who our real benefactors were, the word of under quite a mistaken impression in supposing not the constructives, construct on the constitutional beachts that mentioned. acusa de her ingraturade to France. for 1859 the Frenchand secret, was hailed as a It is barely posneur a ffesh test ere tony Italy of grande to France, and will as swincy ignore it, as she

has inforest all gravious claims.

we saw in the Campo di Marte had been at Horn turbe, and had done good service there. It was a grant at a orno di festa," he said. The guni were appendi and at night the rockets whiered about in the state sky in a manage which might have made the dispersion veyors of Mabille and the Chatenardes Fleurs frantic with envy. With pardonable pride he pointed out the mathematical accuracy with which the guns were ranged-"benissime allineati, in he said. There die not seem, indeed, to be the deviation of an income the straight line in front, or in the diervels between. The guns were burnished until ther the touch-holes to protect them from dust or moisture. With hairbreadth existence the ammunition-wagons were displied behind. Theels, bolts, chains, limbers, powderchests were all fitted with exquisite nicety, and kept in scrupulous tidiness, hundred big guns had really grim, toyshop air. pecame Quaker like, and the cossories of slaug finished with the patient claudetter of a Ching miniatore.

After six a security are injected, and pipelay's security horses are no is sensetime accessed by the wardy upon the security area of the security area.

agreeable this white effect! Spure seem to their chains to clank grees to gleam, backets to was, the waster was true to from m catance. You talk about " umbered to be moved as easily as though they were easily as the contract of the contrac

What a pity it is that men the time arrives for all these pretty things to be put to their proper use — that of destruction — all the matical accuracy, all the toyshor primness, all the take like neatness, all the sparkling, connectish, natty features of the regimes, and the battery disappear!

The final cause of war is Anarch, and on the battle-field the old Anarch reasserts himself, and makes ducks and drakes of the entire business. Chaos turned into a shambles—that is a battle. Your Dirk Stoops and Midermeulens, your Horace Vernets and Geromes, your Ballances and Armitages—factors battle-painters were all their at he I question whether any one of them, ever draw a late of the resembled, seen in a remote degree, the actual of the car A battle on canvas is to a battle-se the real field. I believed in Fra Diarble will their valve jackets and stoops crowned hats, gay we past a second stoops are a last serminous of its position. If the second is the serminous of the combination of the combination and it is, beside to the combination of the combination.

whole truth about a battle the active smally, many years

after the ties has happened at a tong distance from the more and was converse of information as to its scenes which re Many Landast, imperfect. M. Anothbe Thiers, writing County and the Empire in his branklens library in the sace . Georges, can have at the best first a very tim and uncertain notion of what Auster Harmond Wagram were really like: Even Mr. Carlyle, winderful word painter and pictures, builder as he is, has at a did much me to the stock of we stread in the knowledge about Fontancy and we shready brief, dry, poignant preoring page in which Voltaire, in the Siècle de Louis Ostistie, sums up the great rout of the English Guards. And Thope that these who desire to know what a battle is the will not seek instruction at the mouth of Mr. Kinglake. A bestle is a shindy. A battle is Dannybrook Fair, interspersed with long, dreary, dusty, hungry, thirsty intervals of waiting. Wait, wait, wait! The soldiers a battle have to sait as long as Mariana in the Moated Grange the war until she wished that she were dead: until a ball comes whistling by, and be alls fload with his wishes being consulted at all.

seens in the cost of the cost

Do you know the sandap that turned the sand day at the first-named combat against the Milans not Durande's stupidity; it was not La Marque They are but scapegoats. It was not the ground chivalrous powers. All the austress archdukes are divelrous and valiant, and the greater number of them are dankers The battle of Customa will lost through a did. The hoge overloaded wagona, drawn by the slowest of white oxen belonging to the Treno-Barghe very picture que name for a very clodhopping concern. corps, got between the advanced and and the main body of the King's army. The Austrian cannon began to thunder, and the danderheaded wagoners of the Trono-Borghess, terriffed out of their few wits, cut the saces and decamped. The Italian army was literally out asynder by an impassable barricade, and the Austrians were enabled to mobble up an entire corporations their comrades on the other and of the wagons being able to rescue them.

Processely the same thing occurred ave o, in America, at Bull Run. The deral ingonera in the results their senses, cut the traces, skedadd and army, which otherwise might have made at the terms of the traces to Alexandria. In thrown into hopeless confusion, and compelled to a simplede.

Very need, the same thing took place on the 21st of the month, with the Garibaldini, at Bezzecca. The commissariat wagons, whose march from Storo had been delayed until the army was half-starved, came up in an endless string of beef, biscuit, and wine carts, exactly at the wrong moment, wedging up the road between Triano di Setto

and Beareces and nearly succeeded in converting the Garibaldian movements in seandalous rout.

All this brust, is not foreign to my original thesis that no real picture of a lettle has yot been drawn or written. Do not look for such a picture from the pencil or the pen of a professional soldier—even were his name Napier. He has the honour of thing; the prestige of his corps to maintain; nor is he, as a rule, at all anxious to let civilians know how many base and mean grotesque elements are mingled with those which are grand and heroic in a buttle. for the common soldier, as has been admirably pointed out by Erckmann-Chatrian in the Conscrit de 1813, he sees less than nothing, unless, indeed, he imppens to get killed, and then he sees something, but of a nature which he is not ermitted to commendeate. Putting this and that together, one is inclined to arrive at last at the conviction that the very best according pattle the world has yet seen is the narrative of the man trent on the Swedtsh fort by the Dutchmen in Knicke bicker's veracious history. It is meant to be a burlesque, but reads terribly like truth for all that. Tipsy sergeants, bawling trumpeters, and abusive trulls; black eyes, ensanguined noses, and luckless musketeers, tumbling about, their falls broken by quagmires "prepared for them by nuture, or some kindly cow;" cursing, swearing, mames, dram-swigging, and running away; these are the chief components in Washington Irving's inimitable piece of drollery; and who shall deny that they form features very prominent indeed in every battle?

I have already warned you that the historians, with all their learning and eloquence, and the professional soldiers,

with all their honourable candour, are but faintly to be trusted in this respect. They are averse from a dling a noble thing; they shrink from marriag the recitain his honourable action by the introduction of defails paints often underous that true.

For example, there is now lying a prisoner in the hospital at Brescia, and with mi less than severen wounds in him, an Austrian captain of foot by the name of Ruccieka. Mark his name well. It is worth remembering. This gentleman fought like a Paladin or perdipe much better than Paladins over fought the Caffara. Garibaldino after Garibaldino did he engage in single combat, smoking all the time; and ever and anon he would call out to his orderly, not for help, but for a fresh cigar or a new lucifer-match. At length, backed, mained, riddled, started, with bullet and sword-gashes and bayonet-thrusts, his own sabro broken, and the last cartridge for his revelver spent; he powered by numbers and made prisoner. were on fire, and I have seen one of the visiting-on out of his portugation by his captors. It is scored oval form by the heat; but the neat copperplate inscription, "Hauptman von Ruccieka" is yet wishle. The coup de grace was given him by a Garibaldino, with thrust his bayonet into him; but the blow being given with all his force, and the weapon being clumsily fixed to the barre t remained in his body like the matador's rapier in a bull's neck. Rucciëka, disdaining to be carried to the rear, with seventeen wounds in him, walked proud and defiant to the last, with the bayonet sticking in him-where do you think? Why, just where the lumbar vertebræ of the spine should end and the

The were afraid to pull the bayonet out till the came, and he walked several handred yards with the mildereus thing stuck into that postern of the humin frame where the back changes its name, and is called spiething else.

Now whose is the historian who would wend to record this ingenteel but still more heroic fact, although candid army surgeons will tell you that at least five-and-twenty per cent of the wounds in a battle are, through cowardice de the part of the sufferers, in this uncommunic region . Lam glad to say that the brave Captain Ruccieka is doing well, and in a fair way towards convalescence. The two rough soldiers who andressed and put him to hed the town by the side of his pallet and kissed him on the forei Italian governor of Brescia has placed his carriage at his gainst the time when he shall be fit to take an disp to Italian ladies of Brescia have sent him so many y packets of cigars, that he might open a pastry con s-shop, or a bureau de tabac, whom he gets well. He, the poor captare captain, is more honoured by his enemies than John of France was by the Black Prince, or our own hero, Sir William Williams of Kars, by Mouravieff; and when I last heard of Captain Rucciëka he was ting up in bed at B all blood and bandages, but with his seveng kindly. He was reading the Neue Freie teen wour Presse of Vocana, and smoking furiously; which is a fact for Pop the United Anti-Tobacco Association to put into their and make too. I hope the Kaiser will make Captain Present a colonel. I hope he will send him the

hense, will anny signorial version and local a common stance; of his waking a brillion section of the common stance; of his waking a brillion section of the common stance; of his waking a brillion section of the common s

Angust 7

I am glass two that for many of the reflections on the setual aspect of war set down in my last I am indepted to my friend the artillery captain, a most judicinas gentleman, long expensive and considerable information, and destinate, besides, of many of those prejudices which we are led to consider as well-night inseparable from professional soldierias. He had travelled much, and made many campaigns. He has been in the Crimea, and at the Tohernaya. He rendered full justice to the pluck and specimeas of the English army, but he declared that their was a world too slow, and that, owing to the service was a world too slow, and that, owing to the making the list twice as many means the soldiers of the list list army.

"In mechanics," he said, and cannot have too little friction for war you cannot have too much. And, by the bye," he continued, "when next you go to war, tell your quarter litters' people to mark their mules. Through rejecting the caple plan of branding their liping this capital plan of branding their lipings, the English must have learn in Crimes has thousands of france. Everybody stole the English mules I tenching.

Turks, Earlers, et such see Turks.

Chimean war was one great earnivel. I do not think your own officials and.

and by choice; but they allow all the world to steal from them, and that is just as bad."

I could not but sit corrected under the artillery captain's strictures; and I remembered, with an uneasy twitch, a dashing young commissariat of the acquaintance, who base fair to fulfil the most sanguine of the hopes we had formed in his regard, but who was unfortunate as to be out a trifle in his accounts, to the ent of eleven thousand gallons of rum before he had be month in the service. FBnt there is no need to tell the story of Crimean mismanagement over again. I may just hint, however, that some of whose days we may go to war once more, and then, the authorities may attend to such minutia as marking peir I know that the hint is one exceeding impertment mules. on my part, in the peculiarly invidious position Loccupy; for, not later than last Thursday, I heard a young English gentleman, with very pink checks and without any beard, and just been gazetted to the proud post of ensign in a regiment allude at a public d'hôte to the correspondents of the English press who were with our forces in the Comea those cursed newspaper scribblers who went about poking the es into what didn't concern forts these "cursed scribers," the them." in the namber have so ders we are starved a **le**ked Chersonese, and the number of beardless sang ensigns who retted with dysentery in considerably larger, I imagine.

bell u the captain on the very noble bell u that the captain of regular artillerymen who,

with weak numbers and very few guns, have saved the Red. Shirts over and over again from thorough and disgraceful discomfiture. Indeed, I saw so much of the courage, skill, patience, and cheerfulness of the Islam artillerymen during my brief campaign in high latitudes, that I always feel inclined to raise my hat when I pass a private in that most plucky corps. The similar discrete captain took the compliment, and I subsemble has that night at Rovigo for a bettle of Lambrusco, and drinking the health of the "valorissimous British Army." But, on the present occasion, his candour rod.

We do what we can," he said; "but it is certain that we brag treat dously. La bluque is at the bottom of all brayery, All soldiers brag. The Bersaglieri do; so do the Zonaves. So do the Kaiser-jägers and the Uhlans. . So, I datesay do the Prussian Guards. We arallerymen crow over the line. Do your Highlanders and riflement over your line? But la blague has its advantages. It been a regiment together. It is better than all the druit and all the flags in the world. It encourages the willier, and makes the coward ashamed We are west of us cowards en we begin. that . Te devilish a rem of fined the ranks. Among officers it is ever. offensive semptible. With them reason should supply the place of boasting. For the reof the innumerable varieties of figure much lying there is, not on during tte confinuence

for the solutery honesty, and sivility shown by the Garibaldini to the populations of the sillages through which they passed; but on this point the unprejudiced captain met me with a degree of scepticidal which was to say the least mortifying.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"At head quarters," I replied "

he continued; "you did not see the five thousand was lagged behind, who spread out like fans as they straggled out of the ranks; who built themselves comtortable huts in shady copses; who went to bed for a couple of days in beens sell haystacks; who sought out every remote. minimuse, every sequestered towers who are and drank, and beat the tavern-keeper when becaused the payment; who sinced his maid, and kicked his wate; who drove of his cover and stole his poultry, and smashed his crockeryware as a parting benediction. There are always about five thousand men, more er less, according to the in body, happing about the skirts of every which I have ever been would put on a red my trade to wear e coat, angels, and no army, and our Paradise Lost, ever marched without gglers and plunderers. They seek their depredations, where ere are no newspapers printed; remenstrate. You, at headand true men, who are always to

the fore; who march though shoeless, who charge although starving, and who get shot or stabled without complaining. When the battle is over, the stragglers and plunderers come. to the front gaily. They are rosy, well-fed, strong, and full of spirits. They mount on the and red-room benches and tell lies. 'I killed the Crout corporal, shouts one who nev killed anything bigger than a gallina. 'I should have the epaulette for saying the colonel's life,' screams another; on the battle day he was busy swilling up the milk in a dairy. And so on, and so on. And so it is with all the armies in the world. War would not be war else. Do you think that, if I were suddenly to empty the audience at the Scala at Milan, or better, the congregation at the Duomo any Sunday morning, into a bag, and shake them well up together, there would not be a great many rogues among them? And do you think that all the shaking in the world would turn the routes into honest men? An army is an audience, an army is a congregation, and neither better nor worse than other flocks of human sheep."

Thus far the unprejudiced captain of sciil. You are not to suppose, however, that the script that the misted at the mished atter for our conver.

Forgar to Pontolagoscuro, on the condition of the first triver Po. The merchant from bologue and a great deal to my about the stagnation of mimeros and the financial embarrassments of the Games and the deprecated the conclusion of an analysis of the continue, at any sacrifice, it is a file of baldian neuron secure and honourable bases. The file of baldian neurons and the conclusion of the continue, at any sacrifice, it is a file of baldian neurons and the conclusion of the continue, at any sacrifice, it is a file of baldian neurons and the conclusion of the continue, at any sacrifice, it is the file of baldian neurons and the conclusion of the continue, at any sacrifice, it is the file of baldian neurons and the conclusion of the continue, at any sacrifice, it is the file of baldian neurons and the continue, at any sacrifice, it is the file of the baldian neurons and the continue, at any sacrifice, it is the file of the baldian neurons are continued to the continue and the conclusion of the continue and the continue a

The shovel on his seat while the captain had talked of the five thousand plunderers in the trail of the Camicie Rosse, was of thousand plunderers in the trail of the Camicie Rosse, was of the fork, the spoon, was for war—war to the knife—war to the fork, the spoon, salt-cellar, and the perper-castor—war to the last lira and the last ragazzo—war to extermination—war to spiffication.

"Gaerra! suerra!" There is a chorus, for men's voices, with this title, and to a most exciting tune, in a well-known talked and the war in a well-known suerra!" till we were hoarse, and the vetturino turned round on his seat and yelled "Guerra!" too; and even the horses, who were by this time growing rather distressed, snorted fisreely and caracoled in a warlike manner.

To give them rest, and slake our own thirst, we halted at roadside inn and partook of some birrone di Marzo. After be had on calmer reflection, being asked for an opinion, being asked for an opinion of the state that he is a state that the best that the side of peace, and thought that the best thing they could do was to accept it, and, saying grace before thankful for the Veneto and all other good things. I brain of artiflery, who would up the discussion, said the was passed in mind and partly of that of the same mark and the merchant, but that there was a cast this disposal, and that he gave it in favour of continued was

is all ve lessings of peace, but we have not although we are to have it,

is all very well to talk about our having fought bravely, and of the honour of our arms being intact; but everybody knows that we were beaten at Custozza. Everybody will soon know that we were beaten at Lissa. Everybody will soon know that Garibaldi's campaign has been virtually a failure. I want war, and I am content to abide by the terrible chance of war—alone, poor, and matched against a formidable enemy—because I am proud, vain if you like, of my profession and my country."

I will give the captain's concluding words in his own language.

"I Tedeschi," he said, "dicono che noi siamo stati bastonati da loro, e questo mi fa mal al cuore."\*

There was nothing to add to the captain's argument. It was forcible enough and logical enough. It was more cogent than the little Garibaldino countries of La Marmora as a traitor, and of the French as first cousin to Pontius Pilate. It is certain that the Austrians are going about saying that the hope thrashed the Italians, and one cannot be angry with a large and sensitive people for wishing to retrieve their everse supreme conflict.

"The Austrians say that we have been thrashed by them; and that they should have any reason to say so pains me to the beart."

## PASSAGE OF THE PO.

August 8.

I LEFT you at Pontelagoscuro. It was from this same Pontelagoscuro that I was repulsed by the Austrians on the 14th of last June, and bidden to make my way back to Verona, there to crave permission of the Archduke Albert to guit the "empire." How time and circumstances do alter cases, to be sure; and into what remarkably small mincemeat has the "empire" been chopped! How sulkily did I then wend my way back to Padua! How eagerly and I pushtherward now! In what a desperate hurry had I been of Yenice ! To-day I would give my ears to find myself once are on that bridge which traverses the Lagoons. Padrals but twenty miles from Venice; yet Venice, until the mistice merges into peace, is as good as a thou-I should be the it even for permisnter hat Werona, to be ed towards which I June such a crying injustice.

yith hat slow, cruel, pigheaded pedantry which, above all lings, distinguishes the Austrian Government, they still cling to a lough the know that its dominion has passed in a cruel the very last moment the plenipotentiaries at Prague will permit. I daresay that Toggenburg is carrying it in and, even now, at the Luogotenenza,

ties against such Vintetians is may presume before the hour strikes, and the last Austrian Lloyd takes away the last Austrian official, to fancy themselves free. Read the last proclamation of the military governor to the population over whom the continuance of his sway may now be reckoned by days. "Large purchases of coloured stuffs," says the military governor, "have recently been made. Taken in themselves these purchases have no signification; but the undersigned thinks it his duty to inform the inhabitants that if these stuffs—stoffe colorate—are made use of to serve any purpose of political demonstration, those deplaying them will be punished with the utmost rigour of military law."

General Alemann knows as well as that he himself wears a white coat upon his back that these stoffe colorate are. simply so much green, red, and white silk or bunting, wherewith is formed the Italian tricolor, and that thousand fingers—some of them the fairest in Europe are at the moment busied in fashioning national flat to be hung out from every window on St. Mark's Place, and from every balcony on the Grand Canal, so soon as a did od perspective view is obtained withe Austrian back fading any beyond the channel of Manuocco. But till the bli mation arrives, General Alemann affects wholl fact that Venetians are no longer bond-serving desco. The officers will swagger along the edge age Croats will seowl from the will many days to marines will mount gua come. I have no doubt that the getter to continues to enregister the

his Imperial Royal and Apostolic Majesty has been pleased to confer fifth-rate decorations upon tenth-class Government clerks; and that until the very day before Victor Emmanuel makes his entry into Venice the kingdom of Italy will be referred to as the "Stati Sardi." After that I should think the editor of the Gazzetta, a renegade Italian, who made friends long since with the Mammon of Austrian unrighteousness, will clear out with all possible despatch. Otherwise it might be found that one of those tall masts before St. Mark's might be capable of holding something else besides a banner in a state of aerial suspension. Ballare in campo accuro is a very pretty locution, which, to the able editor in question, might come to have rather a woful meaning.

I suppose that it is not entirely the fault of the Austrians if they are unable to yield with grace or make the best of a bad job. It is said that they intend to blow up the fortifications of Verona, dismantle Mantua and Peschiera, atogether do as much mischief as ever they possibly can to the territory they have been compelled to surrender. I should not be surprised to learn when I reënter Venice that, in addition to pundering the Biblioteca Marriana and the archives of the Frari, they have stripped the arsen l clo's sword, Cristoforo Moro's armour, Mahomet the s spurs, and Angelo of Padua's needle-pistol. 1 she are earn without astonishment that a captain of artillery had come down Accademia delle Belle Arte, and carried away T on of the Virgin and Paolo Veronese's g lectural "machines." These or similar vandalisms. military mind, the guardEven now in more acquishle of the Party of Addition in Italy are beginning to ask whether a fresh oness bell and not very soon arise from the probable refusal of the Augustian to give up the iron crown of Lombardy, which they carried away from Monza in 1859, and which is now at Vienna of Comorn.

I don't think they will give up the iron crown, and don't think that the Emperor Francis Joseph will cease reall himself on his coins and in his public acts "King of Lombardo-Venetia." "What's in a name?" and he plead, in the last particular, that before the King of Pickmont came to that tremendous fortune which the Emperor Napoleon and Joseph Garibaldi bestowed upon him, he used to call himself King of Oyprus and Jerusalem, in addition to Duke of Genoa and Savoy, Marquis of Mofferrat, and Count of Pignerol. Now he is only King of Italy. possession of the iron crown, and "Lomb: Ven: Rex" ex the obverse of a florin, will not whigtle Francis Joseph's Italian kingdom back again; but the childish retention of wait symbols and empty titles will only afford an additional proof of the Austrian inability to comprehend the la acts, and the surly dudgeon in which they take pulsion from Venetia.

I will wager that, if by any underlanded intrigue or cunning sleight-of-hand the thin teible, the Kaiser will avoid, in the treaty of preparation, the formal recognition of the rive a and despites as "King of Italy".

The feelings with which the street are precisely ative, well-but-

toned-up, tightly-strapped Austria regards that free and asy upstart, Young Italy. The Hapsburgs are no more than to forget than are the Bourbons ... It is impossible that a respectable, Conservative, well-buttoned up, tightly-strapped Austrian general should not remember, even to the gnashing of his teeth, that not seven years ago the people of Lombardy did not dare to call their souls their own, and that less than a month since a Venetian who ventured speak ill, write ill, or think ill of the Government misse be clapped up at once in San Giorgio Maggiore, or sent handcuffed, to write a new edition of Le Mie Prigiani at Goritz or the Spielberg. It is but natural that men who have been accustomed for so many years to hector and domineer over an enslaved population to trample them under foot, to gag and chain them, to meet discentent with the bayonet and remonstrance with manushells should feel sore. when they are compelled to meet as equals those whom they were wont to treat as serfs-to hang, and shoot, and imprison, and flog, according to their good pleasure. Austrians feel for the Italians the mingled anger and scorn which a South-Carolinian planter might feel were he to himself elbowed on the side-walk, and sued in the courts of his by the "buck-nigger" whom he bought for so many dollars from the auction-block. The Italians feel for the Austrians the deep and vindictive loathing with which an emericipated New-Orleans, quadroon might regard the quonmaster who seed to send him, for a trifling fault, to the maipping-home.

is present to in feeling on the part of the Austrians by the transledge that they have

lost Venetia, not by a fight, but through a thirty that Oustozza and Lissa were of no use to them and that, but for their haughty and problind stupidity, they might have conciliated Italy last May sold Venetia to her for as many mil lions as ever they chose to mention there is not it Italian but who would have pawned his sairt as pay the covenant price—and dissociated her from the annatural alliance Prussia. Now it is too late; and Austria must be bitterly aware that sais mastered diplomatically by the for whom she has undertably beaten in the field. There would seem to be no reason why, a sensible peace once made, and a dennice frontier agreed apon, Italy and Austria should not become as good friends as England and France. Every country must have neighbours, and powerful ones too; and I set little store by the assection that the Austrian fortresses in the Tyrol and the Adminin fleet at Pola will be a continual menace and a continual peril to the Italians. They will be able to pit Verona and the Quadrilateral against the Tyrolese fortresses, and they must construct a port in the Adriatic to keep Pola in check. This done, why should they shake hands? Politically they might well do so: but socially many years must, it is to be feared, elapse ere the Italian looks upon the Tedesco, or vice versa, with aught but sour and malevolent hostility.

The social sores on either side as yet are raw. The generation of Parisians who had seen the Highlanders mounting guard at the Louvre, and the cots Rusiliers encamped in the Bois de Boulogne, really terrified a lively and personal hatred towards Englisher wanted to blow up the bridge

misfortunes of Queen Charlotte and the theft of the Great Frederick's sword were, to him, outrages of yesterday. So, I apprehend, we must not expect to see Austrians and Italians walking about, yet awhile, arm arm. The Italian whose father lay for long years in an Austrian dungeon, whose brother was tried to court-martial at Beescia and shot, whose sister was tied down to the wester and scourged-"the Austrian officers standing by graning, and smoking their cigars and who has himself been imprisoned, exiled, and ruined in purse by the Austrians, is not very likely to regard person of that nation in a very Evangelical spirit; nor, on other hand, must we expect much cordiality or goodfellowship on the part of the Tedesco towards the foreigner who was so recently his thrall, and whom he has been for nearly fifty years accustomed to coerce with gives, and gags, and rods, and halters.

It has been the misfortune of the Italians never to have known the real people of South Germany—easy-going, good-natured, warm-hearted creatures, as all those who have inhabited Vienna must, in common justice, admit them to be. Had the Kaiser planted a few colonies of Viennese bourgeois or Lower-Austrian peasantry among his Italian subjects, the result might have been different; but, as it was, the Lombardo-Venetian saw the Austrian only in his most repulsive aspect—in full uniform, and with a frowning countenance, his sword by his side, a cane in his hand, an orderly-book under his arm, and the handcuffs jingling in his coat-pocket. Nor was the Italian visible to his Austrian master under an aspect more favourable.

I was such an some sears ago by a Viennese, with

whom I travelled over the Brenner to Trent, telling me that the Italians were a people "without heart." Poor Viennese! it was not possible that the warmth and impulsiveness of the Italian heart should be revealed to him. He saw only the Italian in opposition the securitions, scowling, conspiring malcontent, who wouldn't listen to the Austrian bands, who wouldn't smoke the Austrian tohacco, who wouldn't sit diwn in the Austrian ceffes, who wouldn't ask an Austrian to dinner, but who was always ready to plot and to rebel and not unfrequently went to the extremity of stabbing an Austrian soldier in his sentry-box. All of which is, I take its a very strong argument against the system of forcing standing armies down anybody's throat, and in favour of the nations of the carth knowing each other a little better by means of railways, telegraphs, newspapers, and other sensible intercommunication. At present, however, we have to deal, not with theories, but with facts; and the fact is, I am afraid, as indubitable us it is unclancholy that neither the Austrians nor the Italians will retire from the conference-chamber at Prague in that placable and mutually-forgiving mood which so well befits honourable adversaries, who have submitted their differences to the arbitrament of the sword. The Austrians will continue to gnaw their fingers at the knowledge that but for Königgrätz they might have held out in the Quadrilateral for unnumbered months, and that "Dicono che siamo stati bastonati da loro" will continue to rankle in the Italian mind.

Even during the brief continuance of the war, it was easy to see that on neither side did the exist that frank and courteous feeling which should potate are selliers for

feemen worthy of their steel. The prisoners have, it is true, been treated with ham alty; but, with this exception, hostilities have been carried on in a savage, surly, snarling spirit. The proclamations both of the Austrian and the Italian generals have been unusually personal and abusive. The Austrian press has tried to throw ridicule on the Italian army, and spoken of the Garibaldini as little better than footpads; while ing taly the army has been bounded on by the journals towards a kind of crusade against ogres and cannibals. Austrians have been accused of deliberately shooting at the poor drowning wretches with whom the waters of Lissa were covered after the sinking of the Re d' Italia, and the Italians exulted over the statement that the hands and arms of some of the Austrian dead at Custozza were found to have been bitten through and through by their enraged enemies. surely is not war, or the manner in which war among civilised nations should be carried on; although it quite bears out a doctrine I venture to hold personally—that the most civilised of your warriors, directly he has got on his war-paint and danced his war-dance, becomes as brutal and savage as any Choctaw or Potowatomie that ever screeched or slew his fellow-creatures.

There is at Pontelagoscuro on the Italian side—both sides are Italian now, but I make the distinction for convenience sake—a very remarkable construction, resembling a Burlington-arcade of colossal size, and in a most dilapidated condition, which had been lifted bodily, say by means of a balloon, out of Piccadilly, and set down in the middle of a swamp shelving toxic, shore of the Po. Beside this arcade, and two or the hovels scattered about, there is no other village

of Pontelagosouro; or perhaps the real Pontelagosoure is on the opposite side. The whole area is, however to me, hopelessly obscure.

I saw in Russia once a villager termed of the "Wendish" order; that is to may, the houses were built in circle, the windows and doors looking towards the centre, and with but one narrow porch by which admission to the interior of the hamlet could be obtained. This poculiar mode of construction dated, I was told, from the time of the Teutonic knights, who were a kind of Christian highwaymen, carrying the Bible in one hand and a centro-bit in the other, and accustomed to sacking a village first and converting its. inhabitants to the true faith afterwards. But I never yet saw a village built after the model of the Burlington-arcade. There are some caffes, and wine-shops, and fruiterers, and oldclothes stores in the arcade, and the entrance towards Ferriara is made grand by means of a gate of terra-cotta and in the Renaissance style, with an inscription informing the world that it was creeted a.D. Sixteen Hundred and Forty-eight by the munificence of Cardinal Donghi and the Monte di Pietà.

Mystery what could Cardinal Doughi have had to do with the national pawnbroker? On reflection, however, I remembered that the Mons Pietatis is in Italy an inscrutable institution, whose attributes seem to be universal, and its powers, like those of M. Ledru Rollin's Republican commissioners, illimitable. It gives "secret consultations," it portions or hans, pensions general, and go its annuities to deserving widows. The best lan is a kind of Lord Chancellor comb

Distress. In fact, there would appear to be no end to that which My Uncle in Italy is able to do. But from the fact of there being a bridge at the river-end of this arcade, and of all vehicles as well as foot-passengers being compelled to pass through it on their way to the Po, I was led to the conclusion that such things as tolls haply formed part of the Donghian scheme of munificence, and that the cardinalitian portico was only a highly-ornamental kind of 'pike. I.et menot quit accide without mentioning that the front of the archway was decorated with some very handsome frescoes, as sharp and glowing as though they had been painted yester-The artist who executed them had indulged in one very curious freak of imagination. Gates in his day were generally prisons as well, but the Cardinal, doubtless a goodnatured ecclesiastic, had not desired his architect to build a dungeon for the incarceration of those who neglected to pay toll. The Bishops of Antwerp were not so merciful. They had not only a prison, but a chopping-block, for those who strove to pass that 'pike without paying, and were empowered to cut off the right hands of those who evaded the toll on their bridge across the Scheldt. The artist at Pontelagoscuro was, however, not to be balked in his notion of the proprie-He has painted on a convenient space of the wall a most symmetrical dungeon-window dosely barred, and through the bars you can just see the dim outline of a human face. Thus has one barbarous Thought risen superior to Time, and kept breast-high above the waves of centuries.

We found the ware bridges across the Po. They were all of rough the forms boats, and were, indeed,

the bridges used by Cialdini for the passage of his arm scross the river in his march on Respondente three weeks are Although the biggest of guns had been transported by means of these boat-bridges, we were fair in obedience to the orders of a sergeant's guard stationed at the end of the areads, to alight from our carriage, and travelle, the particular believe pointed out to us on foot. The carriage was sent, at a snail's pace, by another Arrived at the opposite bank, we found the only road blocked up by an enormous railway carriege. which eighteen white oxen were striving to drag town the railway, which is finished, but not in working order from bere to Rovigo. A range car in a dusty road, and estring of oxen attached to it, and any number of Relian teamsters screeching and gesticulating round it, is about and manageable an object as a stranded whale would be in Hanway-yard, or an elephant in the box-entrance to the Adelphi-Theatre. Except the one road just spoken of, all this part of the shore of the Po is this time of the year one fat, soggy swamp, as treacherous as a rice-field in South Carolina, and not at all practicable for wheeled vehicles. The probability. therefore, of our passing the night on the agreeable brink of this bog, which was not in the least Italian, but rather Dutch in appearance, did not seem at all remote. Our captain of artillery, however, proved equal to the emergency.

"When there are none to give orders," he remarked pithily, "it is I who take the command;" and so saying, he leapt into the very midst of the eighteen white oxen and the screeching and gesticulating drivers. It was a word here, a blow there, and a kick for whoever was neglective. He smote Pietro on the back; he cuited Gae the wheek; he sent

Angele the talled Beppe careful.

unconfil heart things about Giuseppe's, I here tecessed motive. Still, somehow, after about a quarter of an hour's frensied effort, he did manage to get that railway carriage, its oxen, and its beamsters out of the way, and rejoined us, smiling and calmly triumphant, mopping his manly face with his handkerchief. What became of the huge impediment I do not know. I should not weather to hear that it had rolled, bullocks and all, into the Po, never to rise again.

The made one very savage, amidst all this delay and discomfort, to see, a few hundred feet away, the beautiful, branenew railway-bridge wrenched from its standfasts, and smashed and ornumpled up, as though it had been stricken by lightning. But no bolt from Heaven had ruined that noble structure—only a few tons of gunpowder, and the monstrous wickedness and stapidity of man, had sufficed to turn a monument of labour and ingenuity, and what smould have been a guarantee of peace and goodwill, into a shapeless structure. The bridge has been destroyed, I am told, for "strategical reasons." May all "grategical reasons" go to the Devil, their father, who had the begetting of them, say I. For "strategical reasons" the world is to be thrown back, forworth, half a century, and anarchy, ruin, and pauperism are to properly where there should be prosperity and tranquille for "strategical reasons" in inconceivable old Austrian blackhead, named General Kuhn, is going about Tyrol, hammering out loopholes in all the walls of all the churches, receivents, villas, and farmhouses he can get at; planting cannon in every vineyard, and quartering soldiers in every cottage, and designing, with a sneer worthy of his in the season of a line of the season of the

How long is the world to continue under the sway of these mischievous old dodderers, with stars on their breast nd cocked hats on the heads to For how much longer some bloodthirsty, brainless end dotted by he Italian Gorman to prevent honest men from going about their lawful business? We had an association for putting down garotters. Who will start an association for putting down generals of brigade, and hanging generals of division who go about Europe robbing and murdering, and cutting down standing crops, and blowing up bridges, with an associate society for sending to penal servitude those sovereigns and diplomatists who are proved accessories before the fact? We have a society for the protection of young women and children; but where is the organisation for the protection of peaceable men against the aggravated assaults of Methusaleh grown sangeinary? It would be a different thing these murderous old gentlemen showed signs of military genius. But they prove themselves at the supreme moment asses. They make the most lamentable blunders. They get thrashed like sacks. are knocked into cooked have and then, always for "strangical reasons," they develop the whole compressioned, and turn amiling fields into a desert.

There was some gride composition in the appearance of the late emission contour designed the Po, which, for reasons equally strategical appearance by Cialdini twenty-one days

to the All Andrews of Cross Charles on the Samuel Springer work will be learned of Learner Versen test been samped the secret Reggio if Italian and the American Region in the Learner of the been very rullety despersionalists and a custom-bouse of his Majesty Vision Enimanate. The Imperial and Royal Eagle had lost both his hands and limitings, and his tail to boot, and, torm deem from the escutcheou, less province in the mire, a most worth hard, while from the houselie to mament in which he lately shone now blazed the order So Instead of the black and yellow banner, now flam in a evening sun the red, white, and greem Imperial and Royal Posterine and the Imperial and Royal Tobal shop were transformed into the Regie Posts, and the Rep Sale e Tabucchi. I confess I did not look upon the change from anything like an optimist point of view. I am not "Italianissimo." I have had enough to do the brawling and wrangling of nationalities over the world not to be "issimo" in anything. I only want to plant my cabbages and eat my soup in quietness

I was glad to witness the Teutonic collapse here, and read the first chapter of the "Finis Austria," because know that wherever Austria is dominant, there the drill-sergeant and the corporal with his stick, and the blockhead general with his loopholes, and pride, ignorance, intolerance, and to will prevail; but I cannot see that a millennium in the banks of the Po because the double eagle in the banks of the Po because the double eagle for series down that is all. The King, they's custom-house officers were already at work, pring the our custom-house officers were already at work, pring the our

sticks in their own speciete and idione memory Austrian memopolitic of sitt, tobacco, and playing cards had given place to Italian menopolies of the sand nature ; and ere long I will wager the towns of the veneto will be in the full enjoyment of the Royal Italian Littley and the Royal Italian paper money; nor, where will free find the Reyal Calian taxes and bris less onerses then be I meet and Boy Austria, imposite a line galar of the line and provides for as I have come to be many miles from the to as write this—do not ether the be optimists and regards heir emancipation. There ing and shouting, it is true, the sound at Padus and bald's Hymn is ground on every organ, and yelled and velled grog-shop; but underneath all the there is a strong substratum of philosophy the philosophy of the people, who they don't care a centesimo who is uppermost, but content themselves with exterting as much money as ever they possibly can, in exchange for their services or their wares from all those who pass through their part of their country, I think that if they show any presential feeling in their swindling, it is towards cheating their liberators more than they were went to cheat their tyrants. The tyrants had rods, and beat them when they extorted too much.

One's sympathies, therefore were pretty equally balanced upon entering the Dominio Veneto. Anger with the Austrians for smalling the fairwas bridge was equipped by despending at finding a new custom house and up, and a fresh wife of dominio plying the same house will inherent the low, for the country to Hovigo anti-distribution reasserted itself.

propondersted over every other sentiment. The Tedeschi seem to have been determined to leave behind something that the Venetians should remember them by. For "strategical reasons" they have turned half this luxuriant region into a howling wilderness. I will say nothing of the acros upon acres of Indian corn and clover they have cut down for forage. Alarming horses and artillory mules must be fell, that is certain, and fresh green ment is very good for the animal stormen at this season of the year. Thus, too, it may have become necessary to carry entre wheat-ricks and to grub up the day, the hemp, the offer and the vines. But what had these poor mulberry-trees done, that they should be so ruthlessly cut down? Surely the silkworms had not been unti-Surely the specims had not whispered sedition Austrian. against the Kaiser. Whole plantations of mulberries had, however, disappeared, and an equally clean sweep had been made of the tall straight poplars, double rows of which should the the roads. It is a crueller act to cut down these trees to rob a poor man of his beer. The Austrians have wobbed the dusty, footsore, panting wasturers of the inec-To cut down a tree which timeble blessing of shadow. shade in a hot country is constructive murder. aniards out down their trees, through hatred of the Moors who had planted them. A just Providence punished them for their is to be mulice, and where the trees are cut down the rate of the more, and there is a dust instead of greennese.

I was less grie than between Pontelegoscure and Rovigo the ruins, of his er than four formidable forts, with huge earthworks and circular mosts, erected by the Austrians

as outworks, and blown up by them ere they abandoned this untenable portion of Venetia. The great heaps of dust and clods and shattered masonry were very hideous to view, and were the graves, I have no doubts of many pullions of florins and hours of fruitless human labour; but it is at least good to look upon a ruined fort, as upon an abominable thing which is gone, and which happy may never to the large they have not yet rebuilt Sebastopol, and peaceful arguments.

They have not yet rebuilt Sebastopol, and peaceful arguments ply over the site of the Bastille.

## THEATRE AT BOVIET

August 12

Barrack supper-time and our taking coach again to Paden, here was, after all, something to be done; the my sur-Toung that there was such a thing as "lift" Rovies at that very witching how of night when, if grande do not exactly yawn, the inhabitants of Italian country certainly do. As a rule, there is nothing under this drive ment all the previous existince in Italy. It is duller than a table-dibote diamer in Switzerland, where half the guests are English, and the other half are Americans, and both coldly stars at one another in grim silence, to the horror of the one representative of the Latin race present a conpersational Frenchman, who, after vainty endoavouring to edigage the centleman from New Hampshire on his left woodable talk, and offering the charmante miss on his right beautifully poeted peach in a spoon, the which is frigid declined, shruges his growtders in agonised despair, and, parning savagely to the waiter, who has become habituated to Angle the tarity, and has grown idiotic thereby, bes through the dreamy dininginted ghoul might through a un rerre de chartreuse, parbleu! neure du spleen." It is duller than

a literary and scientific conversazione at Wimbledon, or the first reading of a new domestic drama in the green-room of the Theatre Royal Cumberland Market; the influenza being rife at the time, the popular dram tic author having an impediment in his speech, the large-manager being asleep, and the walking gentleman dat on speaking terms with the leading lady.

For me part, I have never been able to understand how it is that three-fourths of the town population of Italy escape every year had being bored to uesth. Entire should properly make among them ravages more fearful that those of the cholera. After sunsethin Italy, there is literally nothing to do but to go to the caffe, smoke, drink lemonade, and talk politics. I suppose these constitute the doke far nients to used to hear so much about, and to envy, to cold, overworked England.

Italy is the home of the lygical drama; but at the season of the year when English people uselly go abroad they are nearly sure to find all the Italian marres closed. Italy is. the land of music; yet one of the ravest things to be heard in the peninsula is the sound of a tolerable band. For the Austrians, politically, I think I have an affection about passionate as that which Mr. Thaddens Rephens might be supposed to entertain for Mr. Andrew Johnson; yet, on one ground, I do most sincerely regret that Milan is no longer occupied by the Todeschi, and that the last days of their sway in Venice are at hand the least the white coated th first-rate instruoppresses fed the Italians mental music. Yow that the pursuare gone away, the delicious strains of their bands feard no more; and the

deprivation is felt with fuller force under actual circumstances, when all that Italy has to since in the way of mile tary minsic, is away with the error at the front. At most now, do you have the tinkling of a cracked mandatin, as the airs in the Front or are thing pinched into fits, or you are reminded by a life platter thrust under your nose that coppers that the firstness who has been toothing during the last twenty minutes on the kerb stone and on the flageolet, for the hourse-bawling woman in the large crincline who has been given a Wall curr tradict? the intension of a Leith tighwife and the expression of a Seven-Dials last dying speech man, expects reward for their performances.

Italy may be the land of song but her singers seem to hy a good many hundreds of miles way before they can properly tune up. I do not that in line, that I can give a more convincing proof of the revaling dulness of provincial Italy, then by noticing the the that from one end to the other of this delightful country there is but one public garden the Giardino Public of a Milan. Many of the caffes have gardens attached where was may dine and smoke; but the garden I means that delightful combination of the park, the affe, and the essino a state thily Luxembourg grafted on to a reputable Cremorne which flourishes in the environs of every commental town, were to the fifth rate ones, except in Italy. Here it is supposed that the blue stry and the below hir, the deliction spasets, the vines, de olives, and sterial and in the trial want. the firs, are to suni they have religious and they If the ladies lace If the got timen denine terreshave love to fall and are quantity of iced

lemonade and these cavours, and the never-failing annuament of talking politics?

But one cannot perpetually telling one's beads, or going to mass, or traing one's feet, or etting the young men. You grow tired, at last, of swill ade, sucking up essential oil through convoluted thes, and declaring that La Marmora is a traitor, and that Persana ought, forthwith, to suffer the fate of Admiral Byng Von may read the newspapers ; but the whole of the Perseveranza may be perused in about fifteen minutes. The ingolo does not take five; the contents of the Lambardia may be mastered in about eight seconds, and the Sciolo is not worth reading at all. The real leading articles are reared, over lemonade, from the lips yonder leather lunged patriots. Leather lunged patricular bores you a last. There are other countries in Europe besides Fully If they would only talk, for instance, about the Banabian Principalities, or Spanish finance, which, Lyenceive, is cropping up again in a promising manner! but no, La manner and Persano, Persano and La Marmora, form the invariable staple of discourse. Bother La Marmora and Persano! If the first lost his head at Custozza, why toge he persist in walking and talking without it, like King the as in the nursery-saw, or St. Denis in the Acta Sasana and truly sorry that the good ship Affondatore went down that one's grief might have been missisted had Persano been on board the ill-fated craft, and sure full fathom five

Rovigo, although it was purple in the face whered a spin of owners, so far as the represent of duling the state of transport of transpo

it was, the Theatre Royal Revigo was area. The glad intelligence was bridght us by the artillery captain, who had ordered the supper. "Go there for half an hour, my children, live said, "until the repast is leady. As for me, I shall be lean on this sofa and sleep. Sleep is a thing to be taken him you can get it." And with this remark—worthy, perhaps, of being enshrined beside Molière's apothegm as to the expediency of taking your property wheresoever you find it—the artillery captain by down shake, epaulettes, pour sabre, and all, and began to snore.

The little Garibaliano lieutenant and I went off to the shoatre. The hardoned Austrians had supped the climax of heir many crimes by enting of the gas in the side thoroughares prior to their departure perhaps the gas company of Rovigo, being in the particular position of the donkey between two bundles of hay, werse, of the donkey between two empty panniage and not quite certain as to whether the next quarter's bill was to be sent to Francis Joseph, Vienna, or Victor Campandel, Florence, had cut off the supply themselves, and were waiting to see what should turn up, and whether King or Kniser was to be the responsible party. Behind the spangled gauge and coloured fire of the great transformation-scene now taking place in the Venetian provinces there are a good many persons who have conscientiously adopted this the of tuction Pending a settlement, the street leading from the inn of the Iron Crown to that where the theaters that dwees dark as a mass-meeting of liberated Africa comile gone out.

We found, he can a merry light upon our path, and was

very anxious to know from the Garibaldino lieutenant what had been the achievements during the war of tain Pastrucci Gaetano, native of Vicenza, who was a high private in the ninth regiment of voluntees. In vain did tenant hint to him that out of thirty thousand men it was rather too much to expect him to know every individual Red Shirt, and that the acts and deeds of Pastracel Gastano were entirely beyond his ken. "Not know Gaeta" cried the patriot with the lantern; you must know him, Signor Tenente. Gaetano from Vicenza. Sicuro! Why, his brother keeps a barber's shop in the Sotto-Pertici. Gaetano! he is one of the most spirited young men of our city." repeated, however, that this mention of the sprightly youth of Vicenza was quite unknown to us; whereupon the patriot turned oil the light of his lantern in dudgeon and lett us. Were you never asked whater you had met a Mrs. Casar Dodge in New York, and dillen American nover ask you if you happened to be acquainted with Mr. Sydney Smith in London? I believe there are five hundred Oresar Dodges in the New-York Directory; it is certain that you might fill the smaller concert-room at St. James Hall with Sydney Smiths; and at the Garibalian coll-call the Pastrucci Gae tanos are, I have no doubt, at thick as leaves at Vallombrosa, or as fleas at the inn adjusting that shady place:

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The Theatre Royal Roygo arterory much resembles, however, being substituted in the pediment is graven to the pediment in the pediment is graven to the pediment is

order of society the Rovigan theatre was dedicated whether it was genteel society or middle-class+society, society liberal er society despotie and ultramontane. The portice was praped in the Italian colours, and on either side a bersagliere sentinel stood on guard, while the further safe custody of the building was confided, as a compliment to patriotism, to the freshly improvised National Guard of Vicenza, who were in a kind of Rebinson-Crusoe costume wearing military forage-caps and socilet-facings to their blouses, but adhering otherwise to the waistcoats and pantaloons of civil life. They were very proud, however, of their new muskets and bayonets, and marched up and down with a janty elasticity pardonable in citizens who for the dast half century had been accustomed to the unpleasant sight of the ny faced persons in white coats, and of Tenta Servic extraction, mounting guard with muskets and bayonets over them.

The very first thing done by a liberated foreigner is to dress up as a sentinel and mount grand. No sooner is he released from the despot's sway, than he takes up with an employment which, ostensibly, is the most senseless and wearisome in the world. The majority of civilian Englishmen being put to stand sentry for two mortal bours would, before they were relieved, either go raving mad, or, throwing their musket and bayonet over the nearest wall, go round the corner to see what o'clock it was. Our rifle movement would soon become impopular, I fear, if mounting guard were among the duties imposed on voluntoers. But foreigners seem to like it. Give hem a shake and a cartouche-box, and Brown Beas with a pike at the end of it, and they are happy.

At Milan just now there are no regular troops, and all the sentries at the public buildings are supplied by the National Guards; that is to say, hundreds of clerks and shopkeepers are taken away from their length nate business every day to mount guard over that which cannot run sway. Surely theatres have not wings. Surely post-office is not the nimble stag. We have nearly got tid of the sentinel nonsense in England, although we see still absurd enough to keep a squad of granadiers graning into vacancy under the porticoes of the opera-houses as they grinned lately in front of the British Museum. But abroad this pitiable delusion obtains as strongly as ever. Wherever there is a vacant niche a sentry-box is popped into it, and a hunan being set to waste his time. Netional-Guardism at Rovigo I can understand. It is but since yesterday that the Venetians have been allowed to carry arms at all. Guardism anywhere I can appreciate and appland when it means drill, rifle-practice, and marching out; but I refuse to sequiesce in the use of a multitude of sentries and a plenitude of guard-room benches.

I have a shrewd suspicion that the reason why mounting guiard is so, popular shroad is because, under the pretent of doing something, it affords such a sapital opportunity of doing nothing. Saunter up and down with a stick over your shoulder for two hours, or sit on a bench for two hours more, twiddle your thambs, gospoing, dowing, or ogling the milliners' girls, and you will fur, some risk of being called a lazy fellow. But put the years on your head, shoulder a gun, and saunter in a saunt manner, and you are on guard; you are serving our country; you are

the dolce far nievie put into majorin. I am afreid that the Latin races are not to be weined from the ead propensity for idling in a military mades; but I would suggest, as a middle course, that every sequinel should have a barrel-organ at one end of his beat and a mangle at the other, and be expected to grand alternately with keeping guard. For the use of the warriors who, twiddle their thursdes on the guard-room bench, sewing muchines might be privided. At least they would be kept out of mischief. Do you know to what thumb-twiddling on grand room benches has led in Spain? To monunciamientos and revolts, to drumhead court-martials and judicial massacros at the Printipe Pio, to despotism and Nagraez.

It was evidently a gala-night at the Rovigo theatre. The fioraje were in great tree and thrust bouquets into your button-hole whether you and not. The flower-girls of Italy are nuisances nearly an intellerable as the mosquittees. If they were only pretty flower gris, but, in most ways, they are hard-featured females, with hourse voices, and of impudent aspect. You would not, for instance, care about having a rose wast into you ribs by a free-and-easy pewopener an affab orange woman. You delight in flowers, of course the costom of presenting bouquets to strangers. stens to nothing, but really for the sake of as many pence and stranger can be stered into gang, is a very pose your floral penchant is for roses, pretty one; in remming a your throat pinks and the foran it abhort dippose that you have or garaniums vine bouguets, and that the only

flower you care about is a nertain scamollin, once white and blooming, but now tring in a very crushed and coffee coloured condition between the leaves of a Walton's Complete Angler, in a deal drawer. The state and entire a way? It is the camellia you had the honour of purioining one night in the year 1849 from the young lady in white glace silk, who subsequently had the bad taste to marry a collector of inland revenus. You have never cond for camellias since. Why should you be made to swallow them, or any other flower, and expected to pay the hom too. on the grand staircase of the Theatre Royal Royage.

The house had a grand staircase sy, one of exquisite marble, the panels and called painted in terms. theatre itself was a grand one to boot. Soniety kind that it was about in the year 19. Vases of the received and flowers which you were not expected to the derrider. Rich carpets were underfoot. As in silk shorts, a lace and a silver chain rough his neck, cause with a low bow, taresk us where our places wie. They were for the pile no others were to be obtained, for it was a gallinight, and the house was crammed. Pushing aside a great curtain of contribut velvet with a heavy fringe of burnor, we entered the house, and I was a sunded. I had been prepared for such a modest little temple of music such the drams as you raight expect to firm in an ordinary second-ramphorancial town already say at Amiens or Cologne, or Cratz. But I found, instead, and of the handlemest. red I had ever beheld. The thesis Sevice is certain little inferior five tiers of

the pelling, above all, is spally a tripped of the difficult and shamefully undervalued part which their iconstand Antonio Capaletto and Charles holded was not ashaued to practice, but which in England, owing to at Deep genteel sneer against the spreading saints of Berra and Saguerre, is now appointed only a superior kind of plantative.

There was an enormous as stated to be are discount in centre; but has, that night, was fated to be are discount in all Rovigo. The theatre was lighted from, as only the Italians know how to light a theatre, with literally myriads of wax-candles, in wassa sellow, shadowless radiance shone all the rank and all the many and hismonds and epaulettes, and pearly and swords, and neckladas and gauze, and lace and emissionery and white hid gloves of all that Rovigo could muster of hir rough and seamen. Every box was occupied. The large one sight in the centre of the grand tier, was the Rovid box, and there is porgeous framework of velvet and sullian Italian bisodors and wax-candles, sall with a brilliant saite. If Allievi, the King of Italy's possible missary for the city of Revigo.

"Papoli, Allevi, Mordini e Sella Mangian Marri alle Messa mamalla."

Paroff, who is commissarie regto at Padua, M. Mordini, who fills the superintended Moonea, M. Allievi, who is here at Bovigo, and M. Solla, who is at Udine. I am not quit sure that I describe in quoting the discessectful attract. But where we have oppositions, and make the your opposition have its distion?

The principal business of the Many's some sary on the

propried stigging was to rise up to the box not like Just hat in an easy and depart manner, and how. From time to time he was expected to state Than it was syndently thought the proper things he simula law his hand on his heart. Then be westle made calleve to perhee his programme for an instant Then the would scratinise somebody in third tier through his torymon, after that he would repeat the agreeable performance of rising, bowing, saiding, and laying his hand work; but one cannot be to a commission nothing. That high office has its destroyers half as its solvieres. M. Allievi, in fact, was personned to have heatre Poys. Rovigo the duty assigned in old times who king of England's portrait in the Grand Reception Hall of the Roundens at Herrenbausen, near Hanover. His Bries Manoverlan Majesty being away at Kennington they used to his picture in an armchair under a canopy of Herrandsen. Chamberlains used to standaby the side, and halberdiers mount murd over the menious effigy, which was saluted by the courtiers with multitudinous genufications. Poor arm clisters. Herrenhausen, your occupation is quite gone now he Poor Hamoverian courtiers, you must hinge the knee now to a very different kind of king! M. Allievi had this advantage, however, over the painted simulation at Mercalisager, that he could mop, and mow, and sind kertles as when he did with most comemendable zeal

seemed to what was soing on behind the ordights, nobely seemed to our soint that It was performance like George Barned at Stine Shore on the first night of

a pantomime, entirely in dumb show: It seemed, so far as I could make out, to be some description of vecal and instrumental amount; and a gentleman attached to the fire brigade standing by me whispered that held I come an hour sooner I might have heard some deligious fugues." As it was, I could only make out that from the to time some ladies and gentlemen in full everying these walked on to the stage in a ghostly manner, waved signed of music-paper with deprecating gestures, and addressed the elves to a grand pianoforte, whereat sate, rapidly moving a pair of very large hands, a solemn man in black and a white neckcloth, over nineteen - twentieths of whose countinged a bushy beard might have grown, with who had mercipesly swept the field of his face with a rayor, so that only remaining twentieth was permitted to thou the dape of a moustache like an overgorged Leech report and the physicgnomy might have done under work and harde auspites. Whether any delicious fugues, were performed by the archestra, or any thrilling solog and some performed by the vocatists, I am unable to state. Assi Her Majesty's Theatre, on the night of the great Tambartar Collecti sedition,

But senter and the done when a row began;

The Property Royal Review was there a row going on all the plane. Heat it was a good dismoured row—a row of loyalty end excurrent for "Vive Italia!" 'Viva il Res" "Viva I Individual Property of the West Contract "Viva I Individual Property of the West Research of the West Individual Property of the West Research of the West Individual Property of the West Research of the West Research

would say, succeeded a deafening din of wheeling hands clapping, and stick-rapping. The movement of the King's commissary became more and pair like the state that summer and pair like that summer and wratted smiles; but he was restricted by the ladies waving that handkerchiefs at him, by one man in the far-off distance crying, "Viva Alliest" and by an enthusiastic lady in the box above him dropping a bonquet in his distance, which, narrowly escaping the figure of a wax-candle, kit the commissario regio fortulously an the nose.

Nothing could be rices and all west many as a marriage bid! only the offices ated sentiments seemed to issue with a regularity rather to be recovery approaching the mechanical from the stentorian langs of knot a participant not very clean in appearance, and riskes the bidge in miterial stationed in the pit just unders the bidge muttered the little Garibaldino lieutenant. This would ere, "Five Francesco Gareppe" just as four so-morrow for his particular, the second tier. We will see if I can't give them something else to shout about."

We were blocked up in the midded, wherethere was pair standing room, and the little heatenant who has an innected in the throng, but he managed to allow his way out, and presently I have a after, evidently the course of the admiration of the service of partially in tail?

of the box and swept the bouse with medial glances. am here," he seemed to say, "Son Low I, the here of Monte Suelle, of Bagoino, of Resca Pagano, and of Bezzecca. In stature I am a manikin; in heart a Colossus. I salute you. Be good enough the return the compliment." They did, and in a manner which must have rather astonished the King's commissary, if it failed altogether in please him. The little lieutenant's was the first red ship that had been seen at Rovigo. The whole house rose at him, and one huge thunderous cry was heart of "Viva Garibaldi!". To these succeeded short with de Camicie Rosse!" "Viva la Guerra!" The palice people the pit tried to get up the stereotyped and governmental cries; but their hour was paste and when I had succeeded in reaching the corridor and dragging away the little lieute where sombling for joy and had already accepted in a maniac summer about a dozen invi-tations to supper, bed, and breakful, to say, nothing of imme-diate ices and lemonade, the names Garibaldi was still lord of the ascendent. As it was, we were accompanied back to the Iron Crown by a patrictic subb shouting Viba Corp baldi!"

After super; and star our negative on had tackled to the adventure of the cold gray morning along, it to Padea it was periods shough to centrast the hilling and because a sens we had swelately guited with the drifting many senses success, and temperate, and case on and violating states are restar that the draw shouse an uncontained at the latest should be a success of the form of the crisis was perfectly as a sense of the draw shouse an uncontained at the crisis was perfectly as a sense of the sense of the crisis was perfectly as a sense of the sense of the

## THEATRE AT BOVICO.

be won without more hard fighting. But the strangest thing to note in this strange evening was thin—that the splendid theatre, sumptuously decorated lighted a giorno, filled with rank and beauty had been opened that night for the first time during beenty years. During the Austrian occupation it had behavior and deserted sheatres in Venetia which will spring up into life and splendour which the Austrian back is seen for good. Among them is a certain house at Venice called La Fonice. A gondolie work in Military last May. Ah, how damp and dreary and guestly it without have another gondolier take me area more to La Fonice the coming September, and may true it lit up are mind with beautiful Venetians, and I will not guiline in reman, double fare!

## THE IDLE LAKE.

Of the define of Come, being an about the

Humaly emulous of the water of the bad halfpenny, this is where I have for the moment, the honous to turn parties am on the sweet shares of Lake, and I injended to remain here and hereafours that I might tampt some of those English and state that to the despair of the Continental implementations. the Continental innkeepers, are so slow in coming alread this year—is it the cholera, or reform or the smash of the limited-liability delusion to the dread of another European war that keeps them to explore this most delightful remain to visit the exquisite villeggiature of the lake, to shake hands once mane with Bellagric, and kiss Como on ber comely cheek. Elle . The ta person. Not that any panegreics of mine are necessary to make English tourists in love with this continuing district they know the Lake of old rigarostido disconostilica Standing with his interesting here explicit an invalidation of the shapefully negimorn as it is to the afficent, and the indolers, and the lovers of the picturesque, it is certain that a vet neither Dr. Stenhope non Dr. Syntax has started and his antenness tells Comoa groan, that they have known for years. Dove sono? Where are they, those forestier? The clean and comfortable hotels, of the Lake shores present a largar, account of empty bedrooms. At the tables d'hite there is nobody but the host himself to dine. Padrones, who in times of the precise are deadly enemies, are fain, in order to essent a Robinson Crusoe-like isolation, to strike up a sulfational himself to discuss and sip their coffee structh other's inns.

There was a courier who came with me in the train from Milen to Como on Friday, He was a big whiskered courier, with much braid and very bright gold carrings, and looked as though he and served many milords. He had no sooner embarked on board the four carck steamer for Colico than the Lake landlords smelt him. He had come, they donited , not, to make arrangements for the sojourn of his Excellency. the Lord mith, of the pregiatissing, pobilissima, e gentilissima Signora Lady Brown, his will and of the liter amabilissinc Douzelle the Ledies Robin noble family would want rooms - the suitest of rowenty suites of rooms, a flotilla of pleasure-boats, and a whole regiment of guides. The good time approaching, the halcyon epoch of low bows and long billing the courier coulty raentioned to the captain of the boat that he was just the unattached, and or his way to the risis his grandmother, who was sicked the regimnistic as for the forestier, he did not think there would be any to speak of on the Lake. this year. I wonden the healthras or the touts, or the interpreters, or the curies of the genus omne, did not forth-with make a share were statut bird of Wagmen as wretched Miles in the Mrs. Helen Ma

Scottish lock. Hely forbase to line this courier overboard; but they less of treating him to belie and savours. The man at the wheel, who, although note the spaten to, sometimes speaks, mirroured against him of a bestia propria, and the captain peremptorily ordered himself the bridge. So fall the mightiest. I was glad a land at Cernobbie, and he quit of the company of this unattached Joneth and it tribes me now that with his blacking-broad times. It was fall the land at Cernobbie, and he captain me now that with his blacking-broad times. The late Benjamin Courvoisier.

It is not make to delain you on the whit be found during Idle Lake the holles are mention, en passant, that this latter part Laugu the information that I we arrived here. ar going fail It the pleased Ceast. I had hen a sure the Austrian auth die Mestre to was no more posmens than would be the passage of the Niagara Reputs a standing tube. At present, however, they tell me the thing is the done, and I must do it. So I shall ne ore return to Milan, Piacenza, and Bologna, and Pontelagoscare, and Rovigo, and Padusin fact, must travel round three sides of the square again to arrive at the fourth angle, and journey about a hundred and seventy-five miles in order to reach that which is over the way.

My next letter, I hope, will be dated from Venice. Today I come to conclude the marrative of my travelling infth time in three mentils, Lieu about to recommence. Had I never read a line of Mr. Prictic, it would be possible for me in the end, I think, to the womes of Venice, or at least of Venetia, by beatt.

We came from Rovigo to Paris. It was eath thereing. Rovigo, as I have already remarked had not shown any symptoms of a desire to go to led. Padus he the other hand, his evidently not been to bad at all the had kept it up all hightes Padus, I submit, which is know bester. She is an old, a very old, a veherable of the same of herself, the collect it was it summer after her protracted or got, the collect it was it summer. These high jinks ill bessen the again.

escription of post Do you remember that dewn after dance Major Penders Las lies ber dangliter at attendance Inhentable to a great Long view. pierced bright and anoly from were sunken, his jaw had dropped. was painfully unnatural, and there we lark ings of plane round his bloodshot eyes. His nose was as sharp and the onew's-feet is tenance would be wind by Flacoid was white cravet, and dealy yellow scores. looked the shirt-front yesterday so spotless. rouge, starch, patent varnish, tight-cingled girths, padding, pomatum, Rowland's kalydar and ul wilet vinegar, false\* teeth, and eau de-Cologne, and all fallen through, and only seventy years and sciation and the palsy in the pective, remained. The was Mark Postennis and

as I saw her under the pressure of Aurora's rosy fingers, otherwise the bright August morning sun.

The antiquity of Padua is, as you know, immense; and the off really looks its age. She is searred; she is furrowed; her cornices and exchitreres have lost all their sharp lines; her walls crumble; the foliage of the old capitals of her old pillars has theed away and the plinths of the columns themselves have addled town into the earth. Her old inacciptions are three parts illegible; her ald gates are rusty; her old windows are boarded up. She is, in tine, a decrepit old place, highly interesting and are partable in doubt, but still belonging to the control foot shall return no more. Padua ret boasts a famous miversity, but from its gates you expect to see issue only grave discors is hexagonal caps and corns of striped black two landed vet same learned in the Taliacotian oper enonstrator who had once to Padua is a ity where in wedding on a wind - galled, no might ride Lider-shutter form in the botts, and irrevocably atared with the woman's or on the pject of slashed anthingales and bombasted Padua is not at all the kind of place in which look for that Trivolous and hysterical ther of recreation as "going on anyhow."

sen to move the past three weeks; and I have by that when I return I shall still find the incorgo on anyhow. Festa had succeeded thumb

essage of deligit, short active and in the heyday of that essage of deligit, short actived an decapare of the Austrians: a people with the species of the Austrians: a people with the species of the formation of the Austrians — are the follow best stated. End short placeble to be found saywhere between the field and the Carpathian Mountains and who, abroad, farely large making the majority as nauseous as nauseous as nicotive and as neglectives.

The King of Finly and at the partition, of the neighbourhood, his Majoriy vill remains to be pressured, until the ratifications of the much bingled treaty of passes are exchanged and he can produce at the head of the Italian army. It is not, Labolid sprint, proposed to march the Italian diagoon and hussing the borse-artiflery into St. Mark's Place; tak a ba the total flat-both barges, the in the in practicable and march b the optry into an poodle: Venice of a has been broken o Austrians. in three their I hear that there are at present sand troop-horses picketst in the dictor Venice. The Uhlans partaining to these chargers the sayies, I sup pose, on the spot; but it may be asked what or said Cone Alemann thousand dragoo the City of the

Lhave an old tok of Venetian costumer, drawn by the Cesare Vetellie. Itima's nephew, A.D. 1590, and the contents curious view of the Piazzeria, with a bull the feet of the Campanile, and the citizens that the Serene Republic actually engaged.

shimal. One bull however west far shough in those days his three thoughts obtained the Charling Publication my comprehending. It is impossible to there along an Riva di Contavola, for he tropas dalla Papia, and a dose more custode and describe the Mark of Plant would hold as many regiments of horse as the great winter riding second and cocow, but you must get your horses there first ere they do mandavre just as you must catch your hare before you carricook him. Waen I was at Venice in the spring, there was but one horse a meek hack, let out at so much an hour in the Giardino. Ex-Modena used to him, before to went to Vienns to corry candles at the tests of Corpus Offici. Ex-Bordeaux wante have a trot now and then death Apprian aide-de camps would bestride the one saddle libras of Vanice, and make believe that they were cateding thong have been body's horse—a quest, issuited been with mose, a switch tail and a company ye in the there was no speculation. tail, and a co one to the dogs long since, I steeds geigh and prance where gret de

I show the processes to say in Padua, say a f days; for the photesses that its shady a steep light of state to exacts rich in and heraldic achies of a proint notice was one capital into the portion of weeds and outworn these was one capital into the partial into the portion of weeds and outworn these was one capital into the partial into the pa

there were no more houses, and no more rooms and body in Padus to be remain. There are politing to let. All the states were full. After Rooms during a Labourd not have been about the particular of the the kinds of accommodation to be found a man of a state or a filliard table or a commodation to be sometiment, or even a antage-floor that was vacant at the and open to take in ladgers. And, talking the man and someone learnest in the Italian language to the state difference between a stallaggio and a stallazzo. Both are sugmentatives of stalla; but I want to know the nice distinction between the aggio and the dizzo.

Beds being unobtainable, there was nothing to do but to walk about Padus, and make believe that you lived were, and were something else hasiling a homeless vegetical 1 confided my value to an entire attanger—a facchier at the attigence office simply for the reason that he had not mounted as Italian cocket in his cap. All he sollies to him were flaming in the tandlor, and, ing, lurched in and control the star star Italia !" or "Viet Collada not cry vira arybody, but sad, waiting inth state traveller and the chance of Jan swe old facching a century. burdens I matter to him, p an English tourist or a Corman heartmann the spired When to been carrying hear load

In the Tentile for some weeks, during the strongs of the during my lodging the Hebitally." on the cold glouds."

der to column since the year eighteen hundred and sixteen you are apt to become indifferent to the nationality of your masters. Perhaps the facching sympathised with parted Tedeschi. Rabespierre a landlord were for him. Haynau was beloved by his valet-de-chambia. The thermans may have been more liberal in trinkgeld than the latitude in the buone mono to this uncockaded man. At all there was commented me bout him that impelled me to confide to him, without exacting any security or guarantee, the precious deposition of my other shirt, my socks, and that dictionary. "There is a man," I said, "who is verging distressore and ten, who is won and shabby, and yet has courage with new to avow his opinions, and to disdain to ecreech will be will not prove a fraudulent will the will not steel my other shirt, nor sell my destronary to the Resptisher" Nor did be.

The King was lodged in the Great Place and the entire entitled was how with crimson principal streets the inhabitants delinate la sense of the festil bature of the kewise testile but of the windows. An unby badging the beined that all Pedua had got it to be sold up. the general undeniably afoot-baredestand and made seminating is at the butterthe loverstof the holes of exert passer by. romanie will cryg because I look or the bold wateries as mannees, little inferior in nastifiess to the respect boys who in soupressuts as the raggeder girls who sell ours lights in London streets. Not an Italian flower-giff she is from the romantic point of view, full of pasting without sentimests and all that kind of thing. Only consider Lord-Lytton's Phile Girl in the Last Days of Pompeii. What exquisite sucks she sings; how we sympathise with her when her hruthly instress whips her with leathern thongs! Alas, the life truth known; I deressy that Pompeian blind girl has a slipshod slat who didn't comb has hair, and bored the life out of Glaurias and Diomed and the young Pompeian nobility to buy her state bouquets.

I was not in a charitable mood when I made, these reflections upon flower-girls in gental and the florest of Padua in particular occurred to me. Then yar has been travelling all night, and fail to secure a lisce whereon to lay your head in the morning, the milk of with human kindness is very much given to turn to curds and viey. A was irritated, too, to find that the good shops were as yet closed, and that there were at least five hundred establishments open for the sale of had wine, werse cigara, and poster samps; which last are tery useful things in their way notice far towards bed, and breakfast. stpplying a tired and hungry dupleasant in the Nor does there lack something en sight of the expenses alacrity with when considered ors of the internal revenue control of the swooped down on the newly-liberty with the work was the gatherer, I suppose like the commit was lways. lot to be taxed f grave; et might perhaps some means a devised, when a country is newly rescued from the grant of he stranger, for gilding the pill a little, and making the taxes look like something else.

The Median's have not been at these pains, and the Venetians are told, rudely enough, that the first thing they have to do is to pay. They may shout as much as they like, and hoist flags and hang their carpets out of window; but they must part with their lire and centesimi nevertheless. The Liberators, it may be whispered, are sally in want of ready cash. Liberty is proverbially hard up; and the first and not very agreeable results of the annexation of Venetia to Italy are in intimate acquaintance with a constitutional Government blessed with an enormous national debt-a Government which has been spending for the last five years on an average about seventy aver per cent above its annual income—which has had as ministers of finance a succession of gentlemen deeply versed in poetry, the fine arts, philosophy, and jurisprudence, but wholly ignorant of the simple rules of arithmetic as tangent by the late Mr. Edward Cocker -a Government, in flue which is pecuniarily about as deeply dipped as the Suffrime Porte, and experiences an equal difficulty in making beth any meet.

However, the Venezars and all other Italians may hope for the best.

The best of the policy of the second and a very short time towards brieving the ferences of a magnificently coductive country.

The if it is to be reach, it has a continuous and a perpetual growly of the second army and an ablated and analyse perpetual growly of the second and the rest of it. But suppose France had refused to make peace with us unait see got back Guern-

sey, Jersey, Alderney, and Sark, which as world world an own are bits of Normandy chipped off the Benan cake by perfections. Albion; and suppose Ringland persisted in menagent France with war until the latter Power surrendered Brittany, which is palpably a part of the ancient Armorica where the very cows speak Welsh, and where the female personers, after selling their luxuriant tresses to the Parisian manufacturers of chignons, cover the nakedness of their peaks with Welsh wigs. Which is a fact not generally known.

I should have left Padue with but a sorrowful impression as to its hospitality - even to that hospitality, most cosmopolitan, which is to be obtained by paying for ithad not the Caffe Pedrocchi been open. The Caffe Pedrocchi is the stateliest coffee-house in Italy. It is one of the institutions of Padua, and as famous almost as its timehonored university. It is a great many stories high, and is I know not how many hundred feet broad and long, and contains I have regotten how many score apartments, large and small-some of them, especially the one salled La Sala Chinesa, magnificently decorated his act if you wish to see something "right-down in the way of Corinthian columns, chandeles less marble ables, crimson-velvos and mosaic with status see and mosaic pavements, y in the Caffe Pedroochi: It is the Alhambra, the Mazza of Folia and the Padovesi are never tired of saunt merble talle; and loanging an marble staircase the freetoed edition, and expatiating on the grants of its Sale Chipese. Who Redrocchi was, ultimen hars a vagua about him in "Murray," I know not. There is a casino upstairs, which is

opened only the time of the Carriel, when a ridotto is held there. Now, what is a ridottal or, if you come to that what is a casino, taken in its signification as a place of popular recreation? A ridotto is, I believe, a land relative of a regata; and both are what the Spaniards terms function, and the Americans a "shake up and break down of the High the Quality." Have I made myself understood with sufficient clearness?

The most marked peculiarity of the Caffè Pedrocchi is this -that, like its brethren at Venice yonder, it never closes. From the 1st of January until the 81st of December-morning, noon, and night-all the year round, you can obtain refreshment at this large-hearted and indefatigable establishment: You may breakfast, lunch, and sup at the Caffe Pedrocchia but at no time, I believe, during its existence which dates from the invasion of Italy by Attila, King of the Huns-was ever anybody known to dine there. It was at Florian's, in the Piazza San Marco, that the discrowned royalties immertalised in andide met; every one of whom had come to see the Cambral of Venice, and not one of whom had money enough to pay for his supper. dethroned princes, I have heard, subsequently came on to Padua, and regules on demi-tasses and petits verres at the Caffe Pedrocal Their score remain and to this day. It was the the beat patter's great unfortunate Charles Edward consumed a shaller of degree on creating the checdore, King shall the pockets of his threadbare surtout will spiers ere he took diligence en route for Gerard-street, Solio, and the Landon Taisolvent Court.

These are shadows, van plane; but can any diader read historical glassis which yet this enormous tavers? But to the trians were here to Land stalking about his new property by the joys on the state of Kell r." I see spectral comies of the Neue Freie Presse and the Wiener Zeitung bestrewing the marble tables. poor ghosts! Their spurs are to jingle, their swords to clank, no more in this delicious land. The Tedeschi really diked Italy—the country, the blue sky, the soft climate, the golden groves of citron, the purple vines, the mountains said the lakes—the ices, the macaroni, the visit disti, the pipture-galleries and palaces, the caffes and the operation They liked the Italian ladies very much indeed. The only hitch was that the Italians didn't like them.

Still, in this lachrymose age, when everybody is blub-liering about something, I think, we ought to squeeze out a fear for the Tedeschi, "Laisez-moi pleater cette race morte," said M. Victor Hugo of the Reproduct taking out his pocket-handkerchief and weeping bitterly, while all France was clapping its bands for joy to dish that the Bourbons had been kicked. If you please, well drop the silent tear over the cities which the bar or comptoin of the Caffe I have lying with eximson by of rishest dames. Which of cut time cetter the highly framed and gived lithotrumb iffigure of the Maser Francis Joseph and his party Kalestan; and now, in these niches, in here, with the reversal, Riyal, and Apostolic Ma-

jestica. I schoold the burly physicgnomy and incredible moustaches. Victor Emmanuel, side by side with a most unstated toking the widual in a red-flannel shirt, by the name of Carbaldi. It is a world of ups and downs, and the Carbaldrocchi is not exempt from the common seesaw.

## PONE D'ANA.

August 24,

think that I should have come to Forrara again on my second journey of discovery through Venetia, and passed once more the noon-tide heats in a darkened room; waiting for a carriage to take me to Padua, and never have known that this was "la citta bene avrenturato" of Ariosto, and "la gran Donna del Po" of Tassoni; that here the immortal Torquato himself had a commission de lunatico, consisting of one despot, taken out against him; that here was the retreat of that sweet bird of song, Guarini; that the walls of Ferrara were built in the sixth century by the Exarchs of Ravenna, who incorporated with the newly-founded city the bishopric of Vigovenza; that during the sixteenth century the Court of Ferrara was unsurpassed by any in Europe for intelligence and refinement. I had only remembered it for its propensity to poison the hat there were once so many English students in the University of Ferrara as t Bologna a distinct "nation" in that to form, as the errarese school of painting numlearned body me ine accomplished Galasso Gabered amon lassi and the mied Done Bratis that the high-minded Duchess Reace daug out All of France, and wife of Hercules II., Duk protection and asylum to Calvin and and baier lights of the Recomed Philip Mid heat in the ducal paless at Ferrara was educated by an enterprise Morate, the queen of strong initial who here acquired that knowledge of the Gospel when supported her mind under the privations and hardships which she afterwards had no saltery " Twice and I been to Ferrara, and of all this I had known nothing."

Equally ignorant was I of the fact the in the north-be tower of the grim old brick castello, and in a dungeon seven feet under low water-mark, Parisina and her guilty lover were put to death; for the details of which dreadful tragedy fide Gibbon's Decline and Fall, Lord Byron's poems, and Frizzi's history of Ferrara, passim. It was in a line underneath the chamber called the "Aurora," "at the of the Lions' Tower, at the top of the street called the Giovecca, and on the might of the 21st of May, that Mit Ugo and afterwards Parisina were beheaded." The existence severity shown to this unfortunate female has always and Even we the historian of fiction, in recording prised me. the circumstance that Mr. Sampson Brass, attorney, of Devis Marks, was struck off the rolls, has remarked that there must have been something special and extraordinary inhis culpability, seeing how many rases is yet remain suexcised apos those same rolls; would it appear that in Parisina's there must have been in the production degree the period of naughtiness which hed the Sirt to chop of her head for that which the per tent ell state babit of dring. of the man ladies of teal with complete impute

The fact is, issue where the city, beyond

the highly-coloured episodes in M. Hugo's meladrama, a work of genius now generally held to be unhistorical. I know all these things now; but it is too late to milise my information, for it is not probable that I shall be return to The his is not good. It smells of headine and strychnine. We all of us experience a certain amount of rigue and unaccountable terror at something. I confess that I am frightened at Ferrara. Nor, perhaps, should I have become acquainted with what Phave set down above notably for the information respecting La Stella d'Oro-had I not recently become the proud possessor of Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Northern Italy. The work cost me fifteen francs, and was in a dilapidated condition; but a "Murray" in a strange land is a thing of beauty and a joy for I have had something more to do ately than to study "Murray." The instruction I have acquired has been purely of the viva-voce order. My recent education has been essentielly un-Aristotelian, and based ou the canous laid down by Lord Bacon. Everything has been done by induction. I have been taught botany as the young gentlemen at Dotheboys' Hall were taught it, viz. by being sent into a field to hoe potatoes. So soon as I have spell a word. I have "gone and done it.". I know that there is no butcher's meat at Salo, and that the protection who steal breastpins at Rocca d'A

In the late of travellers in the less-frequented parts of Italy, I in the necessity of some guide or handbook, be it a "Baedecker." In other countries assistance, or your lith the local guides; but in

Italy must have a printed finger-post, and, preferably, that finger post should be an Anglo-Saxon one. Only an Englishman writing for Englishmen can properly understand the requirements of his own countrymen and countrywomen. and direct them to where they can procure decent and comfortable accommodation, as the words decency and comfort, are understood in the British Isless Away from the great cities the Italian inis are certainly the filthiest and most; infamous which I have ber seen-not even excepting those of Spain and Mexico. The Italian albergo seems to have changed very little indeed from what it was in the days of The Roman "Caupona," according to Horace and Aulus Gellius, was patronised only by those who were destitute of letters of introduction to private houses; and the modern edition of the "Caupona" is patronised ordy by pedlars and farmers, and such unhappy foreign tourists as, being strangers in the land, know not where else to hide their heads. An Italian of rank or refinement is rarely to be found at a provincial inn. He has acquaintances in the neighbourhood. Italians of the middle class, unless they have visited England, are absolutely ignorant of what come fort, cleanliness, or common decency mean.

An innkeeper at Fergamo was insolent enough to tell me that the incredible harrible nature of this estic a crangements was thought good enough for the latter of the same rule, ought to suit English people of the latter that his innecould not have been interested that his house was it only for skunks and the latter that his house was added, as a compliment, he was one or both. When the latter that his house was added, as a compliment, he was one or both.

would have stabled me, but ultimately subsided into a kitchen, there to fry in rancid oil some entrails—the famous frittura, indeed—which somebody has ordered for lunch.

I am afraid, however, that to the great majority of Italians such a sty as that of Bergamo would have been looked upon as a perfectly tolerable place in which to abide. I am afraid that they like dirt, darkness, stench, inattention, laziness, and coarse food badly cooked. What does your middle class Italian want? His needs imple. First, alloggio -that means a room, or half a room, or half, or a third of a bed, if it comes to that; anything, in short, where he can lie down and sleep, with or without taking off his clothes. Very little water, and the corner of a post-octavo towel, will serve his turn. In the morning he ents a cup of black coffee and a morsel of bread. Some the by no means the mass of Italians, take the collazione or dijeuner à la fourchette, but many prefer to wait until five or six o'clock, when . they dine heavily and indigestibly on macaroni or some other paste swimming in grease and gravy, or minestra, a stodge of brodo and rice; builed boef, roast veal, tomatoes, zucchetti, and fried entraits. Without the frittura it is no dinner at all. This, with some excellent cheese and some delicious fruit, is the kind of dinastr you get in nine out of ten province Train Italy; but the revolting coarseness gross carelessness shown in their of the mandle and ted by the piquant savour of preparation, are is of ripe peaches. If you Parmesan and the stare; if you wanted a cup asked for a bowill of tea, they would there was none, escape of for some simples of noxious round to the do

and the first spilling the

odour, apparently culled by the late King Nebushadnezzar in his botanising days, and from them make a decection fit to turn the stomach of an ostrich. The Italian, of course, does not require such luxuries. After he has fed, at five or six, he requires absolutely nothing more save the privilege of smoking whensoever he pleases.

It may be arged that strangers are bound to put up with the customs of the country in which they travel; but it is my duty to remark the directly the Italian innkeeper finds out that you are a fortuner, and especially that you are an Englishman or an American, he charges you four trancs for the dinner, or six frames for the room, which a native would get for two. Over and over again have I been presented with a bill for twenty to found have and but oned up my pocket, and after many "Per boos!" and infinite shrugs and grimaces on the part of the landlord, the composition of ten shillings in the pound has been thankfully accepted.

They do not use you so in Spain. For comfort in the great cities you must pay extravagantly; but away from Madrid or Seville, at the miserable fondas, ventus, or wasons, where you can only obtain that which nature needs, you will find that "man's life is cheap as beast's." The twopence which the good Samuritan left at the wounded man would, translated into 1 Plot year nearly pay you have. Moreover, for all that a Spanish innk wou do not expect to find equate sustenance in the Spanish provinc det accustomed to the country, you nevel without taking provisions with you.

But the case is different in "Bootia Felix." Haly is not half Moorish. Africa does not begin at the Alpa, is it does not the Pyrenees. Italy should be as a vilised and political land as any in Europe; but I repeat that in the provident towns the customs of the people are atrocious. It berry is grand thing. The remark cannot be repeated too often, in first learn to live less offensively, and then go in as investigated to provide the people are atrocious. It berry is grand thing. The remark cannot be repeated too often, in first learn to live less offensively, and then go in as investigated to provide the people are atrocious. It bears to live less offensively, and then go in as investigated to the people are atrocious. It bears to live less offensively, and then go in as investigated to be a people are atrocious.

These few words of warning will, I trust, suffice to impress on the mere tourist for pleasure—for he who travels by nompulsion or on busquitz must needs take things as he finds them, and be thankful they are not worse the necessity of coming to Italy mmed with some kind of guide-books which shall tell him where inns, fit for sillised Christians rather than savage Yahoos, to live and sleet may be found. And where such inns are not to be found, let him avoid the town or district, however rich pictures and artiquities, altogother. There is always a sufficient stock of professional travellers and antiquaries who do not mind roughing it; but I do not me that a period ble and polished layman, accuswholesome food, three-pronged forks, call, merely for the purpose telling his friends at the th and such a fresco, or Sybarite Club dergo the hardship of a "done" such Speke, a Living

Richard Bri

pointed out to his son

Tom the instility of going down a coalest. Louid he not see he had been down one? he hinted. The insinuation was immoral, and truth is precious; but the modern code of ethics accepted by society affords many convenient loopholes by means which a man may evade an embarrassing confession which a man may evade an embarrassing confession which thouse positively telling a fib. When you have been asked, for instance, if you know Bergamo, you may hum and hab, and dexterously turn the conversation into a different channel by remarking that the conversation into a different channel by remarking that the conversation into a different channel by remarking that the conversation into a different channel has been to Naples has a clear right, in equity, to lead to the inference that he is intimately acquainted with Serrento.

Under ordinary orcumstances trust to a guide-book that does not puff, and give all towns where the inns are not marked as," clean and good" a wide berth. Again, never he what your courier tells you, or patronise the hostelries the most strongly recommends. This morsel of advice may seem to some superfluous; for in these days of railways and universal education it would appear as useless to travel. with a confier as with a guant of halberdiers. and universal education not with sanding; there are still some thousands of miles in Europe to be travelled only by stage or post; and there are yet numbers of persons, male and female, of mature age and of ample means, who go abroad without a larger stock of foreign words the the in the French voog, **M**nnez-moy cabulary of Albert Smith ---some 'am."

If you are so unforcing travelling and to believe a word say

mpelled to engage a all, as a rule, never do the exact con-

trary to that which he advises you; but, in particular, mis trust his counsel concerning hotels. If you have no guidebook you are of course in his hands, and must go to the inn he selects as a fool would to the conscition of the stocks; but have a guide-book, and he need not make a fool of the, non you a fool of yourself. Couriers-the Italian ones ospecially -are almost sure to be in league with the landlord, who is generally an old courier and a great rogue; so Boniface and Sganarelle play into each other's hands. Nor are the inns kept by ex-couriers, although they never fail in being extortionately dear, always the cleanest or the st. Finally, let me entreat the traveller never to stay at the hotel where the diligence starts or where it halts. Coaching in England used to be good and comfortable; but the diligenze in Italy is, with scarcely an exception, cominable in every respect. The conducteur of the diligence—usually a civil, specious, rascally fellow-will of course carried entreat your excellency to descend at the coaching inn. is in the landlord's pay, and gets a regular commission on every traveller he brings. A middle-class Italian who has not travelled beyond the limit of his own country is a counsellor quite as permicious. He, poor benighted being, knows that at the albergo della diligenza such bare necessaries may be had a alloggio, the minestra, the frittura, and the vino del paese the common the of the country, very like a in palace in Whitechapel, beverage they used bby," and apparently called "Imperial R a mixture of logwood and blacking; and of anything beyond the

Therefore, by all

ur "My ray," your "Brad-

shaw," or your "Bacdacker" as a presidus burden hat it you losent, or san find no bibliopole who sells handbacks, the case, one you have the clean and comfortable hours in white the may be stopping in Milan, or Florence, or Vanice, to inquire for the names of the hotels in the towns you prepase to visit with which your Milanese or Florentine landlerd is in "convergendence." He will know at once the kind of inn you require; and he will not dare to recommend an inferior one, hoping as he does that you will return, and apprehensive as he is that you will devote him to the infernal gods when you find that he has the does."

Twrote this at Ponte d'Arana, a few miles from Padua; but of Ponte d'Arans itself I have nothing to say that is good. Well may they call it Ponte d'Arang as my countryman said of Stoney-Stratford—for I was most terribly bitten by Sees there.

# CAFFÈS.

August 25.

Nor easily shall I forget an incident which I witnessed one evening just before I left Vicenza-an incident trifling in itself, and which, as things progress, will every day become more common, but which to me was a straw-showing unmistakably the way the wind had begun to blow, and was eloquent as to the commencement of the new era, including new men, new measures, new clothes, and new brooms. is a very handsome caffè at Vicenza, in the Piazza called de' Signori, the said Piece being a miniature copy of the Piazza San Marco, with two tiny columns crowned with statues, and a Liliputian Ducal Palace, and a microscopic Broglio for the proud signori to walk upon in scarlet gowns, to the exclusion from the flags of meaner mortals, and a baby Torre dell' Orologio, or clock-tower, and three slender little masts for the banners of the Venetian Dominion to float from and a brace of diminutive facades, rivalling, on the scale of two inches to a foot, the Procurate Nuovi and the Procuratii Vecchi of the mother city data. And waywhat that space can be found ar a bas-relief, the second St. Mark, reduced fored stat len-dog wags his little tail, to the m and flutter talena little mane en papillotte, alecons his e

The old Venetical work fond of string up in their

provincial towns minified copies of the Superb and Screne Place. Little columns, little passettes, little mests, little basilicas, are scattered all over Venetia; and even at Pola, And Istria, and Fiume, and other spots on the Ischian and Dalmatian shores, there linger peminiscences of Venetian architecture which might be carried away on porter's shoulders, and ducal palaces that might be put into a pintpot. These things are not to be laughed at, however. Though infinitesimal, they are beautiful as those tiny models of state-coaches, and miniature broughams which skilful artisans in Long-and construct, and which may be seen in shopwindows side by side with the mightiest coach-building establishments. At Vinenza, for instance, the protty little tiny kickshaws of the Pie de Signori are mainly from the designs of Palladio and Sasmozzi-illustrious architects, who, after here luxuriating in crying cherry-sinnes and reducing bas-reliefs to the dimensions of postage-stamps, crossed the lagoons, and at Venice built staircases for giants, and stately houses for the senators of the greatest republic in the world, and tombs for doges supported by caryatides seventy feet high.

Genius the most colo sal must disport itself sometimes in an infantile manner, and take delight. If the things. I have heard of a grave historia, a few with hist and a fellow of the Royal Society are very with indulge any Sundry afternoon, and on the Putney, in a few of transcribes they are not poet at transcribes they are company, nor do I think it to done the Lord High Charrellor the Archbishop of Canterbury much harm to have somed that local circle. We must have

an admixture of the funny, the playful, the nonsensical if you please, in the dismal course of daily life. The sages, scholars, and philosophers, who with such lamentable frequency go raving mad, are precisely those who have never made fools of themselves. It is good to be a young donkey sometimes, or a frolicsome kitten, or an impedent puppy. Your Eldon-like owl sits perpetually in the ruined keep at Arundel, looking unutterably wise; but everybody knows that he is really as blind as a bat, and is always running his head against wrong points of law. So I greet those baby Venices whenever I see them, and only regret that hydraulic engineers have been unable to bring up an Adrixtic no bigger than the Serpentine to their doors.

Vicensa is not all Liliputian. It boasts a score of palaces as vast and sumptuous as my to be found in Venetia or Lumbardy, and has, pesides, a Palazzo della Ragione, or lawcourts, a Pinanteca, a Duomo in which the Council of Trent held some supplementary sittings, and did much to embroil the world-and one of the handsomest pawnbrokers' shops I ever saw. It is three stories high, of the Dorie, Ionic, and Corinthian in due progression, and inside is prettily decorated with subjects from Roman history, painted by Signor Fearth. I did not narrowly inspect these objects of art. ) and intensite sections to transact with the Monte de Botto so I am pursito of how what events in Remained into any connecncle. "Come a seeing of her jewels;" entering by the last mor in order to be above Vespasian reputation that thirty per cent from the poor was good money and had a vine smell;"

gule's grown pawning the gilt cats of the constder horse;" or Virginius consigning the arn centaining his daughter's ashes to the care of Mr. Attenborough"—these are the only Roman subjects I can think of which suitably might adorn the avencular palace at Vicenza. The roof, I may observe, is beautified by no less than four splendidly-carved columns of funnel form ostensibly chimneys, but which I imagine to be spouts; and under the principal façade there is a lion'smouth letter-box, with the directions, "Consulte segrete," shove it. What secret consultations can be needed in the course of negotiations with My Uncle? Are any of the noble signori of Vicenza in the habit of confiding to the letter-box their applications concerning the backing of tickets? One thing is certain. The king of beasts has a mighty capacity for swallowing; but you cannot "pop" a flat-iron in a lien's mouth.

Much more might I say about Vicenza; but I remember my own perhaps not over-discreet avowal as to the facilities for examining which "Murray" gives you; and so, carefully exchewing the historical and the antiquarian, I will make my way to that caffè on the Piazza de' Signori, where I witnessed that incident which I was about without further digression to narrate—only, as often happens, some reflections more or less pertinent stood in the caffè in the digression to the little Gardaldian lieutenant who had been "quated" at the theatre at Rovigo, and your humble servant, are using the caffè in the very late one night. Vicenza is holding incessation and after the manner of Padua, Rovigo, and Udine, and the caffè was crowded. The Venetians, ordinarily

mearly as sober a nation as the Spaniards, have now been tipsy for three weeks—really tipsy on alsoholic preparations. There is not a bettle of champagns to be had between Gelto and Mestre. Patriotism has drawe it all up in toasts to the King, Garibaldi, and the unity of Italy. So much of the genuine old "black-strap" or vino del paese of last year has been consumed in patriotic liquoring-up, and so little promises to be made this year, in consequence of the general confusion springing from the war, that the market-price of ordinary wine has risen fifty per cent.

On this night I speak of, Vicenza was even mere than usually thirsty. All the oranges and lemons of all the golden groves in Arcadia seemed to have been converted into liminate and aranciate; and if all the coffee which, with milk and without milk, and hot and cold, was frantically asked for came from the Antilles and from Mochant is certain that the West Indies are not yet rained, and there is yet a land called Arabia Felix. As for the seltzer-water, I am afraid that the Austrians must have blown up by means of their own gases all the effervescing-drink manufactories before they evacuated this part of the country, for there is not a drop of seltzer or soda to be obtained north of Ferrara. I suppose the caffèkeepers at Vicenza and elsewhere are all making rapid fortunes. I do not envy the new-found riches, but I may impress on them the cleaning their spoons, and of parties a smaller quantity of ground-rice into their cream as the régime constitutional liberty and represented institutions has been settled on a firm basis. At present the chief characteristics of the Italian caffee I have seen are aloppiness and muddiness. They, indeed, rehoods on an extended scale; and this I say without wishing to cast the slightest reflection on the esteemed M. Gatti, who has, in his generation, by combating the beer-shop, and competing even with the gin-palace, done an immense deal of good in London; as much good, perhaps, as the multiplicity of caffes in Italy, and their absurd cheapness, has done harm.

This looks like a paradox, I admit; but it is one that will hold water. The Italian caffes are all too cheap, and their proprietors are all far too tolerant in permitting persons of the genus "loafer" to remain for hours together, consuming nothing more expensive than a cup of black coffee, price four sous, or a glass of iced water. You may also remain in an Italian caffe for as long as ever you like without taking anything at all, and neither landlord nor waiter will venture. to drop a hint as to the propriety of consuming anything for the good of the house. Those of the guests who smokeand nearly all do bring their own tobacco, so the house makes nothing out of nicotine. All this may conduce towards sobriety; and in England, places where you might sit, smoke, gossip, and sip cold water or weak tea, without being compelled to get drunk for the benefit of a member of the-Licensed Victuallers' Society, would be a boop well-nigh inestimable to the poorer classes. The penny-ice shops go a great way towards it; but the London propriets of the pennyice shop, looking towards his rent, taxes, the poor-rates, would naturally turn somewhat sullen if you did not order a penny ice say once in every half-hour. The end of the continual consumer of cheap lemons and vanillas might equal

in horror that of the over-zealous teetotaller, whose stomach on post-mortem examination was found to contain nothing but tea-leaves and snowballs.

There should be a golden mean in everything. mean is not to be found, so far as I am aware, in any country under the sun. In England the cheap caffe would be a blessing, and out of the palatial clubs of Pall-mall it is rarely to be found.\* In Italy the cheap caffe abounds, and is open to all, and I look upon it as a kind of curse, and one of the chief causes of the backwardness, the laziness, and the general impracticability of the Italian people. They swarm into these caffes, where their outlay need never exceed a few halfpence, and there they pass at least half their existence, ruining their digestion with black coffee and blacker cigars taken on fasting stomachs, neglecting their business, wasting their time, and mag, mag, mag, endlessly magging, on one invariable theme-politics. Here they graduate in gesticulation; here they learn to blaspheme and in blasphemy an Italian will beat an American, which is saying a great deal; here they learn to repeat the canard, to give the lie, to

<sup>\*</sup> The London "coffee-shops," properly so called, although excellent in many respects, and provided with a store of newspapers and periodicals which many a continental casino de' nobili might envy, are for the most part dark, stuffy, and uncomfortable, and cut up into gloomy "bexes" little better than the compartments of a cellular van. The penny-ice shops—of which I am very glad to recognise the unpretentious value, from a temperance point of view—are rendered intoierable to grown-up persons by swarms of blackguard little boys and girls, restless, impudent, and pre-coclously violous; while at the West-end too many of the really landsome cafes on the arisian model which have been started—I diaresay with the most innocent and laudable intent—have within a very brief period become the resort of "fast men" and of more than questionable women. Those whose proprietors are determined to continue respectable in every sense are constrained to adopt a tariff so high as to be well-nigh prohibitory, in order to exclude "gay"—that is to say, abominable—company.

denounce their own Government, and malign these of other countries. Any other more solid information I do not see that they can acquire. One man just skims the contents of a little flysheet called by courtesy an ewspaper, and spouts what he has read to half-a-dozen companions, and the rest screech and yell, and assert and deny, and thump the table till they make the cups and saucers dance. From time to time some patriotic gentleman may remember that he has his livelihood to earn, say breeches to make, or bellows to mend, or boots to cobble, or young lambs to sell—for Italy is really a democratic country, and there is a curious equalisation of rank in the caffe—and away he goes to take a short spell of work. But he speedily returns, to light more cavours and drink more thin swizzle, to mouth and rant more nonsense.

This, then is my position: Your caffè-frequenter spends but little money; but he spends an enormous amount of time. Which is the most precious? The time, I think. He keeps sober, so far as alcohol is concerned, but gets most drunk in the way of gestientation and argument. He talks much and leaves little, if anything. Finally, the caffe is to him as a sort of garment thich covers all manner of deadly sins. In England a man who is not an incorrigible drunkard or fidler experiences a certain amount of shame if his friends meet him continually going in or coming out of a tavern. The public-house door, like the pawnbroker's, is, after all, a portal of ignominy, and of close parentage to the debtor's door. We even rally the decorous old gentlemen who are always wandering in and out of their clubs. But no shame attaches to the foreigner who, from morn to dewy eve, strolls backwards and forwards between his house and his caffe. It

has many doors, they are all wide open, and you may float in and out unperceived. You may be only going to write a letter, to repose yourself after a long walk, to meet a friend, to keep a business appointment. In England the thoroughly idle man scarcely escapes detection at the hands of those who work. We know what tavern he "uses," or what club he haunts. But in Italy the idlers and the workers are so intimately mingled, that, seeing the caffes at all times crowded, you are puzzled to know when it is that the people work at all, and whether they were given to hang about caffes in the lays when Palladie built, and Buonaroti carried, and Sanzio painted, and Ariosto wrote.

Pray understand that I exempt the easts of France from these strictures. They are thronged only at certain hours of the day, and they are not so heap as to encourage the loafer and the lotus-eater. The French dame de comptoir has a very keen scent for unprofitable customers; and the garçon, from a corner of his little eye, can very soon discern the habitaes who sit long and order nothing. The necessity of "la consommation"—a terrible word—is a check on the stingy idler in France. I have heard a French waiter—in a third-rate case, be it understood—cry out when orders were languid. "Consommez! it faut consommer, messivers." An Italian waiter who ventured to utter such a remonstrance would be skinned alive by the indignant company.

Your Italian waiter is, under most circumstances, a shambling, shiftless creature, perfectly affable and urbane, but with a painfully-defective memory, and a general deficiency in the qualities we ordinarily expect to find in persons of his calling. He is much given to yawning, without taking

the trouble to veil his sepulchral mouth with the palm of his hand; he is usually slipshod; and one end of his napkin, which is seldom clean, is tucked into the whistband of his pantaloons. He will not wear braces. You can see that he has a hard time of it, between the flies, which insects he is continually flacking away, and the padrona, who has a deuce of a temper, and the customers, who are constantly calling for zolfanelli wherewith to light their cavours, but are not over-generous in the bestowal of copper gratuities. If you put down say a two-franc piece in payment of what you have had, he brings you as much small change as the subdivisions of the Italian currency will permit, and they even comprise the centesimo, or the hundredth part of ninepence-haltpenny, which he places before you on a little electro-plated tray.

The Italians, who certainly take care of the pence if they do not trouble themselves about the pounds, and in their minor dealings are an unpleasantly thrifty race, generally shovel the entire contents of the tray into their pockets, and stalk away without further parley. They have an excuse for this niggardliness. Were they to give but a couple of cents to all who asked they might give away their incomes, at the rate of five hundred pounds a-year, every day. There is no end to the beggars, licensed and unlicensed, who tug at your purse-strings in an Italian caffe.

To the waiters it does not appear to be the custom to give fees. Foreigners may fee them, but the natives only bestow on them a "buon giorno" or a "riverisco," which are graceful salutations, soothing to the spirit, and costing nothing. Now and then I have seen a large-hearted Italian customer pick out from his trayful of small change the

smallest coin discoverable, and hand it to the waiter with a glance of proud philanthropy, such as we might suppose the Chevalier Bayard might have put on when he handed the twenty-five hundred silver crowns to two beauteous damsels of Breschia. The bottega has received the lowly copper with a shuffle of pleasure and a yawn of gratitude. I am sure the waiters are grateful for their scant allowance of halfpence; for I have always found the waiter whom I have fee'd, when I asked for a light for a cigar, insist on lighting it himself, and in his own peculiar fashion, which consists: in placing the weed in the cleft of a long slender pole, and holding it up to a gas-jet. After a little dexterous twiddling, the end of the cigar is kindled to perfection, and the waiter then, with a friendly nod, and a yawn signifying that he is glad to have discharged his office and to be well out of it, hands you the cleft stick and the burning hand.

Surely these waiters are the laziest mortals alive, always excepting emancipated negroes and officers in the Light Cavalry. There is much latitude as to the way in which to summon an Italian waiter. You may cry "Bottega!" or "Cameriere!" although the latter would the rather signify a waiter at an hotel; and he will even and extend "garçon," Italianised into "garzone." In Milan he comprehends the oriental call of clapping the hands, doubtless imported by the Spaniards, and used by them during their long occupation of Lombardy. I have likewise tried the Spanish sibilation "Pss-Pss;" but I do not think Italian waiters like that way of being called. Often the noise in the caffè is so great, that your voice is drowned by the screams of neighbouring politicians. The best manner, then, in order to

attract attention is to hammer on the table with a knife, or bang a spoon violently against a glass. As a rule, the Italian waiter does not come when you do call to him. looks over his shoulder, regards you sleepily, and says, "Eccomi?"-"Behold me;" or, as we should say, "Here I am." Two thousand years ago I suppose he said "Adsum" when the customer in the toga began to grow impatient. But " Eccomi" does not mean that he is coming. It means simply that he is still devoted to your interests, of course, but not disposed to stir an inch until you call him again. This you do, to which he responds, "Subito," or, to save trouble, "Subit," banging several trays on a neighbouring Table to give you a proper impression of his alacrity of movement, and also, I presume, to waken himself up. But he does not come. At last you rear and hammer and bang, and, if you are of the Latin race, invoke Baschus and the Madonna and several saints: Then does your waiter shuffle towards you, flacking the flies away, yawning, and smiling sweetly. It is impossible to be angre with him, his "Commanda," or "What is she pleased to order?" is always put so affably, " she being the pronoun used for the courteous abstraction of your "lordship," which, among Italian nouns, figures as the feminine substantive "Signoria." Besides, Italy is a country where time is of no account; and a caffe is a place where you are bound to waste as much of the great old dust-contractor's sand as ever you possibly can.

There is no rule without an exception. In the four emancipated cities of Venetia, the waiters neither yawn nor shuffle, nor flack the flies away. They run like the nimble stag; they leap like troutlings in a pool; they fly like Peter Wil-

kins; they are glib of speech; they give change with light-" ning rapidity; they rival American bar-keepers in the celerity with which they serve cool drinks to be sure they only serve. and do not compound them; they are here, there, and everywhere, like Figaro in the opera. They never go to bed at least it is unlikely that anybody in Vicenza has been to bed since the twenty-fifth of July. It is a marvel how they keep awake. Voltaire, you know, had become so entirely intellectual,—having brains even in the tips of his fingers, like the inhabitants of the Island of Ilicichi, -and drank so much black coffee, that when he had come to be about eighty-five years of age he had ceased to be see to aleep at all. always up and doing, always drinking beack coffee, always writing, always sneering away religion and royalty, and the rest of it. He would have gotte on perhaps, drinking coffee and denying things, sleeplestiff to this day, had he not tumbled one evening into that great sound sleep which knits up the ravelled sleeves of everybedy cares death.

I fancy the Vicenzan waiters must be kept up by means somewhat similar. The properties of coffee were, I believe, first discovered by an Arab farmer, who noticed that his camels, after browsing on the berries of a certain shrub, were unusually frisky and preternaturally wide-awake. What may be good for camels may serve the true waiters. Green tea is a capital thing to banish sheep within but it is too expensive in Venetia for ordinary properties. I imagine that the hard-hearted proprietor is caffe at Vicenza administers copious doses of double-distilled essence of coffee to his waiters every half-hour, otherwise I really do not see how they could keep up. But this sort of thing cannot last.

Reaction, collapse, must follow every kind of excess. Those high-pressure waiters must crever at last, and despair and die, as the sleepless old Arouet did.

. And my incident? It is but a trifle—the barest bagatelle. I made its mention, at the commencement of this paper, only a pretext for telling my readers something about Italian caffes. In this one at Vicenza I lingered very latefar into the small hours, I am afraid; for until this moment so rapid have been one's movements, so troublous the times, and so confused one's impressions of travel, that I am not quite certain as to whether I lived anywhere at Vicenza, or whether I had merely the day occupancy of a room, after the manner immortalised in Box and Cox, and, being Box, was bound to walk the streets or haunt the caffes during the hours that Cox was slumbering on the pallet, which at 8 a.m. once more became mine. I can remember, vaguely, some hours of feverish tossing and perturbed day-dreams, among a colony of fleas, and some wretched breakfasts and wretcheder dinners at the Three Moors, or the Two Wheels, or the Iron Crown, or the Golden Star-I am sure I forget the exact name of mine inn at Vicenza; but I know I did not go to bed as Christian men should do, and that I haunted the caffes fearfully.

The performance at the Theatre Royal Vicenza was over. Like its brother at Royigo, it had been closed for I know not how many years; but now the new era had commenced, and the new impresario—let us call him Angelo Scartaffacci—had reopened the establishment with a troupe that drew crowded audiences. Scartaffacci's prospectus was wonderful to read. "Long," he wrote, "has the noble and elevating

dramatic art been crushed beneath the iron heef of the usurping stranger. Despotism has watched with a jealous eye the efforts of that grandiose profession whose aim is the portrayal of human passions, the delineation of human sentiment, and the inculcation of all that can delight, refine, and elevate the mind. Long has the tyrant, sword in hand, and the clerical censor, brandishing his scissors, forbidden the representation. of some of the noblest masterpieces of human genius. drama, like everything else in Italy, has been gagged, stiffed, shackled by the accursed Tedesco. But the reign of liberty and progress has begun. The Stranger is no more—Lo straniero non è piu. Therefore the director and dramatic artist, Angelo Scartaffacci, has the honour to inform the intelligent and gentle Signoria of Vicenza that the performance will commence this evening with a grand-drama, in four acts, translated from La Dame aux Camellias, by Alexandre Dumas fils." Yes, there is such a thing as a bathos even in prospectus-writing, O Angelo Scartaffacci!

The performance of so much vaunted promise was at an end, and the audience came pouring into all the caffes for ices and cool drinks. There was no incident in this, you will say. But in this there was: that, amidst a great rustling and fluttering of silks and gauzes, there was inducted into this public coffee-house a party of no less than five elegantly-dressed ladies. Ay, there were mamma and her daughters, and there was grandmamma too, if I mistake not; and age was venerable, and youth ravishingly beautiful, of course. It was a radiant vision of bare necks and shoulders and arms, and dainty hands enclosed in white-kid gloves, and daintier feet in pink-silk hose and white-satin

bracelets, and fashing gens. For all ascert they had but one work kneed little old gentleman in evening dress, a tall white cravat, and a sprinkling of powder on his head. They were soon surrounded by a bevy of Italian officers, who furthered like moths around them; and then there were smiles, and bows, and tappings of fans, and waving of finger-tips.

This is my incident, pure and simple. There is nothing in it, you will say. Why should not a party of ladies come to a cafe and eat ices after the play? But to those who have known this country of aforetime there would be a volume in the sight I saw. No fact could be more significant of the thorough and definitive same up of Austria, and of the complete plucking of the double-headed eagle, than this apparition of Italian wemen of station, in full dress, and in a public coffee-house so lately the resort of Austrian officers. When the Tedeschi were here, an Italian lady who had so shown herself in the company of Germans would have been, both by her countrymen and her own sex, as bitterly scorned as would be a Mahometan woman who, casting aside haick and sergonal, walked down the Rue Babazzoun et Algiers, with Balmoral boots, a porkpie hat, and a chignon, arm in arm with French sergeant of sappers. But such a thing would be impossible at El Djezzir. The very stones would rise and cry aloud against the unveiled one. As morally impossible would have been the appearance of an Italian signora in a caffe "used" by the Tedeschi. The times have siltered. Those who seewled and made faces at John a'Nokes thave ne looks too bright, and no words too sweet, for John a'Styles. Ojala! May the galley row bravely into port! May the "Carnival of Venice" once more become the most enchanting air that ever was played on the fiddle; and may the new brooms, when they grow old, continue to sweep as deftly as they do now!

### XII.

## VENETIA.

Ponte d'Arana, Venetia, August 31.

HERE we are on the brink of the piping times of peace--until war breaks out again somewhere else. The winter of our discontent is made glorious summer by the sun of Prague, and the "Empire is peace"-until next time-and the Paris Exhibition of 1867 will be its profit. Now has your helinet become a hive of bees, and you must live on prayers, which are old age's alms. Now is the time for the lute and the dulcimer, and the lady's chamber; and the traveller who graved mouldy bread and weevilly biscuit till he fell ill of dysentery blows up the head-waiter at the tubled'hôte because, for two days running, there has been no clear soup for dinner. Now do you, the homeless tatterdemalion, threaten to leave your hotel because there is a hole in the mosquito-curtains. Now do you, who went contentedly as tattered and toru as the man whom the shavenand-shorn priest married to that all-ferlorn maiden, who milked that crumpled-horned cow, immortalised in nursery anthology in connection with a dog, a cat, a rat, and some malt that lay in a house built by one Jack, shudder to be seen in the Giardino Pubblico in a wideawake, affect lightkid gloves in the Corso, and become very particular about the cut of your pantaloons. Pantaloons! last July you were nearly as destitute of pantaloons as Evan Dhu Maccoimbich.

Now do you, as is the way of the world, begin to forget that you were ever poor, ever hungry, ever dirty and ragged, and as full of sores as that just man of the land of Uz. Now, finally, is the time to lead the "gentle life"—by which I I mean that you can travel like a gentleman, order people about, give yourself airs, and be quite oblivious of those not very remote days when, from day to day, it was on the cards for you to be shot by misadventure, or hung for a spy.

With paper on which you can write, ink that will flow, a pen that will spell, a roof over your head, and the certainty that there will be something hot for dinner, and that the Austrians will not drop in on you before bedtime and steal your greateout, you naturally feel inclined for study and reflection of a light and elegant kind, to polish your sentences, and look up your dates and illustrations. It is impossible to be grammatical in time of war. Bellona has a standing fend with Priscian, and breaks his head whenever she comes across him. I must have written this summer many incoherent and ill-spelt letters; but in future -always until next time-you may look for literary efforts of the most elaborate nature. I proudly point to my last notice of Ferrara as a sample of what may be done in this It is true that to the initiated the exercitation in question may bear some slight traces of gram;" and I honestly confess that all the literary and historical facts are taken bodily out of "Murray." But what of that? Murray's cram is the most digestible I know; and he enables you to quote Dante and Guicciardini and Frizzi, without having actually read a line of those admired authors. The sole inare apt to forget all your cramming within twenty-four hours of your having crammed it.

I remember hearing of a gentleman, a barrister, accustomed to "getting-up cases" between dinner- and bedtime, who was invited to spend a couple of days down in Yorkshire, with a worthy squire, M.P. for a Riding, and a great authority on all agricultural matters. So, ere the invited guest stepped into the train at King's-cross, he provided himself with the volume of the Encycloped Britannica containing the article "Agriculture," and with Stephens, and Caird, and Jethro Tull, and Our Farm of Hour Acres. With these invaluable treatises he crammed himself for a couple of hundred mile, and by the time the train reached York he almost ran over with deep drainage, subsoiling, liquid manure, rotations of crops, and sliced mangold-wurzel. His first dinner was a great success. His host was delighted. Never, he said, had he met with a person so thoroughly well-informed on agricultural matters. He insisted that his guest should prolong his stay to a week at least, and in an evil hour the barrister consented. The great county a families were invited to meet him. There came the celebrated protectionist Sir Bos Bovis, Bart.; Mrt Sheepskin, the eminent conveyancer from Donesster, who has made thousands of broad acres change hands; and old Lady Acres, of Pomona Court, who presents a new smockfrock once in · every five years to the bold peasant who has been hedging and ditching for half a century, and has brought up a family of not less than nine children in the principles of the Church of England, and without receiving parochial relief. With Park, who, out of his great bounty, "built a new bridge at the cost of the county;" and the rector of Lambswool-Parva, with all the Miss Ramsbottoms. They were all eager to hear the brilliant London barrister, who knew so much about farming. Unhappily he had left the Encylopædia and Jethro Tull and the rest in the railway carriage, and in the course of three days, woful to relate, the cram had all gone out of him. At the state dinner he hadn't a word to say about pigs; broke down altogether on steam-ploughs; and, on going out the next morning on horseback, didn't know wheat from barley. I need not say that his reputation collapsed dismally, and that he ever afterwards eschewed the Northern Circuit.

I recalled this anecdote and meditated much upon it, when, sitting down at Como lately to write a letter about Vicenza, I found that I had left my much and Murray' behind me at Milan. I have recovered it by this time, and brought it with me to Padua, and further still to Ponte d'Arana, on the very verge of the Austrian outposts; but on reflection I have thought it best to tell you only what I saw at Vicenza, without the aid of "Murray," and to leave the public at home to interpolate the cramming a condiment if they choose. This is an age of liberty, and I am not so unreasonable as the man in Mathews's At Home, who insisted that his neighbour should take mustard with his beef.

I found young Italy actively employed in sweeping Vicenza clean with the very newest of brooms. The peculiar virtues of unworn besoms have become proverbial. The principal

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energies of the Vicensi seemed to be devoted to the obliteration of all signs and symptoms which could by any means recall the memory of the late Austrian dominion. The Tedeschi themselves, their financial embarrassments notwithstanding, are a thrifty rate, and, ere they vanished, they carefully removed all the governmental archives, all the plate and linen in the official residences, all the black-and-yellow flags which were wont to float so proudly over the public buildings, and so many of the ensigns and scutcheons bearing the effigy of Francis Joseph or the double eagle as were portable. But very many of the latter were too firmly fixed, or were cut in stone, or painted in fresco, and these the patriots of Vicenza had been during the last fortnight indefatigably hacking, hewing, rubbing, painting, and scraping out. Imperialism was at a discount. Royalty was in the ascendant, and the Kaiserliche Adler nowhere.

Watching the anti-Cesarean operation so ruthlessly performed on the bird of love, I could hardly persuade myself that I had not lately been reading Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk; that this was not Paris in 1815, instead of Vicenza in 1866; and that all these scrapers and erasers were not rubbing out the symbols of the Bonaparte, and putting up the embler of the Bourbon. Down with the eagle and up with the fleur-de-lys, or the cross of Savoy; it does not matter which. Death to the man who cries "Vive l'Empereur," and let everybody, on pain of extermination, shout "Viva il Re!" If one must needs shout, I prefer the grido of the French philosopher who cried "Vive le Roi! ma femme et moi;" or, better still, that shout of shouts, "Vive nous autres!" à bas les autres!" in which I take it the whole

philosophy of patriotism is composed. For there is nothing new under the sun, and viva anybody, seeing that we know he must die, and that probably to morrow we shall denounce him as a humbug.

Meanwhile, the Vicenzesi went on scraping valiantly. Streets had changed their names. Garibaldi stood sponsor, for some, the King and the Principe Umberto for others. Not a blind alley would condescend to ask Francesco Giuseppe to hold it at the font, or foreswear, on its behalf, the devil and all his works and the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. I had a godmother once, who thus went bail for me. She is alive, I believe, and I hope she does not suffer much anguish through the knowledge of the mess her godson has made of things generally, and of the line market to which he has brought his pigs.

All being vanity here below, one could scarcely it use the sardonic grin to see how very easily the King went up and the Kaiser went down. Take this police-office; for instance, "I. R. Divizione di Sicurezza Pubblica" was written up here on the plaster three weeks ago. There was a world of meaning in those two letters. "I. R." meant "Imperiale Reale"—Austrian despotism, Viennese bureaucracy, standing army, Quadrilateral, conscription, forced loans, spy system. Spielberg, priestcraft, bastinado, willow-rods, chains, courts-martial, white coats, anything you please. Under the "I. R." two million of people wept and groaned, tore their hair and beat their breasts, were scourged and imprisoned, and exiled, and hanged, and shot. And now comes a journeyman house-painter, at four lire a-day, and a tricolored cockade in his cap. He mounts a ladder and scrapes out the letter "I."

from the plaster. Hey, presto! the thing is done. Bastinado and white coats, spies and Spielberg, chains and bureaucrats, sink through the central trap, surrounded by lurid flames, like wicked Don Juan in the pantomime; and the genius of liberty, accompanied by flying spirits, dexterously supported by iron rods affixed to occult parts of their anatomy, stands on one leg in the centre of a revolving star, in front of a magnificent transformation-scene: How much used Mr. E. T. Smith's pantomimes at Old Drury to cost him? A pretty penny, I imagine; but here a few coppers and the touch of a trowel have sufficed to transform the Dark Domain of Despotism and Despair into the Radiant Realms of Regal Regeneration. Despotism has had its "I" knocked out and the "Reale Divizione di Pubblica Sicurezza," a strictly libers and constitutional insutution, remains. many cases the workmen had not been at the pains of scraping out the objectionable letter, and had merely covered it with a coat of white paint, through which, yet damp, it loomed a ghastly blue, like an alphabetical ghost.

Wagon-loads of pictures of the King, the Royal Family, Garibaldia, Gialdini, and Medici, and "the rest of the loyal and patrictic toasts," must have come down from Bologna, or else the printsellers must have kept a large stock of prohibited portraits in reserve. I did not see any pictorial representations of La Marmora or Persano. I wondered what had become of all the Kaisers and Kaiserinns, of Benedek and Clam-Gallas, and of the archdukes whose name is legion. Hapless Erzherzogs! There are so many of them that the Austrian Government, hot in its new-born zeal for retrenchment, is about to cut down their handsome annual allowances.

by one-half. The nation, looking with dismay on the prodigious number of princes of the blood, insists on a pecuniary "reduction on taking a quantity." It will come to this, that at last an archduke will have to work for his living. Yet, three weeks ago, they, and Albrecht, "victor of Custozza," and Benedek—whom it is proposed to make Prince of Frindesland—and the rest, swaggered in their white coats and twirled their moustaches in a hundred cartes de visite in the Viconza shop-windows. That wonderful transformation-scene has swatlowed them all up.

### XIII.

### FINIS AUSTRIÆ.

Venice, September 22.

THE cruel and unreasonable delay in the transfer of Venice from foreign to native rule is beginning to be evil fruit. Every day a more bitter feeling is shown by the townspeople towards the Austrian soldier a feeling which, so far as the common soldiers are concerned, is reciprocated, and with interest. The flux of proclamations from the inexhaustible Director Frank-for police acvisi are continually appearingseems rather to aggravate than to assuage public irritation. The Venetians urge, not without reason, that if the Austrians have ceded Venetia to France, the have no longer any legal locus standi in Venice; and that enactments respecting the police of the city should properly issue either from the French Commissioner or from the Venetian municipality. Again, when the Austrians plead that they only publish exasperating manifestoes and keep their patrols prowling about for the purpose of preserving public tranquillity, they are reminded that their own presence in the city constitutes in itself the sole obstacle to the maintenance of good order. If they would evacuate the place, or at least withdraw their troops to the forts until matters at Vienna were arranged. the chances of discontent and outbreak among the population' of Venice would be very much reduced. As it is, the smouldering hatred with which the lower classes here regard the

foreigners who, after formally surrendering their suzerain rights, still claim to be de-facto master. may blaze forth any day in open revolt, and the wishes of the most bigoted Austriacanti who yearn for a little shedding of Italian blood may thus be gratified.

It is reported in town this morning that a serious riot took place in the course of yesterday afternoon on the quay called the Canareggio, a very poor and populous quarter close to the railway, terminus, and one which-always substituting a waterway for a roadway-may be qualified as the Whitechapel of Venice, just as the Calle Larga Maritima, hard by to the Giardino Pubblico, may be described as its Rateliffhighway. There was a row, then, yesterday, so they say, between the Austrian polizei, who are armed and accounted in every respect as soldiers, and some gondoliers and longshore men. A good deal of bad language war exchanged, and thence a transition took place to blows, which is by no means usual, the bargee class in Venice being removined for slanging much but hitting seldom. The gendarmes drew their cutlasses; one of the prowling patrols came up to help them; a round game of sword, dagger, and bayonet took place; and the end of the fray was the killing of one Italian, and the wounding of four. It is all but impossible to get at, the rights of this story, and therefore I tell it under all possible reserve. There may have been a mere street-row on the Canareggio, and there may have been a really sanguinary riot. You must not expect to hear the truth about it from anybody. The Gazzetta Uffiziale will take care to preserve a discreet silence on the matter; the Austrian police, were you to ask them for any information, would return an "evasive answer"—equivalent to telling you to mind your own business; and any Venetian account of the transaction would be untrustworthy, from the deep-seated propensity in the Venetian mind to exaggirate and misrepresent everything in which the Austrian's are interested.

There have been published about the alien rulers of Venice in the Italian papers, and within the last four months, a series of lies perhaps the most prodigious ever known since the immortal American bulletins of General Joseph Hooker. As a rule. I have been very cautious in repeating the stories I have heard; but if Homer, the original special correspondent who "did" the siege of Troy, occasionally nods, his humbler followers in paose may be allowed a map now and then; and on two or three occasions I have been taken in by the circumstantial fibs told by the Italian press. For instance, there was a particular village in the Tyrol said to have been burnt by General Garibaldi after he had left Rocca d'Anfò. There never was such a village, and General Garibaldi vever burnt it. Again, there were the three thousand cavalry horses reported to be stabled in the Guardini Pubblici at Venice. I went straight to the Public Gardens the last time I came to Venice, and found not a square inch of stable nor the ghost of a troop-horse there. It was only a lively lie on the part of some Tedesco-bating journalist.

Again, at Milan, the other day, I read in a very well-accredited Italian paper the story of a "deplorable tragedy" said to have occurred on a certain day at Verona, and to which I might have attached some degree of credence, had I not happened to have been at Verona on the very day in question, and to know very well that no such deplorable

tragedy had taken place. Three little boys, the imaginative scribe set forth, had been brought by their fond parents on a visit to the fair city on the Adigs, and were taken for a walk on the Piazza d'Armi, attired in mimic Garibaldino costume. The tiny redshirts were pounced upon by a squad of Austrian gendarmes, and forthwith arrested. Thereupon a stout Veronese butcher, standing with his arms akimbo at his shop-door, remarked in a taunting tone to the polizei that against mere infants they were very valorous, but that, were they confronted with real Garibaldini, they would take to their heels and run. The remark of the fabulous butcher was as inappropriate as it was uncomplimentary, seeing that, on the rare occasions when white coats and red shirts have been confronted, the Garibaldini it was, in most cases, and not the Tedeschi, who ran away. Let this pass, however. An Austrian gendarme, the scribe continued, maddened by the butcher's sarcasm, drew his bayonet and stabbed him fuor fuori - through and through. He died on the spot. What became of the three children is not stated. Perhaps they were cast into a fiery furnace, or forcibly enlisted into the Kaiser-jäger regiment, or taken to the Castello, there to expire under the bastinado. Now the whole of this story was a lie, pure and simple. No such disturbance took place, and no such deeds were committed.

I hope the encounter on the Canareggio, if not entirely disproved, may be reduced to harmless proportions. Hitherto the bad blood existing between the Austrians and the Venetians has shown itself more under a grotesque than a ferecious aspect. Coarse allusions to "Cecco Beppe," the paraging diminutive for Francesco Giuseppe of Austria, may

be found scrawled on a few dead walls; and on the Canareggio, I am told, some provocative persons have, with desperate charcoal, written up "Morte agli Austriachi" on the wine-shop shutters; but these wall-scribblings, after all, are but effecte and contemptible things. Wise governors would do well to take no notice of them. But wisdom in the government of the world, or in the government of cities or parishes, is not often to be found. I don't think that the personal comforts or the mental scienity of the Croats, or the Magyars, or the Czecbs, or the Poles, who happen to be soldiers in the Austrian army and in garrison at Venice, are, to any appreciable extent, distribed by applied of a few desperate bargees.

The Austrian soldiers when off duty preserve a remarkably philosophic, not to say stong continues, and seem to care a great deal less about politics than about procuring as large a quantity of beer, ripe figs, and tobacco as is consistent with the exiguit meir daily pay. Moreover, a large proportion of their number are wholly ignorant of the Italian language; and, could they speak it, their limited acquaintance with Lord Palmerston's "three r's" would render them incompetent to understand the libels indicted against them on the dead walls. I think we are apt to assume rather too much as regards the mental susceptibilities of private sentinels. I have heard of godly Scotch Presbyterian regiments in Malta whose souls were harrowed at having to present arms when a Roman-Catholic procession passed by; but I doubt whether the Onety-Oneth regiment, " in the aggregate, troubles its head buch about the religious bickerings of Peter, Jack, or Martin.

"He is risen," said the Czar Nicholas, issuing from his palace on the morning of Easter-day, and saluting with the customary embrace the grenadier on guarantees.

"So they say," replied the grenatier sententiously. Now it was his duty, as a soldier of the Orthodox Greek Church, to have responded, "He is risen indeed."

The Czar was appalled at the man's impiety. "Nephew of a dog-" he began.

"May it please your Majesty," urged the soldier, "I am number seventeen in company Bisecond battalion; I come from Yorghi-Karai in Krim Tartary; and I am a Mahometan.";

The Autocr on: but I even wonder that he did not forthwith is a corder of the day commanding all his Mahometan troops it the it combrace Christianity under pain of running the gauntless are of recusancy.

As with religion, it may be with politics. The white-coated soldier who reads—if he can read at all—"Death to the Austrians" on the walls of the will not necessarily be lashed to irenzy. The insult are not be addressed to him. He is, as likely as not, the very reverse of an Austrian. He may be a Slav, a Magyan, a Polack, a Czech, an Italian Tyrolese, an Istrian, a Dalmatian. More than all this, in his heart of hearts, deep down under dense and dull layers of concrete ignorance, stupidity, and the mechanical apathy begotten of drill and heavy marching order and field-days and outpost duty (the whole consolidated by bullying and the stick), there may be an obscure kind of consciousness that he has no business in Venice.

More obscure, but still latent, may there be in that poor man-machine's mind the conviction that he himself is also, after a fashion, an oppressed nationality. They read out to him yesterday in the barrack-yard a general order, in which he was told that he loved the Kaiser passionately, that he was always ready to shed has blood for the good cause and the sacred rights of the House of Hapsburg. The Kaiser thanked him with all his heart; but ten minutes afterwards Fritz Schweinbein, sergeant, threatened him with the black hole for not turning out his toes properly while the general order was being read. What it eneral order to him? what is the good cause? what about the sacred oddy violated his rights of the House of Hand his old mother sacred rights when they took pped his head and and the cottage where he was born made a soldier of him. Piet and Jan, who essayed to revindicate their sacred rights by running, back to their cottages, were caught and put into the dark dungeon. Piet they laid across a truss of straw and larruped with cudgels, and Jan they shot. The survivor does not run away; he will turn wout his toes when the sergeant tells him; he will fire off his or shove with his bayonet when the Hauptmann gives the word, because he has been taught to do it, because he does not know any better, because he cannot belp himself, because he does not wish to share the fate of Piet or Jan. As for the Kaiser, whom he never saw, and of whom he knows no more than the Welsh school-child who told the examiner that the King of England was an "old man who ived in London in a house of gold, and ate taxes," I don't whink the Kaiser's love for his soldiers, or the soldiers' love for their Kaiser, enters much into the actual state of affairs, which sends armies raised by merciless conscriptions to fight in quarrels to whose merits nine-tenths of the fighters must be utterly indifferent.

The persons who are really annoyed at the taunts of the Venetians, at the denunciations and libels, at the seditions cries of the barcardi and the wall-scribblings of "Morte agli Austriachi" and "Vogliamo Vittorio Emmanuele per nostro Re" are mainly Austriacanti, foreign sympathisers with the expiring dynasty, and as a rule more Austrian than the Austrians themselves allave you not frequently been aware of . l engly to trouble themselves much people who wi more about your rs than you vourself were in the The case more than one English exquisite habit of doing? of the "haw-hay truer, more than one dignified lady akin to that distinguished member of the Tite-Barnacle family, who opined that the disasters of Catholic Emuncipation and the soundal of Parliamentary Reform might have been averted had George Barnacle only possessed the firmness of mind to "call out the cavalry," and who are now inconsolable to think that the Austrian domination in Venetia is really about to cease, but who rejoice with unholy glee over every day of its unnecessary protraction, and who would like to see the Venetians bullied, gagged, and if possible scourged, until the very last moment allowed by the Law of Force. These are the ladies and gen-& tlemen was see so very irate at the natural restiveness of population feel that the hour of their enfranchisement is at hand, and who resent, as a wanton insult, the parading of bilboes and shackles, and the flourishing of a cowhide over their heads, with it is patent that the public opinion of

Europe would no longer permit the nigger-driver to apply those engines of torture to their limbs.

A lady sympathiser with the "Expiring Anaconda"-if I may be permitted to cull a beauteous trope from Yankeeland -recently distinguished herself in a very funny manner in Venice. A pork-pie hat on her head, and a parasol in her hand, she was taking a walk in the Merceria dell' Orologio, when she espied at a street-corner one of those wicked little placards headed. "Vogliamo Vittorio Emmanuele, de. de. de." This was too much for her Austriacantism, and incontinent she proceeded to an overt act of suppression. With the ferrule of her paresol she essayed and the obnoxious placard from the wall: nay, if report specification, she enlisted her fair finger-nails, protected, let us hope, by gloves, in the good work. A nice employment for a lady; but polities, although the fact may have escaped the notice of Mr. J. S. Mill, have an almost infallible tendency towards unsexing the better sex. A crowd of idlers gathered found the zealous sympathiser. Grunts and groans were heard; and the vulgar little boys became pointedly personal as vulgar little boys are apt to do everywhere. To them speedily entered an Austrian officer, who, in lieu of advising the lady to go home aided her, with the pummel of his sword-hilt, to erase the terrible little bill, and the pair then withdrew, amidst much hooting and histing.

All this is nonsensical enough; but carried to excess may bring about some very ugly complications. The blame in the matter lies, I cannot help thinking, at the Austrian door, or at least at that of the diplomatists at Vienna. Venice should have been evacuated at least three weeks ago. The

surrender by Austria has long been a fait accompli. The necessity of pocuniary compensation was admitted by Italy as one of the bases of the armistics, and the see e question of amount would have been as well settled subsequently as prior to the evacuation. Were the Venetians men of marble or snow, they might have managed to suppress their real feelings, and to disguise their real wishes until the last Austrian "pyroscaphe" had cleared out from Malanocco; but as they happen only to be made of flesh and blood, elements which, at a certain temperature, are apt to melt and boil, I cannot buy regard the continued system of tacit provocation resulting from Austrian presence here as a very perilous experiment. No good ever came of tying down this safetyvalves of high-pressure engines with whipcord. I have seen more than one boiler burst through the employment of those \* means.

## THE SURRENDER OF VENICE.

October 18.

Ar six o'clock this morning the Austrian dominion in Venico ended, so far as human prescience can foresee, for ever. last bands of German soldiers who, by a blundering policy, had been permitted to linger in the barracks and the public buildings, and whose continued presence was a source of legitimate irritation to the Venetians, packed up their needments and slunk away during the night of the 16th. not remember to have witnessed a spectacle more melancholy, and at the same time more suggestive, than that which I saw about midnight vesterday under the colonnade of St. Mark's Place. A young Austrian officer-a captainhad got his route. There was a war-steamer waiting for him somewhere, to take him to the land of the Teuton; but he did not know exactly where she lay. He was wandering in a pitiably desultory manner about the sotto portici, two orderlies following him in obsequious but uncertain obedience; one bearing on his brawny shoulders the captain's portmanteau, the other laden with his shako, his holsters, and his sword-case. The poor young gentleman evidently lost in Venice. He no longer recognised the expital whose inhabitants he had so long trampled under foot. In vain, by dint of his eye-glass did he strive to discern one friendly face

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of whose possessor he might ask the way to a place where he could take oars and go away for good.

"Retributive justice, O Captain," I thought; and I daresay that my thoughts were echoed, unconsciously, by a good many Venetians. "Retributive justice! The poiscond chalice is at last commended to your own lips! Within these last few days the handwriting has come out on the wall, and the fingers of a man's hand have written, as in sand, that the Medes and Persians are at Mestre, waiting to cross the railway-bridge which you vainly threatened to blow up with gunpowder, and that your kingdom is given to another."

I know that there is nothing meaner or shabbier than to exult over a fallen enemy. I know that the Austrians have many good and estimable points. I know that it is through the default of their own stupid and headstrong Government that they have lost the fairest province upon which God's sun ever shone; and yet I confess that I did not feel at all sorry when I saw the Austrian captain wandering about like a strayed puppy under the sotto portici. My thoughts carried me back just four months, minus three days. I remembered that on the 14th of June 1866, I had to bend the neck and hinge the knee to the Archduke Albert for permission to leave Venetia, and repulsed from the outer cooms of the Austrian Hauptmann, his aide-de-camp, who was wolfing beef and cabbage at woona, at eight o'clock in he morning. He told me to "fait down-stairs," did he? intil he chose to consider my petition to be allowed to quit. he "Austrian Empire." Aha! it is the side-de-camp, now, vhe has to "wait down-stairs" in the cold, and is of less

account than the meanest creature on the Canareggio. This is, I am aware, very unchristian and very uncharitable; but it is human nature; and if you will be good enough to multiply by five thousand the feelings of annoyance I suffered through a temporary slight in the citadel of Verona last June, and add to the product a long-accumulated score of hatred and disgust, you may form some idea of the sentiment entertained by the Venetians for the now ousted Government by which they have been, for so many years, bullied, outraged; and oppressed.

I was at Florian's until very late, and at the Specchi until later, and at Quadri's, and, indeed, wherever there was a chance of seeing Venetian life on the Eve of Liberation; but up to the time I went to bed, which was at a most unbely hour, there were Austrian officers about. Wrapped in their gray gaberdines, their lorgaons faithful to their mild blue eyes, their sabres still clanking, their spurs still jingling on the pavement, their white teeth, blonde whiskers, and fresh complexions still gleaming in the gas, they continued, until the night was very old, to vindicate their claim to be the best "set-up," most soldier-like, and most gentlemaniy-looking officers in Europe. Somehow or another, between the time I retired to rest and the time I got up again, they disappeared.

There is a vague and mysterious period during the small hours, so Mr. Greenwood tells us in his beautiful Essay without End, during which all kinds of curious things are done—during which the Palpable fades into the Impalpable—and sick men preferably die, and infants elect to live. It must have been in this shadowy time that the Tedeschi went away,

to return, I hope, no more. It was a great astonishment, a vast relief, to walk forth on to the Piazzetta in the bright October sun, and find that there were no more Croats under the arcade of the Palazzo Ducale. The Cancellate, that grim range of dungeon-bars, which screened the colonnade, and behind which the Austrian drums and the Austrian banner, the hated Schwarz-gelb, used to rest-behind which the Austrian bayonets used to be piled - behind which the Austrian soldiers used to squar on their benches, puffing at their meerschaums, and contemplating the Imperiale e Reale Zecca opposite with a stale and accustomed look-behind which, in fine, were ranged those six-pounders whose trail was so terrific, and which were to blow the Venetians into peelings of onions if they dared to misbehave themselvesthe Cancellate, those most obnoxious of iron railings, were gone. They had been torn up bodily by a suddenly enfranchised people. Gondoliers, Garibaldini, beggars even, had lent a hand to wrench those prison stockades from their sockets. Even strangers and chance visitors, yielding to an impulse of enthusiasm, had rushed forward to help unroot the ugly signs of Austrian rule.

Was there not, as historians tell us, a turbaned Turk among the fierce French patriots who assaulted the Bastille? He could have known nothing about lettres de cachet, or Latude, or the Man with the Iron Mask, that muslin-kerchiefed Moslem; yet, when the time came, he tucked up his sleeves, and went to work with a will to pull down that horrible old castle of the Devil.

The Cancellate were the last outward and visible signs that remained of the Austrian rule in Venice. The double

the tobacconists. The Imperial "I" had been divorced from the Royal "R" on the façades of the Police- and Post-office, as it had been at Rovigo, at Padua, and at Vicenza. The Venetian National Guard had been suffered to stand sentry at that grand Paviglione behind the Palazzo Reale which, of old time, was only allowed to be tenanted when Majesty itself, or at least an Austrian Archduke, was resident in Venice. The Arsenal, the Mint, the Tobacco-factory, the Finances, the Monte di Pietà, had been given up. But to the guard-house under the Ducal Palace, with its unsightly Wombwell's show-like Cancellate, the Tedeschi stuck until the very last moment. When they gave up that, they gave up everything.

At six o'clock on this instant, Friday, General Alemann, whilem military governor of this city and fortress, bade a long farewell to Venice. It was time for him, like Ferdinand in the Tempest, to break his staff, burn his book, and abjure his magic. A war-steamer waited for him, too; but it was a bright and beautiful morning, and he knew full well where to He came from under the Piazzetta porch of the find her. royal palace as the clock struck six, rosy, clean-shaven, alert, and smiling, in that familiar sky-blue tunic, and with that well-remembered diamond cross on his brave old breast I had seen so often in the hot, hopeless nights on the Molo, when Alemann trotted about monarch of all he surveyed, but very likely wishing most devoutly that any monarchy but the unthankful Venetian one was his to survey. Early as was the time of his embarkation the Piazzetta was thronged. There were there a motley crowd: barcaruoli, fishermen, bargans,

blackguards—the raff and scum of Venice, indeed, mingled with the early-rising toilers.

It was a grand opportunity, asture accasion whereon to hoot and yell and screech, and mob a deposed ruler who had no longer any bayonets at his back. I rejoice to say that as the ex-governor stepped into his gondola there arose from the ragged and rough multitude a great, hearty, honest Erviva! Yes, they cheered him lustily. He had never dene them any harm, and had always striven to do them good. The valiant and loyal little old gentleman had at first only raised his cocked hat in military punctilio, but when he heard that sounding shout of "Good-bye, and God be with you!" he took out his white handkerchief and waved it cheerily in acknowledgment of the salute. Austrian generals are but mortals after all, and who shall say that he did not afterwards convey the cambrie to his eyes, to stanch the witness of "unfamiliar brine"? Good-bye, brave and trim little captain, ever ready in the forefront of the battle, but ever hind and gentle and courteous. The Venetians are good haters; but they will long keep a pleasant corner in their hearts for "Guglielmo Barone di Alemann."

The Venetian population, I opine, would not have preserved a demeanour quite so placable had any of the motor agents of Austrian tyranny ventured upon a public departure. I verily believe that they would have torn Toggenburg to pieces. That "indegno cavaliere," as Masetto called Don Giovanni, was wise enough to steal away many weeks since to Verona, and thence across the Brenner into Austria. He did not care about exchanging adieux with the Veneziani. They might have been apt to remember that the Cavaliere

Toggenburg's favourite amusement was to go down to the railway-station, and gloat over the convoys of political prisoners arriving, handcuffed, from every part of Venetia, on their way to the Spielburg. I wonder what they will do with Toggenburg now. Will they find out some petty town in Styria that wants bullying, or will they give him employment at Trent or Roveredo, where, by a great stretch of imagination, he may yet fancy he is in the Veneto, and play the tyrant in the Italian language?

There have been other subordinate despots in Venice who did not so timeously retreat as did Toggenburg. Rats will desert a sinking ship, but there are always some rats who will remain until the leak assumes alarming proportions. was difficult to make the German polizzotti understand that their presence had become an abenduation in a free Italian With infinite relutance did ex-Director Frank pack up and clear out. During the whole of this week the Italian National Guard-who have been most indefatigable in maintaining order and tranquillity—have had hard work in rescuing the Austrian gendarmes and detectives from the effects of patriotic indignation. The private policemen have been only hooted and pelted; but the crowd have on more than one occasion evinced a lively desire to have the heart's blood of the police captains and commissaries who were wont to domineer over them.

The day before yesterday one Ramponi, who had been a terrible tyrant in his time, was within an inch of being murdered. The crowd discovered him (pretty much as George Lord Jefferies was discovered looking out of the window of an ale-house at Wapping) in some obscure caffè of the Cana-

reggio. I am sure I don't know what he was doing there. The miserable man had perhaps a monomania for espionage, and was prowling about, even after his power had departed, in the hope of "taking up" somebody. The mob were down upon him at once; he was dragged from his lurking-place, hustled, spat upon, half-stripped, and brought into dangerous propinquity with a canal, when the National Guard, arriving in force, rescued him from the horrible fate which befell the wretched Anviti, elsewhere, seven years ago, and which in all probability, but for their intervention, would have been Ramponi's on Wednesday. For safety they took him, for a while, to the nearest guard-house, and then put him on board a gondola, and transported him to the railway-station, advising him, if he valued his own skin, to leave Venice by the very next The man put forth a piteous plea to be allowed to see his wife and children before he left; upon which the Commandant of the National Guard observed to him that he must forego that indulgence. "You might remember, Signor Ramponi." be added, "that when you arrested the Venetians at dead of night, and put them on board the steamers which conveyed them to imprisonment or exile, you were not in the habit of asking them whether they wished to bid farewell to their wives and families."

All Venice had learnt by heart, on the 15th and 16th, the official programme put forth by the Congregazione Municipale of Venice as to the order of proceedings to be observed on this momentous Friday. The Austrians, it was stated, would have entirely evacuated the city by daybreak. The formal surrender of the keys by the Austrian General Möring to the French General Lebouf, and by him to the Italian

General Revel, would then take place. At nine c'clock precisely, amidst a salvo of artillery, the Italian banner would be hoisted from the three tall masts in the Piazza San Marce, which in bygone days bore the symbols of the dominion of the Most Serone Republic over Venice, Cyprus, and the Morea. At ten a corps of five thousand Italian troops, under the command of General Medici, would arrive from the maintand at the railway-terminus, and would enter the city in three different bodies and by three different routes; one body embarking in barges, and praceeding straight along the Canal Grande to the Piazzetta; another coming round, talso by water, by the channel of the Zattare, the third crossing and recrossing the two iron bridges, and marching through the streets—not one of which is wider than old Cranbourn-alley—to St. Mark's.

The hoisting of the Italian standard was a brief but most impressive cereinony. From earliest dawn 5t. Mark's Place had been througed; indeed. I have no doubt that nonly hundreds of patriots had been bivouacking at Florian's, or among the benches of the sotto portici, all night. I am not prepared to state that the Piazza, by nine c'clock in the morning, was full, because it is to mean matter of extreme ancertainty whether any number of human beings congregated together, short of the number who were dispersed at the Tower of Babel, would be sufficient to fill St. Mark's Place. It is like the harbour of Italifax, Nova Scotio, which is said to be big enough to hold all the navies of the world, but opening out of which is a supplementary harbour, capable of holding any number of additional navies. So has the Piazza its supplementary port in the shape of the Piazzetta. A con-

dino friend who was with me—that is to say, a gentleman whose sympathies lay less on the Italian than on the Austrian side of the hedge—declared that there was scarcely anybody on the Place, and that he had seen more loungers there any fine afternoon in the days of occupation, when the Austrian military bands used to play such beautiful waltzes and mazurkas. I did not care to contradict him; yet I fancied that between the Procuratie Nuove and the Procuratie Vecchie there must have been congregated at least ten thousand souls.

St. Mark's itself was all alive. The platform above the façade was black with humanity, who did everything but bestride those immortal horses of St. Mark, which came from Corinth, which have been at Byzantium, which have been at Paris, which have been at Vienna, which may go to St. Petersburg or to New York, for aught we know before this Human Comedy is finished, but which I was pleased to look upon this morning, preserving, even in their grimmest and bronziest aspect, a jocose and Astley's-like look, and unmurmuringly performing their eternal trot. Those marvellous semi-circular fringes to St. Mark's frontage, surmounted by sculptured crockets, which Mr. Ruskin has eloquently but fantastically compared to the twisted and betrified foam of the sea, were on the present occasion obscured by adventurous climbers. The balconies and loggie of the ducal palace were one mass of life; and I am sorry to say that the Venetian gamins had been permitted to invade the tiny courtyard of the exquisite Loggetta at the foot of the Campanile, and to climb over the beautiful bronze gates, the which to see is at case to conceive the desire of committing robbery in a dwelling-house, by carrying them off to England. When I saw the ruthless feet of those young barbarians trampling upon the delicate foliage and delicious scroll-work of the unequalled grille, I shuddered. I carnestly wished that the shins of the desecrators might be galled most sorely by contact with the bronze; and I shall revisit the Loggetta to morrow full of nervous apprehension as to the amount of damage inflicted on an unequalled work of art by those incipient Goths.

Nine o'clock strikes from the Torre dell' Orologio. With the last chime you see something like a fractured rainbow battling with the air. Then three great masses of colour spring up, droop, hang, raise themselves again, develop, and at last flame out broad and triumphant against the blue. It is done. A band strikes up. The multitude give a cryof joy that is almost a sob. The cannon thunders from San Giorgio Maggiore, now an Italian fortress. From the three great masts streams out the standard of twenty-five millions of human souls who are "united and equal." The cannon thunder again. At the Hôtel de la Ville General Möring has exchanged the last protocol with General Lebœuf. The Surrender of Venice is accomplished, and Italy is free "from the Alps to the Adriatic." Will it last?

After this, although the month be October, all is midsummer madness. Venice goes clean out of her mind. Venice is stark staring mad as I sit down to pen these lines. Venice will be suffering, I have no doubt, from acute mania when I take this letter to the post, and will not recover her sanity for many moons to come. I had taken the precaution to engage a two-oared gondola for the entire day, and to

stipulate with the chief boatman that a very large Italian flag should be displayed at the sterner I hurried back from St. Mark's Place to the Hotel Victoria, where my bark was to be in waiting; but, during even the brief period of my absence, Venico had become transformed. Flags by hundreds, flags by thousands, flags by myriads, had cropped up and out from every housetop, from every eave, from every waterspout, from every lamp-iron, from every bourne-stone, from every railing, from every window, from every balcony, from every door, from every hole, from every corner in this city which is full of holes and corners. La città era imbandierata; that is to say, everybody who possessed a morsel of red, white, and green was displaying it. The stoffe colorate, against which that most deplorable police director used to fulminate, had at last asserted them-Frank selves.

The same on the Grand Canal was astounding. The municipality had entreated the citizens to confine the manifestation of their enthusiasm on this particular Friday to flags and streamers, and to reserve the more gorgeous and more peculiarly Venetian display of tapestry, carpets, and window-curtains hung out of the windows for the occasion of the arrival of the King of Italy; but popular enthusiasm had been deaf to the voice of the municipality, and the woven wealth that is within Venetian palaces had to a great extent run o'er. The spectacle of a "house out of windows" was performed a hundred times a minute on the Grand Canal. Out came the Brussels and the Aubussons, the Kidderminsters and the printed druggets; out came hearthrugs and damask-curtains, all mingled with wondrous tapes.

of the sixteenth century—the chefwd'œuvre, it may be; of the looms of Courtray and Arras. Next to the display of textile fabrics was the lavish exposure of pocket-handker-chiefs. Everybody seemed to have at least three, not to apply to their legitimate use. Next to wave in a frantically patriotic manner.

I have somewhere read that when Catherine Malcolm, a." horrible old woman who murdered a gentleman in the Temple in the reign of Queen Anne, was executed at the Middle Temple-gate, the crowd in Fleet-street was so great that an industrious tradesman who sold hot mutton-pies by retail walked, without stumbling, over the close-packed heads of the multitude from where is now the shop of Messrs. Butterworth, the law booksellers, to the corner of Chancery-lane, where he sposed of a hot "twopenny" to a gentleman from Lincoln who had adventitiously hailed him, Without vouching for the historical truth of this attecdote, I am perfectly willing to take my affidavit before any sworn commissioner appointed for that purpose, that I could have walked dryfooted, at noon on this instant 18th of October. over any part of the Grand Canal between the railway-station and Santa Maria della Salute.

The great waterway was paved with boats. There were gondolas everywhere; and the few interstices which presented themselves were filled with skiffs and barges. It was an enormous and glowing parterre of pleasure-boats, of banners and streamers, of gave costumes, of gondoliers in new apparel, of flowers and bright carpets. There were public gondolas and private gondolas; there were men, there were women, there were children, there were soldiers and

sailors; there were brown-cowled monks peeping from the casements of convents; there was a great kaleidoscopic jumble of life and noise, and moment and colour, and light and shade, and reflection and refraction; there was the Tohubohu of the Hebrews; there was a pictorial comeand-go, a mingling and a massing, a surging and weltering of chromatic caprice, there was a sea of gold and purple glory such as the Venetian painter Canaletto never imagined, such as the Venetian painter Guardi never realised, such as the Englishmen Joseph Turner and John Ruskin, with all the magic power of pen and pencil, with all their bright poetic insight, never approached, such as no human limner, no human scribe, can ever hope completely to portray.

I saw it — dulled and hardened as I have been to shows and nights all over the world — I saw it, and felt inclined to any because I knew that I could never convey one teath part of the immensity of its real aspect to you in England. I see it now, clear and distinct in my mind, as the faces of those who are dead, and who come to me in my dreams; and I am ashamed of my impotence to translate into language the ideas of which my heart is full—I am ashamed to blunder over that which its very best must be a lame and halting narrative of subt which I shall never behold again.

In the midst of this transmidens see of happy holiday people, laughing and shouting and embracing, came, slow and stately, half a dozen great alleys, decked with flags, brave in draperies, full from stan to stern of Italian soldiers. As the clock struck noon the treats of the day marched

out of the railway-station, and down its noble staircase into the barks appointed to receive them. There is the clash of martial music. There is Garibaldi's Hymn. There is the Royal Anthem. There is the gride di guerra. Now comes, swan-like, a great Argo, laden with National Guards. Then follow the Carabinieri, the picked men, the boldest, bravest of Italians, the bene meriti dell' armata, the only police force perhaps in Europe who are not unpopular. Like doves from a thousand arks, the white handkerchiefs of the women in the balconies fly out to greet these good, solid men. Now come the Bersage, bronzed and saucy-looking, but eminently serviceable. To these succeed many boats full of Italian infantry, and gondon's conveying sofficers of all arms in full uniform. The which the fiotilla moves is but a small's one; but it is all too rapid for the spectators, who cannot deal too long or too lovingly on the soldiers, who, to them, represent their restoration to national existence, and their deliverance from a cruel and galling servitude.

We crept ahead and got into a fresh crowd of gondelas, but eventually landing at the Molo, crossed the Piazzetta to the Clock Tower, when I was fortunate enough to have secured a front place at a first-floor window. Thence at my leisure I saw the disembarkation of the troops, their march past the Ducal Place, and heard the frantic acclamations by which they were greated by the crowd. And then, I amsconstrained to say, it being close on four o'clock in the afternoon—we had been three hours and a half coming from the terminus to the Molo- and remembering that the post for England went out at eight, I left the Venetians

together in their glory, and, diving dexterously through a labyrinth of by-lanes, returned to mine inn, there to set down so much as time would allow me of what I had seen on this most memorable day.

## EVE IN ST. MARK.

Venice, October 21.

LADY HOLLAND, in her charming life of her witty father, tells us that when the Canon of St. Paul's was old and infirm, he was wont, on fine mornings, to bid his domestics "throw open the shutters and glorify the room." By which the Rev. Sydney Smith simply meant that his servants should let in Under the sun he had beheld, in his long life, much madness and folly; but he loved to look upon the luminary, and to warm his good old face insit, and to be thankful for sunshine, until the end. The sun is the patrimony of age; all, save the blind, can bask in its ws when all other spent, and even Blind Tobias can feel its " View valabond, te seleit est a moi," cries warmth. Beranger's worth mendicant, from his ditch. So Mirabeau, writhing on his bed of death, and vainly striving to stifle agony with spiced meats and dary wines, bade them open the window, that he might gate upon the sun-if not the Deity Himself, at least his contin-german. So Joan Jacques, at Ermenonville, in the evening of the career of miscrable giory-poor, neglected, half-poisoned, may bebade Therese untisten the window-latch, that he might fill history or the laster of the rays of "the Master of the World : the way master who is a fred without flattery, and without greed of temporal reward." For you get nothing by toadying the Sun. It is a pretter of mathematical calculation,

rise to morrow morning; and the chances use ten millions one in favour of humanity that he will so rise. But it is matter of certainty as mathematical that he is not to be purportion addresses; that he will shine with impartial munificance upon David's enemies as upon David himself; and that, if he intends to veil his face, not all the psalms, supplications; or adjurations in the world can conjure his clouds away.

There is a certain time in the afternoon, at this autumns. season, when a certain part of the basilica of St. Mark-the ·most gorgeous, but the darkest church in Europe—is "glorified" by the sun. Worshippers there are in St. Mark's at all hours; but at about ter minutes to five every after mon, when the weather the number of loungers are sure to drop into the church to the apsis behind the high altar "the rified." The contrast which t e to see is all the more whiking, as la lope o'clook the have become a gloomy wilderness, through whi ght wander long 2 requirements of porere da discourse word-shaque, glowing with phyry and malad tiling in rermiculate and mogold and is dimness are the sumptuous Baptista v. the Madonna de' Mascoli, the to fancil even the famous Icom ina and have but a pale and intercolumniations of shadows, so thick that om well-nigh palpable, and you fear to stumble over the shough they were half-hung

draperies left there by undertakers' men who were preparing to hang St. Mark's in black for the obsequies of Day, but had knocked off from work for a spell to lounge out into the Piazza and see the sunset.

I should counsel you to keep our eyes till the proper moment bent downwards or relies them amidst the sha-The change you are about to see will be all the stronger. As the chimes from the Torre dell' Orologio strike the three-quarters, do you, standing right in front of the rood-screen, look up boldly towards the east. As boldly as you may; but the strongest vision will but feebly withstand the astonishing spectacle you will witness. At this moment the sun is in the west, on a level with the centre of the facade added by Eugene Beauharmais to the Palazzo Reale. Using that façade as a fulcrum, the new Amandes sends a gig the lever of sun-ray slauting and the entire Piazza. The rushes through the real indow, just tips the the rood-loft stouches summits of the Lyangers the topmost grain of the apsis or semicircular

the bich should lift the I called it weer. The secretaries all at once in whole world up to Faith. secretarion anight fancy the Looking out of the high altar to be our covered was observed that the control to colossel figure of the Rester er. This golder alcove of glory, this indous shrine glitter la la cilla in its abundance of radiance, fills you tering esta at first with unspeakable awe and veneration. You do 'not wonder that the poor people without here to pray, and who

are crouching humbly in the tenebrous nave, muttering their orisons, should accept in this a sur and visible symbol of their salvation - that, abject poverty-stricken, oppressed, ragged, and hungry, they should swathe their souls in those golden cerements, anointed to them, with blessed balmthat, after a toilsome day and scant part these weary watercarriers, and flower-girls, and gondollers, and fishermen, should find, in the contemplation of the glorified shrine, peac, consolation, and hope. It is very edifying, subsequently, to reflect that the glarification of the apsis is, after all, only the result of mathematical calculation—that the architects of the church knew full well that at a certain hour, at a certain time of the year, the sin would send a most mathematical ray through the great west-window to the eastern extreme church. So they covered the eastern extremits of the source ithin rich ground of gold storic to be lit up by the sun's rays, solordingly,

the watched this grant sign and and many a time, By and late: for L w it is not always of the deriver to five in es chooses to as a fulcrum nharnais 🏚 apsis turn into golden glory en the oppressor's hand was hickin human likelihood, would not broken of her deliverance and her ten abindoned by a generation worn out and sick with distribution with The great door of St. Mak's, leading to the vestibule where the storyof the Creation the Fall, and the Deluge are told, in mosaic, with such quant yet touching natvete, is always

redicting cold out in winter, a mighty reil hangs before the samptuous tabernacle. Towards samptuous tabernacle in need of daylight. Often and often, which always stands in need of daylight. Often and often, standing beneath great cross pendent from the central cupola, and which restival days becomes a cross of a thousand lamps—often and often, waiting for the sun's time to come and for the apsis to be "glorified," have I turned my face towards the great entrance partal, and looked far through the vestibule across St. Mark Mace, all blank and deserted, like some vast, calm, shipless sea which had been turned to stone.

St. Mark's, given up to utter emptiness, is sive in its loneliness than the Crystal Paris afternoon when there are no sharehalder the reading-room of the British Mu worm has been policy hardworked attendant along the gilded the lies. bread dayligh empty. generally time when the Austrian band the hotel-bells had summoned tables - Thôte; and when the walk abroad had retired to and in Florian a or tent in the note north secular veils between TOVES. the Speak a si the columns before the caffes to the extreme heat and extreme cold, as they do at St. Man and these damperies have contributed still further to increase the descintion of the Place.

Once I remember seeing a colitary produc with the whole of the Piezza San Marco to himself. I saw a kindred boxwow once in the middle of the Admiralty-square, at Swa Petersburg, by mornlight. The Russian dog squatted down on his haunches, and lifting his head towards the moons howled at it dismall. The Venetian poodle trotted about the deserted stones of St. Mark's, worn glassy smoothness by so many millions of human footsteps. He tretted to the three tall masts which stood all of a row in front of St. Mark's, bannerless. "He sniffed at Alessandro Leopardi's bronze bases, as though the quire what had become of the three gonfalons of the Republic of Venice, Cyprus, and the He did not howl, or seem to lament that, like Ichabod, he clory had departed. He fell, instead, into a merry the bad a tail, began fter that caudal appendage, gambolling in thic gyrations, as though all were going es though Marina Faliero's fold, and the Two as though the Most grief and the Ausgof hinds, had not clawed out the eyes Man inconsequent poodle; but he ro himself...

Now and the great entrance-portal, and all was the great entrance portal, and all was the great entrance was full of human movement. It was a gift a whole faderation of ant-hills had spumed forth their tasting commonwealths upon one vast marble slab. I emerge the the Place, and I strove to look upon the strange and unactuatomed spectacle, first from the

enthasiastic, next from the morose point of view. Regarding it from the first, the sight was clorious. It made one's heart leap for joy. Gone, for ever, were the Austrian sentries from before the Zecca and the royal palace. Gone were the detestable patrols, whose bayonets were continually, morally speaking, prying over your should not poking into your loins. There were no more grav-comed, bandy-legged Croats, sulking or grinning behind the hideous bars of the Cancellate; like hvænas in their dens. That aggressive standard of black and yellow was furled for ever. Those two murderous fieldpieces had ceased to point mentingly across the Piazzetta. They had been unlimbered for good, and packed, with other rubbishing marine-stores, on board an Austrian Lloyd brand for Tieste. The two monstrous gilt earles that used or domineering wings from twin podestals in the palace-garden had taken away their four ity beads to other, The Anstrian military band him stored their last eyries. toot, and migrated to more congent on agents. There were no more white-tunicked or sky blue coated Tedeschi to kall over the tables at Quadri's, or promatile and down the Pierze with their much-bedizened France tians, half with a scowl of hatred, half cilious contempt. There were no more with murderous-looking cutlasses stuck like those of the bravi in the Romesti S.

In their place I saw, for the first time. The real Italian people, enjoying themselves to their heart arcontent. Soldiers walking arm-in-arm with gondoliers; Garibaldini in their red shirts, followed by cheering and applauding groups; National Guards, belonging mostly to the club and shop-

keeping class, and who, a fortnight since, would have no more presumed to handle a midsket and bayonet than to climb the three tall masts under the nose of an Austrian patrol, and hoist the Italian tricolor there. In their place I saw dozens of organ-grinders playing Garibaldi's Hymn booksellers shops full of the portraits of the King, the Princes, and Garibaldi; legions of ballad-singers, yelling patriotic lyrics; and from every window a kaleidoscopic display of the national colours. Among the people nine out of every ten men you met had the tricolor arranged as a cockade for their caps or a rosette for their button-holes; the women had scarves and neckbows of the three hues; the children wore frocks and petticoats of red, white, and green; and almost ever adult, gentle or simple, wore in his his pinned to his breast, a little piece of white cardboards. ing the menosylla, " and signifying that his electoral mind was firmly madeling, and that on Sunday next, when the volume vote or plebes to will be taken, he intended to return to the elaborate question, "Are you desirous that Verience should be united to the kingdom of Italy under the the Second?" one conclusive and rule of Victor

thusiastic side of the picture. Remain I had known Venice as an old curie and I had known Venice as an old curie and the stick, as a city in a state of siege, as a dungeon, as a tomb, I felt very much inclined to fling up my cap and burst forth in a series of cestatic crvivas for Victor Emmanuel, for United Italy, for Giuseppe Garibaldi, for la bella famiglia, which is an Italian

equivalent for "one noble selves," for the Lion of St. Must, St. Theodore, St. Zuliano, San Moise, and all our Venetina Saints. The aspect of so many newspapers, where once newspapers were all but entirely prohibited; filled me, in particular, with feelings of the liveliest gratification. It was a sight for sore eyes to see the ragged little newsboys running about barefoot, their wallet of intelligence, damp from the press, under their arms, and screeching out the names of the hundred and one newspapers which, in a deluge of typegraphy, have fallen on Venice. There is Daniela Manin number one, and a rival Daniele Manin number two? There is the Conte Cavour, the Pungolouthe Perseveranza, the Opinione, the Sole, the Sciolo, the Gazzetta del Popolo, and he Links and in particular there is the Cazzetta di Venethe terrible Gazzetta Ufficiale, but the is now the gy of the death-headed the sale ich the little news who are srch wags, to other lina without the cock doodle and tita, la Paolona being the tage repentance once equally amou

It was as well that I did

did not break forth interevivasion affair at all of mine; and five a new English friend, moving in the variate decidedly codino way of thinks, in political sympathies, Tory to the takkbone. He pointed out to me that Venice was entirely spoilt; that it had become quite a vulgar and uproarious place; that the most beautiful architectural monuments were defaced by placards and handbills; that now the volunteer force was disheaded.

it had become as ridiculous as it was offensive for the Garibalding to walk about Venice in their r d shirts; that the Italian regular officers gave themselves too many airs, and were not half so gentlemanly in appearance as the Austrians; that Florian's and Quadri's were now thronged all day by the merest rabble a that the plebiscitum was a sorry farce, seeing that everybody who dared to give a negative vote would infallibly be mobbed, and probably murdered; that very few English visitors had arrived a that fewer wealthy Italian families were expected; that all the enthusiasm of which the Venetians were capable had been expended on the entry of the troops; and that the visit of the King-if it ever took. place, the which he considered to be exceedingly improbable -would be a miserable fiasco. My codino friend was too enough to the s with a release grasp of the l bade me ferewell that now of the hotels of mic more than half full; that the misery and destination among the poor of the Canaregue was hourly on the increase; and than ever in the narrow that the cholera was me and crowded calls of

This was a from the morose point of the result of the seen of the my own eyes, and pearly the prefer to elect the tableau painted husiasm as the genuine one. For

## XVI.

## THE PLEBISCITUM.

Venice, October 24.

THE plebiscitum, by means of which the Venetian people were to make their political wishes at once and for ever known, took place on Sunday and Monday last. The electoral lists in the city of Venice itself contained the names of about forty thousand voters; and some thirty-six thousand presented themselves at the polling-places. The votes have vet to be formally examined by scrutineers appointed for the purpose, and some days must elapse before the result is officially made known; but it is generally meted in Venice that among the whole thirty-six thousand suffrages recorded there were only half-a-dozen "noes." As in nonden club elections a candidate may always reckon and least one nervous, or stupid, or sleepy member, while the very well afferted towards the aspirant) will blackball be extremely probable that the six "noe popped into the box through absence of comprehension, on the part of the vote isting between a negative and an affirmative. At Verona, I have heard, but one solitary "no" was given. At Vicenza and Padua there was a unanimous "yes."

Everybody knows that in all these towns, as in Venice, there is a considerable number of persons who would have dearly liked to answer "no" to the question propounded to

them, and who are strongly, and I daresay conscientiously, adverse to the union of Venetia to the kingdom of Italy. These persons have probably abstained from voting altogether. Where universal suffrage prevals, the people have a curious intuitive faculty for discovering electors who intend to vote the wrong way; and when the division to be taken is one as between liberty and despotism, and nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of every thousand have made up their minds to vote the "liberty ticket," the part played by the supporters of despotism becomes a very invidious, not to say a slightly dangerous one. Had I been a Codino, or a Papalino, or an Austriacante, or in some way or another an opponent of the House of Savoy-had I wished to see Venetia erected into an independent republic under a new Doge, or into kingdom under the rule of a Hapsburg, or a Hohenzoul Free Coburg. or a Bourbonit does not much matter where I should decidedly have kept away from the electoral deleges last Sunday and Monday. I should have known perfectly well that neither my vote, nor that of five hundred post of my way of thinking-did such a number crist would have sufficed to turn the scale against the anormy respority on the other side; that my negative protest found have no moral weight; and that it was well below to keep my political sympathies to myself and a fr times arrived. Mawworm may have liked to be despised, but, in general, quiet and sensible folks are chary of courting public derision and execration.

I do not think that the populace congregated round the voting-places on Sunday would have at once proceeded to tear a notorious Codino to pieces, or would even have gone so far

as to make him sat his pointed "mo," after the manner of Jaish peasants in the case of chnoxious process-servers, and then enable him to wash down his meal by throwing him into the nearest canal; but things in general might not have gone pleasantly. An American writer has regarded the disinclination entertained by the majority of mankind to being kicked downstairs as a convincing proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and the constant aspirations of humanity towards Higher Things. Be this as it may, there are very few of us who much like being hooted or groaned at, or pelted, when we are only conscious of doing our duty, and when we have got our Sunday clothes on. It is all very well to be stoical, and to disdain the wile rabble; that, taking one thing with the other. dead cuts and wetten seeks are not so nice as showers of roses and triple selves of herester Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli. Ask de Rose anourable Bobert Lowe. Ask anybody who on Merchantening has not a piece of plate presented to him at a public dinner the Freezeson's, and on Tuesday morning has had to far ruffically mob in Clerk nwell-green.

The conviction, however, that it was human prompossible, just now, to mend the matter, must have be strongest incentive which kept those disaffected to the state of things away from the pell-booth. They will thing to be gained, and there is everything to be lost by overt exposition to Italian unity. This the Codini know full well.

This, perhaps, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, Patriarch of Venice, knows better than any other sympathiser with the bygone rulers of Venice. Monsignor Trevisinato, who, as a Venetian born and one sprung from the ranks of the people, and as a prelate distinguished by unfeigned piety. extensive charity, and vast learning, especially in the Oriental languages,-has every claim to be regarded with esteem and veneration by his flood, but whe is, for political reasons, most cordially hatel has just put forth a Pastoral, a copy of which, in a new cromy frame, and protected by a screen of wirework, is visible to the faithful on one of the door-ismbs of the vestibule of St. Mark's, and is the subject of much satirical comment on the part of the gondoliers and fishermen who are generally to be found lounging about the sacred His Eminence has made a copious collection of very good set phrases in choice Italian; and the gist of his pastoral is that, for the greater glory of Haven and the advantage of the Church, it is lesi ble rybody to proserve a peaceable and, and, forgetting all by piece in the union of Venetia to the constitut archy of Victor Emmanucl II. Apart from the set parases un the choice Italian, the Cardinalitian discourse means little more than that the best must be made of a bad jeb. wever the Patriarch may now say, "Limerari animam meam." pastoral may he accepted as at once a confession, a recantation, and an assurance politically he is what is termed, in American parlance, "found on the care;" and when Victor Emmanuel comes to Venice Cardinal Trevisinato may, with a very good grace, receive the King of Italy under the great baldacchino of St. Mark, authorise the customary Te Deum, and solemnise the customary high mass.

"I was the last mation England," said George III. to the first American Minister who came to the Court of St. James's, "to acquiesce in American independence; but I will also be the last to do aug to injure the liberties of the United States." It is to be hoped that the Patriarch of Venice may eventually fall into a frame of reasons honest and as Christianlike as that of George III. It is an identify hard, however, in one's old age, to have to go into an entirely new set of harness, and to pull from the collar where hitherto one has been accustomed to pull from the loins. The Patriarch owes his mitre, and his red hat to boot, to his steady Austriacantism. He has been fed upon good Viennese sauerkraut from his youth upwards. It is pitiable to see him now, condemned to a diet of Savoy cabbage.

He is the mecessor, although not the immediate one, of that Patriarch of Cnice who, in 1819, was mainly instrumental in bridging about the contulation which led to the the Austrian. The Venetians, reoccupation of Veni suffered for motilis, under although suffering the triple scourge of a familie, and a member and a hombardment, were not in the least desirous to mirrender. It was their desire to fight until the last Vection should die in the last canal of the Guidece The Cardinal, however was man of peace, his paternal heart bleeding at the spectacle of the misery he saw around him, so managed matters is , by dexterous comisel and soft persuasion, to pave the way for surrender and the return of the Tedeschi. Before they returned. however, the Venetian people guited the patriarchal palace, threw half the furniture into the canal, and burnt the rest. The Patriarch died soon after the reinstallation of the Austrians, and Monsignor Trevisinato, then only an archpriest, had to deliver a funeral oration over his remains. This ora-

tion was spoken in the Basilica, and the presence of two. Austrian archdukes. The preacher was so eloquent, alluded so touchingly to the one aught on the late Patriarch's palace, and the holocaust made of his chairs and tables; he said so many beautiful, orthogram and truly conservative things concorning the exils of resolutionary passions and the deplorable effects of mob violence; in a word, he contrived, by implication, so fervently to laud the advantages of the Austrian domination in Venetia, that the archducal heart was touched, Both Erzherzogs, indeed, were moved to tears; and the ingenious archpriest was so strongly recommended at Vienna, that he was soon afterwards made bishop of some unimportant place. He was next propose the Pope for the Archbishopric of Udings the sure and star stepping-stone to the more sumptuon see of Venice. Then came the patriarchate, and ultima he mippello rosso; and, if his Eminence takes care, he may find himself soinc by in the chair of St. Peter-if, indeed, St. Peter, whose chromstances are becoming every day more embarrassed, have any chair left by the time Cardinal Trevisinato is haply deemed worthy to sit in it.

He is not the first Church dignitary who has obtained the highest prizes in his profession by preaching a olever funeral sermon. Dubois, it is true, owed his scarlet to his impudence and the Duchess of Kendal. Alberoni got his through knowing how to dress cauliflowers with Parmesan cheese. Ganganelli rose by merit, Borgia by profligacy, and Aquapendente by accident; but, as a rule, the funeral sermon may be hailed as a moyen de parvenir. De mortuis nil nisi bonum: let the aspirant for ecclesiastical preferment bear

that exicm well in find, and the odds are twenty to one that the living will give him something worth having.

The Venetians have pretty good memories, and they are not likely to forget their Patriarch to tecedents. He has never, however, been actively misches and as it was his great good luck to be neither an Au general nor a commissary of police, the dislike he has inspired has been more passive than active. For the rest, the good man only wanted to get on in the world; and he got on. His revenues are large, and he gives away a good deal to the poor. The Venetians chose rather to remember that he was old and charitable, and a capital Sanscar scholar, than that he was a creature of the stranger and an adherent of tyranny. There has, then, been little desire to mab, to denounce, or even to Some wags have to time, played a harmless practical joke on him to be; but there has always been a wast funded drougry latent in the Italian character—witness the pries of the Datameter the Venetians are pahaps, next to the the things, the funniest people is all Italy.

For example, when the cession of Venetia by Austria began first to be talked about last July, and provisions of the stoffe colorate, so fiercely denounced by the now obsolete Director Frank, were laid in, with a view to future banner-displays, it was rumoured that the Carlinal Patriarch had suddenly become imbued with popular sympathies, and was having a tricoloured flag made. It was ascertained, on inquiry, that the flag was actually in course of manufacture, and was a very grand affair indeed, of silk and gold fringe. When a sufficient time for completion had elapsed, a face-

tious person went to the maker, and, professing to be the bearer of a message from the Patriageh, demanded his Eminence's flag. The maker, suspending nothing, gave it up. The facetious but fraudulent message, went away, and from that day to this the splendid standard of silk and bullion has never been seen. It may have been displayed last Friday from the window of some hover on the Canareggio, but from any balcony of the patriarchar palace it certainly did not flaunt.

Nothing discouraged, and foreseeing that the children of Belial must eventually prevail, Monsignor Trevisinato had another flag made-nay, three flags, and even four or five; and on the momentous morning of emancipation his lacqueys were ready to make his whole palace brave tricoloured But the Venetians were determined that their codino Patriarch should not sympathise with the cause of Italian unity. A highly-respectable deputation of barcaruoli and macellaji waited, at hing wood A.M., on the Patriarch, n to take his flags in. and respectfully but firmly de His Eminence's major-domo pleas, the fervent patriotism of his master; but the deputation in that it was rather late in the day, and that they preferred that he should keep his patriotism to himself. Little good is to be obtained from arguing with a deputation-least of all when it is composed of boather and butchers. The signs of patriotism disappeared, and, one the day of the entry of the Italian troops into Venice, the only house sundecorated the the Italian colours was the palace of the Patriarch of Venice.

I have dwelt at some length on matters ecclesiastical for the reason that my readers may be desirous to learn what is

the precise "attitude" of the Venetian along, in view of the astonishing change of public things when has come down upon them very much after the manner of a cart-load of bricks. I remember that Mr. Dickens, in his American Notes, mentions an inquisitive Yankee, who, occupying the next state-room to him on board a steamer, was very uneasy in his mind at the undemonstrative course of conduct pursued by his illustrious fellow-traveller. "Boz keeps himself very quiet, my dear," he was heard, through the bulkhead, to observe to his wife. The truth withhat Boz in pilious headache, and was lying down in his berth. The back Boz in Venice is keeping, just now, very quiet indeel. The black panther is conchant—not rampant. So have I seen the real panther at the Jardin des Plantes, curled up in a corner of his den, lazily blinking in the sun hine, and disdaining to roar, to glare, or to spring, when the naughty little gamins threw nutshells at him. Lould he be the real panther of Java who bounds through the r, and wakes a man into a mummy in one squeeze and one crunch! Yes he is the same old Boast, only the day is warm, and the times are dull, and he does not exactly see what good might come out of tearing up the planks of the den or dashing his head against those iron bars. He waits. A bright time may come when he may crunch bones, and suck marrow, and cat Man again, This is about the attitude of the priesthood. They are quiescent. They crouch in the corne of the cage. They fear the opular beaststamer, with his gutta-percha whip or his stronger crowbar. They wait.

In common, I hope, with most Englishmen born and bred in an atmosphere of respectable sectarian prejudice, I

have been much cocked to see that Venice has gotten her liberty, that the Austrians have gone away, that the Italian banner has been hoisted, and that the Italian troops have piled arms on St. Mark's Place, without a single Te Deum, without the tingle of a single bell or the smoke of a single censer, or the flare of a gle taper, or the apparition of a single stole, alb, or damatic. What has become of the Church of Rome in the Italian peninsula? Where is it? Who believes in it? Who asks for it? Who looks for the priest to bless the way to utter a prayer over the newly-unfurled between of freedom? Certainly not the Italians.

If you really wish to know where Rome's friends are, you must inquire at Munich or at Madrid, in the Graben, or of the beadle of Sa Germain & Auxerrois. You must ask at Baltimore, or at Brompton. Were you to address yourself to the majority of people in Italy, you would be told that the Church of Rome did not lodge there. This is the naked, anpalatable, and incontestable truth. In the hearts of most Italians—save some ignorant peasants, some savage brigands, some half-imbecile old women, and some sour men in shovelhats—the Romish idoletry is DEAD. It is as dead as any dog that ever hung. It is dead notwithstanding the existence of some clerical journals - notwithstanding the performance of the usual incantations in the all-but-deserted churches-notwithstanding the fact that there are here and there half-demented people who tell their beads, who make votive offerings of silver ears and noses in gratitude for their recovery from deafness or polypus, and make pilgrimages, with peas in their shoes, to the shrine of St. Bosfursus, or rub their bellies with a portrait of St. Joachim to keep away

the cholera morbus. You may buy the same positis in the city of Venice itself. They are printed on thick flannel. Everybody knows that friction with woollen stuff is an excelent stomachic; but I am inclined to think that the efficient of Mr. Stead, the Perfect Cure with the quite as efficacions as that of St. Joseph on the strandillinnel. The fraudulent intentsis, however, delicious. Aide toi—with a flannel bully-band; et le ciel t'aidera—with the portrait of St. Joseph.

There are Italian born and Italian-speaking people who continue to place faith in these minameries of they do not constitute the nation. The nation has utterly and entirely repudiated l'apistry—Paganism's effect drughter. They have done with the barbarous swinding system altogether. I do not believe that Voltairianism, it has ism'. Hegelism, Renanism, or any other particular "ha." is making much way in Italy. The copie have simply abandoned or religion because they have storered it to be wicked, mischievous, and useless; and they are looking out for another. I hope they may and a good one.

## veluce resto

November 1.

THE Fenice opened in night with Verdi's open of Un Ballo The historian regrets to have to record the in Maschera. fact that the entire performance was a fiasco of a most extensive nature. The catastrophe is, for numerous reasons, to deplored. The chief are certainly is that the Fenice has closed for a period of eight years; that its long-coninued surcesse was inseparably connected with the gloomy memories of the Austrian memories; and that its reopening was looked upon of the a symbol that the dark and bitter days were the and as a harbinger of a brighter era in store . La Fenice encareopened, Venice was forthwith to become ty prosperous, and happy. its name, the Phoenix Phoenix to arise from its ashes, and shine the brighest indeed, for the edification of the lovers of the lyrico-dramatic art in The process of the operatic element in bringing about that Venetian rinascimento or new birth which we all so ardently desire, should not by any means be underrated.

In England operas and theatres are mere accessories and adjuncts of civilisation; and in the opinion of very many worthy people we should be much better off were we to abolish operas and theatres in block, and, following the counsel of

the sour old Puritan poet, "turn the minstrels if with all their rescal company." shong the generally, and especially among thans, the stage is stitution, a power, a hierarchy companied by Publica. The forum must ever have The theatres of Ventes are as reviete with tions as its Procuratie or its palace Fenne San, Benedetto, the San Samuele, even the open theatre of San Moïsè can all show a highly-respectable antiquity, have all a glorious and varied record, all claim their part in the four of the Most Serine Republic are all joints, as it were, in the immortal tail of the Lion of Sw Mark. The Carnival Venice, without the theatres, would have been such as the thirds of its attractions. Regate and ridotti were all well in their way; but the reglioni, or theatrical in the balls, were the most favorate divints of the dissipated cians, and the scare descented therey and burgesses, whom the scandal are whic pentil of Casanova has drawn in undying chia ro. Doing the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Vena, as a sesen as lyric art, was more renowned than either Bonde of Naples of Milan.

The boundless wealth and the inexhaustible god-nature of the Venetians led them to credit their beautiful city with charitable institution. If we wish to entire a sylums now in their fullest plenitude—even to redundance sometimes—we must be England, or to the United States; but, two hundred years ago, the Queen of the Adriatic was the most bounteous nursing-mother to the fatherless and the destitute to be found the whole world over. The Conservatorio di Musica is a Venetian invention, and in its origin was

mosynary or and the musical comparatories of the control of the co

ode time in it is children under her old woman who weed has shoe, she did not know what to do with them. The give them broth without boad sand, thinning them all round, dispuss them to the was not part of her scheme. In other ords, she no time so bigoted to the Roman Catholic faith as to with giving schi-monastic minimum her inhans. The demands of her army and havy were not tous enough to cause he to regard her orphan asylums as nurseries future heroes, and it may be hinted that the Sorgie, being his visc intertely sagacious, much prea reit a mie Slavonie of Teo me mercenaries, for soldiers ors, to her own children. The more charies' lives were Eminent as Venice was in arts and similarity ver dam-like structure of the city, and the interest extending it, made a discreet restriction the imported added artisans a matter of public policy. It was man will be to bring up all the protégés of the State as tendants or carvers, or glass-blowers, or velvet-was to be done with them. Most Serence de Chined. in its wisdom, that they should all be taught music and if they had any voices, instrumental if they had hand the they had one and the other. At least, they argued, he who can play on the fiddle need never starve. The Most Serene went even further. They solved the problem which in this nineteenth century is puzzling us so sorely. They found a suitsphere were taught to play the base viel.

The good old new sor the comes to and endeavours and petrinate me.in the positivitells me that when he was young amost every girl in Venice smild play on the violoncello. These genteel days, he adds with sigh, the passion of such an scoon-plishment by the semigelle of suice would be desired "shocking." is in truth, it was to reconcile with more notions of femining memons idea of the stored your heart sitting on a three gred stool, and sawing at the double bass. Why not? In England we talk deal of stuff about femirine delicacy as armied to occupation by means of which women might east their blead selfish and brutal enough allow wamen to maids in public-house drawing pots of bearing noggins of gin to drunken paraments what an outcry there would be it was the Clarendon or Mivart's, or a few and Somerset House!

It is about a year sing. The adming from Manchester to London with professed. The man and so is the was pluming himself in the on the efforts he had made to persuade the gratified are union in the North to "train" their young pauper go increase. "There is an intuitive delicacy and sympathy," et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, "it is an employment at once so a pristion and so eminently suitable," et entera, et cetera, he was maundering on, when I

took the liberty disterrupting him Good God, sir," A esh young girls of cto conde nght pove their as in every limes a ........-existence among illcers and poultices and fills and copping-dra and the bandages which the up the jaws of the W you, that was should presume to settle the of your young parties girl? Support she wants to all it love and be married-whom is she to marry? The work of the porter or the parish andertaker 2 suppose species to point in water-colours, or to write with in the ottore rime, or to drive a cah? Why don't you go and ask Lady Clara Vore de Vere if she wor like to poultice scald heads or stick plasters on sere shins all the days of her life?" But this has nothing to do, I apprehend, with the progress of lyric art in Italy and last night a faco at La Bonte.

My professor, I supplies to born long after the collapse of the Most Sere. In the professor of high fiddling among the young ladice in the boundary have been but the dim continuous of an est that it. Music, however, vocal and in wait hal, had been at one time taught universally and sympathy and taste. Proficiency in the children of the poor, both boys and the proficiency in the same and sympathy, and taste. Proficiency in the children of music served to relieve weakly boys from the proficient bondage of the needle.

The demand for such proficients was quite equal to the supply, although the Italian opens of London, New York,

San Francisco, and St. Petersburge as vet Italy could take as many good per maners, male its as the conservatories of Venice count farnish. oppression had not then made the littlens a nation of shabi They were a hopitable people. They lived niggards. largely as sumptuous a scale a presented in the vasty carvases of Tintoretto and Veron ... The works of the great Vertian masters are full of s, bautboys, sackbuts, and all linds of psaltery. You ever see the welding guest but you have the loud They were good players themselves, as the great Dutchmen were. When Gerard Doug has finished touching up his pots and pans, he takes up his Statings and discourses sweetly upon it. The wiel has an honoured place by the easel of Palmavecetto, Grorginal ashes the cymbals, and Titian pinches the chords of the lune Simple Catholic men, they carry the the miles and the very They show a same and derives sounding the heavens. French horn, and angels performing on the big drum. those bright orchestral days, what a darriari there neest have been from the Alps to the Alriatie, and from the Lago Maggiore to the Gulf of Sorrente Every great noble had a band of "musicianers" in Not a lord but had his chamber singers. Not a lady but had her lute-boy. Not a municipal solemnity but needed some braying and banging of metallic tarmouy.

The Church had stomach for a whole mine of music; nor in the Venetian fanes were female voices banished from the mass, as, from the pathetic Latin lament of the Maestro Rossini to the Pope, we learn that they now are throughout

the Paris Chorses were easerly sought for by the priests of a religion which, when it ceases to appeal to the reserve falls at once before the cruel logic of reason; nay, so accessant was the demand for shall create voices that there arose, prompted by the Devil, that hideous manufacture soprani of which Velluti was the last-known type in England. "Faites-mai ceases complement ces et a "Napoleon wrote sternly to his viveroy Beauharmais at Milan; and the manufacture of imprani ceased to ever.

Apart, from hard-needs, and those of banquets and festivals, samps and vanities without end, there instorios and theatres all hungering and were concerts 🥻 thirsting for resicioners. These were largely recruited from the Concerns relief of Venice. They, however, and the came to a sorry, shameful Most Serens II inustabo, admitted, brought with them into 🕆 hands that had ever been heard of Raly, inde the cost and mazurkas in St. Mark's Place new transfer they contrived to strangle, sufficiente, and site to be invested profession in their unjustly acquestion of Scala et Milan, it is true. they never succession. The Conservatory of the capital of Long ed to garish as a musical university, whither represents from all parts of Europe; but music in Venice the Tedeschi utterly ruined. I darcsay they had not the slightest intention of sping the Venetians any such evil turn. It was not their fiult. was their system, it was political it was tatality, which was to blame. Still, in any case, strongh was it that the Conservatorij of Venice went out, one after the other, like

exhausted tapers, and that the decay of La Fernand the San Benedetto kept pace with the decay of commerce and navigation of arts and arms—of cultivated society and material prosperity—of everything, in fact, which could be blighted and withered by an unbending military despotism and a pig-headed burefueracy.

The France struggled for a time, flickered, burnt up again for a brief mason when Maximilian was viceroy, then sank into the socket and utter darkness. No sooner was the cession of Venet Ltaly talked about last July than the Venetians beginning La Renice. The resuscitation of the famous old house was looked upon as a natural and inevitable consequence of the emancipation of the city. An army of upholisterers and painters began quietly to rub up the gilding, chan the calling, refurnish the boxes, and mend the holes in the stage, about the same time that the middle classes began to enrol then selves in the National Guard and arcicles with wooden muskets in the halls of deserted palaces, and the Venetian ladies began to hem tricoloured has and a cockades together. The preparations for the Feat, of the went on con-Then the Austriana maintain for good, and it currently. was announced that the Fenice vote be opened on the thirty-first of October. Some peop thought it would be more loyal and decorous to wait for the arrival of King Victor Emmanuel, and solemnly mangagate the new era with a gala performance, and the Fenice lighted a giorno; but the Venetians were impatient to look upon their beloved opera-house once more, and the date thirty-first was adhered to.

I heard, for a full fortnight, almost as much bragging and

boasting about the prime tenore and the prime dollars the band and the chorus, and the new seeners desires and decorations, which we were to see by the dirty first as before the war we used to hear about what notice productions to do in the Quadrilateral, and nostre camicie rosss in the Tyrol. The Italians are as fond of the use of the first person perral as are the Spaniards with their incessant "nosotroe." When an Italian cannot possibly do anything without entire necus assistance, he is sure to scream "Faremo da nois" Hope rose to a most exciting point, and was kept at fever heat by the authouncement that the management of the Fenice had been confided by the committee of noble proprietors—the same patriotic patricians who so sternly refused to open the house at the invitation of the tyrant Toggenhurg, backed as his offer was by the offer of fifty thousand norms by way of subvention to the experienced hands of the impresario of La Stela at Milan. We rere to have a firstrate troupe, a tenor hors liene, a ballet recruited at once from Mahomet's parties of the sis and from the Reale Scuola di Dang and a mandenna assoluta who she recall the language series of Venice prior to '59, which the great Alboni be heard for a zwanziger. The magical name ever michie incompara Adelina Patti whispered abroad; and the cognoscenti trem and with ecstatic expectation.

One night, very late, a gondola arrived at the Hotel Victoria; a vast quantity of luggage, a lady of a certain age, and another of an uncertain age, the former being the margina of the latter, were discharged to the latter, and the shrill tones of semale voice, were heard in the marble balls inquiring,

"La prima mima? Div' è la prima mima?" It was the seconda mima, the second pet of the ballet, who had arrived, and to whom the first mima had given rendezvous at the Victoria. I call her age uncertain, because in stature she did not appear to be much over nine, whereas in agility she was nineteen, and in facial expression ninety. The next day came the primo tenore, who was stout, and a sufferer from the toothache, they said. He retired to his apartments and rang the bell up till one in the morning, demanding mint, tea, chloroform, laudanum, onion - peel, creosote, tobacco, cloves, cotton-wool, and other remedies for his ailment. We were joined, however, at the table-d'hôte by the prima donna, was thickly swathed in shawls, and the tip of whose nose—which was the only part of her person visible did not look que so young as it might have done. The footlights, however, make a wonderful difference in these play-acting folks; and it is certain that their profession is a very trying one for the complexion.

We next heard that the warehearsing at the Fenice, that the Ballo in Maschera tould be produced on the coinced night, on a scale of speedour of artistic commences yething at least of in Venetian species. Boxes and stall-active were, of the at a premium, at least, foreigners were finded to told that admittance could be obtained scarcely for low or for money; and several worthy forestieri of my acquaintance were only too glad to disburse sums varying from twelve to twenty-five frances a-head for tickets ending them only to standing-room. I may here mention, en passant, and with many apologies for being so rude, that the only one genuine thing connected with the Italian opera

in Italy is the opera itself. That cannot be adulterated, sophisticated, tricked, cooked, and doctored; but, apart from the actual production of the gifted composer, everything else is an ingenious, artistic, and shameless swindle. In England, our most shining abilities in the way of swindling are ordinarily devoted to the buying and selling of horses, and the promotion of joint-stock companies. In Italy, Jeremy Diddler becomes an operatic manager; Robert Macaire writes, theatrical critiques, and extorts black-mail from the artists he criticises; Jack Sheppard turns music-publisher; and Jonathan Wild does a neat little business as box book-keeper, with Blueskin as assistant ticket-agent.

Having been myself, on innumerable occasions, bitten in regard to the purchase of tickets for first nights, and with a keen remembrance of having paid about two hundred and fifty per cent above cost price to see the Africaine in the principal theatres in Europe, I made no efforts to secure stalls or front rows for the thirty-first. I waited to see whether anything would turn dp. Sure enough something did. A revolution of Fortune's wheel brought me an invitation on the part of the committee of sharcholders to witness the prova generale, or full-dress rehearsal of opera, which was to take place on the evening of the t inty-nint esteemed this favour the more highly that only the committee and a select number of the sence cracy were to be present, and that persons of the journalistic profession were specially to be "non-recipients of invites," to quote the delicate phrase employed by American report to signify that they haven't been asked to supper. The press taboo, however, did not prevent my next neighbour from being

the sprightly correspondent in Venice of the Milan Perseveramea, an accomplished musician, but a terribly bitter critic, and an honest one, which is saying much when criticism is mentioned.

I found the old Fenice not very much changed. It had here, like an antique silver salver, diligently rubbed up with whitening and wash-leather, but that was all; and its tasteful, albeit somewhat old-fashioned, decorations were perhaps no worse for having had so little done to them. I should be loth to assume that the genius and skill in those decorative arts in which Italy once excelled have abandoned her for ever; but I must confess that since I have been in this country I have seen little or nothing in the way of public decoration to remind me that I was in a land once rendered illustrious by the performances of Bramante and Palladio, Donato and Sansovino.

The architectural remains of Venice are magnificent, but they all belong to the remote past. They are, in the strictest sense, funeral baked meats, and, to tell truth, do somewhat coldly furnish forth the marriage table. A trifle of colour, in the way pooring, or a hors rever chand field be most well in The old gilding, the long terolls and this, the old girmdoles, the old medallions of posts in the possers, the old ceiling in tempera, showing the nine Muses, the Graces, the Hours, the Seasons, and the Passions, all with scarcely a rag on, balancing themselves in the othereal blue, had been carefully bread-crumbed and sedulously polished; and a few books of gold-leaf had been bestowed on the tarnished frames of the mirrors in the royal box; and those pasters of glass which were hopelessly cracked

had been replaced by new ones. Perhaps a gross of glass drops had been added to the chandelier, and some of the stalls had been re-covered.

There is, however, a rich and subdued harmony about the interior of the Fenice not surpassed by any other theatre I have seed and the paucity of fresh adornment was, therefore, a thing more to be rejoiced over than lamented. unfortunately happened that what was really new was not good, but in the very worst possible taste. I could have borne with an old act-drop, however faded and rococo. might have been a drop a hundred years old for aught I cared; for a hundred years ago the names of the scenepainters at the Fenice were Canalette and Guardi. I don't think we should grumble at home if at Drury Lane Mr. Chatterton gave us now and then some odds and ends from his scene-room, painted, thirty years ago, by Clarkson Stanfield and David Roberts. The management of the Fenice presented the audience with a tawd. Train of blue cottonvelve powdered with tawdrier stars in ilt-foil paper. was bad to begin with, but worse remained before. Over the royal box there had been nailed up a most whightly trophy. composed of tricoloured flags of the component bunting with the royal crown, escutcheon, and cost of Savoy in the middle. The part which should have been gold was of the coarsest Dutch metal; and the cross of Savoy was of a silver so strident, glaring, and burnished-tin-like in tone, that it utterly destroyed the effect of the time-mellowed old gilding round it, and could suggest only one possible companion. "Sale e Tabacchi," whispered the Milanese critic. It was indeed, for all the world, the image of the garish heraidic

signboard hung up in front of the Government salt-and tobacco-shops.

There chanced to sit by us the scenic artist of the Fenice, and I took the liberty, as an old apprentice of the distemperpainting craft, to hint to him that just the merest coat of "size" washed over the silver cross would "kill" its tin-pot brightness, and make it harmonise tolerab's with the halfdead gold around. He acknowledged that the effect was bad; but explained that it was to be amended, and that to-morrow the cross would be of gold instead of silver. I ventured to hint, again, that there was such a thing as accuracy in heraldic blazonry, and that the cross of Savoy was a cross argent, which must blazonically be translated either by silver or by pure white. He shrugged his shoulders. The committee of proprietors had ordered that it should be tutto ord; and - " rosa volcte" he concludes. It is "cosa volrte?" indeed. I think the public had a right to espect the committee of proprietors were not a few thousand more france on the redecoration of the Penice. In this case the plea of poverty, so industriously brought forward when Italian Stinginess is censural will not avail. Among the proprietors of the Fonice are a number of Venetian nelline, with fortunes such as English peers the realis would in the ashaned to own.

Soon after eight the rehearsal began. The band played in tune and time, and with expression. The chorus was excellent. The scenery was old, and good; the dresses were new, and bad. I must make one exception, however, as regards the costume of the young lady who played the page, and who, with her black hair dressed like a boy's, and her

pretty form arrayed in a silver-laced velvet doublet, pinksilk hose, and the most ravishing pair of sky-blue sating smallclothes ever beheld since the days when our grandfathers went mad over Madame Cataruni in pantaloons, quite made me oblivious, for a season, of the unpleasing fact that she could neither act nor sing. "Were I Nostradamus," muttered the critic at my side, "I would predict that youder page will be hissed off the stage the night after to-morrow." He subsequently remarked that were he Duns Scotus he would prophesy a similar fate as in store for a cadaverous baritone in black velvet, a point-lace collar, and jack-boots à la Subway or Thames-Embankment fashion. I am no judge of music, otherwise it might have occurred to me too, that I was Cassandra or Doctor. Cumming, and nat it was my mission to foretell the utter discomfiture on the night of the thirty-first of the stout tenor with the toothache, and the prima donna whose nose, as visible through her shawls, had not looked quite so young as it might have done.

I saw the rehearsal through and went away, grateful for my entertainment, but full of the most melancholy orebodings; only the remembrance that there was to be a ballet somewhat reassured me. The prova the choregraphic performance did not take place until the evening of the thirtieth, and we had the place until the evening of the thirtieth, and we had the primary walking dress of private life, taking her place in the stalls, and assisting as a privileged spectator at the rehearsal of the Ballo in Maschera. I like to see ballet-dancers in long clothes. I like to see the Sylphide eating a pork-chop, and Giselle walking down Regent-street, very nervous at the crossing by the

Piccadilly Circus lest her ankles should be seen by the profane. I like to see Esmeralda reading the Family Herald, and La Jolie Fille de Gand nursing her first baby. Take my word for it, my young friend from the university—you who are so anxious to see "fast" life and to go "behind the scenes"—that the pets of the ballet, all over the world, are a great deal better than you ordinarily give them credit for being.

More than twenty years have passed since I earned my livelihood in a London theatre, and enjoyed a familiar acquaintance with at least five-and-thirty pets of the ballet. Pleasant memories de I preserve of the threehalfpenny, worths of toffy and almond-rock, and the bottles of ginger-beer—some even would accept the modest half-pint of portery—to which I have treated, after treasury-time on Saturday, those hard-working, bonest-minded, much-belied girls. There was a Sylphide who used to mend my socks. I have lent Esmeralda Mrs. Inchbald's Simple Story; and I am glad to know now a Giselle who keeps a lodging-house in Camden Town, and does extremely well; and a Jolic Fille de Gand who has married a master carpenter, and has eight children.

Our prima ballerina at the Fenice was the observed of all observers. No sooner the she glide—I mean, did she float—I would say, was the wafted—at any rate, did she gracefully sail, into the stalls, than I quite forgot the bare existence of the young person in the pink-silk hose and the sky-blue satin unwhisperables. This was the most charming little creature that eyes ever feasted on. Her curly poll, her diamonds, her little pork-pie hat, her little roguish

chiffonnée face, her zouave jacket, her doll's-gloves, her Liliputian bronze boots, visible for one brief moment as she
tripped down the aisle between the seats, made up an ensemble at once peerless, perfect—and perilous. Good Doctor
Johnson told Garrick why he would no more come behind
the scenes. This prima ballerina was clearly a Scylla, a
Charybdis, a Siren, like unto those dangerous young women
of the sea whom the heathen man did stop his ears against.
She was accompanied by two females of mouldy aspect. I
did not ask her name; I did not want to know her name;
but, I thought, as I left the Fenice, and crossing the great
atone bridge and losing my way, as a matter of course did
not find it again till I brought up suddenly, long after midnight, in the Merceria San Salvador—"There is no fear of
their hissing you, little one, any way."

The long-expected thirty-first arrived, and the Fenice was opened. The house was not at any time during the evening more than half-full. The foreigners in Venice had been cosened into paying exorbitant prices for their seats, but the Venetians had obtained their tickets at the ordinary tariff, and not a tithe of what may be considered good society in Venice was present at the Fenice at all. A sufficient number of cognoscenti were, however, in evidence to deliver an authoritative verdict that the tree performance was atrociously bad, and, from the tree performance was atrociously bad, and, from the beauting of the second scene, to "goose" it most thoroughly. The whole auditorium, indeed, reeked with the odour of sage and onions. The "goose" was complete. All the predictions of my Milanese friends were verified. When the young lady in the sky-blue satin inexpressibles had recited two bars, the

pittites began to blow into latch-keys and to whistle profane airs—that is to say, that nobody would listen to the stout tenor with the toothate. As for the baritone, they made light of the pallor of his countenance and turned his jack-boots into derision. It was discovered that the prima donna was fifty-five years of age—I will not be so ungallant as to mention her name—and that she had been "goosed" at the San Samuele in the year '18. After this the cause of Un Ballo in Maschera was hopeless.

It is not at any time an inviting opera. Homer sometimes nods; and I think that were the opinion of Mr. Artemus Ward asked in this matter, it would be to the effect that Signor Verdi had gone out for a walk and go some Bourbon in his hair when he wrote Un Ballo. poverty of the music is rendered even more apparent by the absolute wretchedness of the libretto. The story of U. Ballo is, in reality, that of MM. Scribe and Auber's Gustavus III. : but as, in despotic countries, it would never do to have a royal personage assassinated by Count Ankerstrom, the scene is changed to "America nel secolo XVII.," and Gustavus becomes a "Governatore di Boston," and the weird woman who foretells his assassination an Indian sorceress. The general result is bald, crass, concrete absurdity. It is just the kind of piece-apart from its musical merits, which are considerable, but unequal—to be "geored;" and goosed it accordingly was.

The disturbance towards the end of the first act had grown so tumultuous—there was such a storm of fischietti, of screeching, hooting, yelling, stamping, and roaring. "Fuori! fuori!"—that "Doldrum the manager," or what-

ever the impresario's name may be, had, in his opera-hat and opera-tights, to advance to the footlights, and submit the terms of a compromise.

He proposed that the first act Fould be allowed to conclude: next that the National Hymn should be sung; then that the ballet should be given; and, finally, that the remainder of Un Ballo in Maschera should be The audience demurred to the totality of presented. these terms. They were willing to hear the hymn, and see the ballet, but they would not hear any more opera; and when the dolorous man in jack-boots assayed once more a piteous stave, he was met with such a universal howl of "Basta! Basta!" "Enough! enough!" that the blue cotton-velvet curtain dropped, as though of its own volition, on the painful scene, and the suggeritore or prompter ducked his head, as though to evade the storm of orange-peel, or potatoes, or halfpence, or some other form of annihilation which might probably be directed to his dress by the outraged amateurs of Venice. Nobody threw anything, how-There was no need to call in the police. The people, so far as the present historian is concerned, were, towards eleven P.M.. "left hooting;" but I am told by more persistent spectators, who did not leave the theatre until one in the morning, that after the hymn had been sung and the ballet danced—and I am delighted to say that not one sibillation assailed my Siren-sylphide with the curly poll—the fag-end of Un Ballo in Maschera did, in a most disjointed and draggled manner, wriggle itself, in the midst of fearful opprobrium and scorn, to an unhonoured close.

Such was the great fiasco of the Fenice on the 31st

October 1866. I think they had better have ker theatre closed for another eight years than have opened it in this shabby fashion, and with this worn-out troupe; and if the management intend to give Victor Emmanuel, on the grand gala-night when he goes to the theatre in state, a repetition of the Ballo in Maschera, it will certainly be a pretty dish to set before a king.

## XVIII.

## ENTRY OF THE KING OF ITALY INTO VENICE.

November 7.

It is done. The grand show is over. L'Italia & fatta, se non compiuta. Such were the words addressed by the King of Italy to the deputation who waited an him at the oud of last week, to invite his Majesty to his newly-acquired city of Venice; and few can question the logical correctness of the royal reply. Italy is indeed "nade," although she lacks, to produce completeness, the triffing addition of the Capitel of Rome. But has become a great fact notwithstanding. The Ponnsula, once cynically defined by the sneering statesman, as a "geographical expression," is now one of the great Powers of Europe, with a population of twenty-five million souls. The land which was once only the resort of tourists and dilettanti-" potted for the antiquary," as Mr. Ford would say--is now a living, breathing commonwealth, enjoying all the advantages and labouring under all the difficulties which are the lot of communities which, although strong, are young, and must learn to work in order that they may prosper.

There are those, and I have been of them, who are never tired of girding at the idea of Italian unity, but who choose to forget that it is only since the day before yesterday that the atoms of the Italian structure fortuitously came together. There are those who sneer at the Italian people because they

are mendacious, parsimonious, and inhospitable; but these critics forget that centuries of slavery are sure to produce the first of the vices of slavery, untruth, and that the people who have been so long accustomed to see their little all wrested from them in ruinous imposts and forced loans, are reluctant to give, voluntarily, that which was habitually extorted from them by force. There are those who decry the Italians, as a nation, because they are somewhat over-given to bark-" ing, and bite little, if at all because, in the day of battle, their soldiers ordinarily rule way, and their ships sheer off: but we are bound, wak, under any circumstances, to remember that what great, noble, and have qualities they may have originally possessed have been systematically suffocated and strangled by succeeding generations of tyrants and barbarians; that their bad qualities of which the name is surely legion-must be present at the account of the Gauls, the Franks, the Huns, the Vandals, the Goths, the Visigoths, and the Ostrogoths: whereas their good qualities, the which, at present, a double million magnifier is needed to discern, will doubtless be developed to colossal proportions under a constitutional government and an equitable administration.

Meanwhile it is done. "Italy," as I heard an American gentleman, under the influence of patrictic sympathy and cunningly concocted maraschino punch, declare last night at Florian's, "Italy is free from the Andes to the Himalayas, and the Austrian holocaust no longer indoctrinates the city of the Quadroons." He omitted to state that the home of Venice was in the setting sun, but I darësay he meant it. Discourses, however far more ornately rhetorical

than the Pogram oration, might have been tolerated last night in "the city of the Quadroons," or lagoons. Venice went mad about nine o'clock P.M., and continued in a state of acute but joyous delirium all night long. The waiters at Florian's, if they had the barest idea of knowing their customers, flatly refused to take money, and, saying, "Excellency, pay next week." darted off wildly to execute the orders of utter strangers. Distinctions of rank disappeared. Political animosities were drowned in the flowing bowl. I was asked to dinner, at two in the morning, by a Black Republican from M. Ashusetts, Asperson with ill-made trousers, and with an Irish about, asked me for my autograph. All linds of subversity things took place; all kinds of ultv-democratic rumours current. A report ren That Earl Russell was with any the performance of Panch on the Rica de Schieron of that Mr. Austin Henry Layurd was too ing up " head" I win' with a vendor of het chestnut in the Spadaria. It say toyself a British peer of the realm whaspering soft nothings to a florific at the corner of the Frezzeria. I will not mention his lordship's name, us. I have not yet lost the hope of being invited, some of these days, to pass a week at --- House.

In a word, the city was insane. The hotels, which were full on Monday, ran over on the Tuesday. The tables-d'hote became mere remables for scraps of food. Bedrooms were let by the square foot, and beds by the inch, and at their weight in gold. An estimable English lady, a widow, but affable, left us this morning for Milan. "I wanted to see the King's entry," she remarked piteously, "and I am an old traveller, and can bear a great deal; but I cannot sleep

until next Tuesday in a bath-room. That is where I passed last night. At Danieli's they offered me a mantelpiece, and at the Europa a dust-bin. I shall go." The sterner sex, however, could afford to laugh at the paucity of sleeping accommodation. Florian's, Quadri's, Suttil's, the Specchi. never intended to close; and if the worst came to the worst, they could bivouac on the steps of St. Mark, or between the columns on the Motor I do believe that very many respectable persons so assed the night on the 6th of November. There was some fear, however, of catching cold. A pretty sharp sirocco comp previous day had been followed by one of those them, moisty inuggy s peculiar to Venice. It is moist and muggy only in passhade. Where any rays of light fall, the particult is a bone; but wherever there is a shadow greasy, humid film, perilous to and distilling bronchitis and diphtheria. This is the and choke-damp of Neophytes to the place ignorantly imagine that the vicinage of so many canals must be injurious to health. This is not necessarily the case. The canals are full of sea-water, and salt moisture rarely gives cold. deadly clamminess of the after-damp, brought on to the stones by the sirocco, which is to be dreaded. I sincerely trust that the persons who were compelled thus to sleep à la belle étoile did not find themselves any the worse for their al fresco slumber this morning.

Sleeping or waking, however, the madness of St. Mark's knew no surcease last night. Faces that had not been seen at Venice for years appeared, to be familiarly greeted. Political prisoners long held under Austrian bolts, and long

believed to be dead, started up as in a premature resurrection. Old cliques were formed again, old flirtations renewed. The natural talent for improvisation innate in most Italians asserted itself under the oddest circumstances. Venerable females were discovered uttering incoherent rhapsodies, of which the gist was the unity Italy, on out-ofthe-way bridges; and staid old gentle in of three-scoreand-ten snapped their fingers and cut six on their way home-The bonds of etiquette were loosened; but those of decorum and good-nature relaxed nothing of their stringency. I heard at an early period of the evening that an Austrian soldiers there are still a few lingering here had been mobbed in the Merceria; but I learnt subsequently that the supposed Tedesco was only an gan-grinder, who, by mere force characteristic proceeded to grind the Austrian anthem after Garbas Hymn. There have been really one or two of these mobbing cases, quite cowardly and unjustifiable lately, and the much-beset Croats have been timeously rescued by the National Guard; but I much doubt whether, last night, any Venetian, even to the lowest and roughest of the population, would have thought it worth his while to insult the shadow of his ancient enemy. Everybody was too happy. The King was coming on Wednesday That announcement was sufficient to cause all morning. differences to be forgotten, and all hands to be clasped in amity.

To see a city overjoyed—to gaze upon a multitude unanimous in making merry, and from whom there escapes one gigantic chorus of "So say all of us"—does not often fall to the lot of the contemporary historian. surmise, however, that the people in Venice who were not glad on the night of the 6th of November could have been counted, if not on one's digits, at least on the fingers and the toes combined. And who shall say that in the stillness of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, there were not men who, although poor and miserable, were full of joy at the thought of that coming to pass which the decrees of Fate, or their sins, or their infirmities forbade them to witness? Who shall say that there were not last night in Venice blind men who beat their hands together for glee, and cripples who struck their crutches against the wall and wagged their stumps in exultation, and beggars who rose up exultant from their lairs of rags and shavings ay, and captives, even, in the dungeon-cell, doomed ever to rattle their fetters and stare at that intolerable iron door which only opens to admit the gaoler or the chapter who felt a thrill of gladness at the thought that to-morrow was to bring about the making of Italy, and the coming-in of Italy's chosen king?

The only fear was for the weather. That sirocco—that warm and muggy film on the marbles of the Broglio and the Productio—made the weather-wise anxious. The King of Italy has not the best reputation in the world for bringing sunshine with him. Theodore Hook said of Charles X. that he reigned as long as he could, and then mizzled; but Victor Emmanuel, with sad frequency, not only reigns, but pours. Turin is perhaps, with the exception of Rouen and Manchester, the wettest city in Europe; and the sovereigns of the House of Savor seem to have transplanted the pluvial influences of their quondam capital to Florence, Naples, and

whatever other town they have yet honoured by their presence.

The evil predictions of Tuesday evening were partially, but happily not entirely, verified on Wednesday morning. The day was raw and cold, and the whole city was enveloped in a villanous white fog. It was a Scotch mist aggravated by a Dutch haze. Venice was all at once metamorphosed into Rotterdam, and became absolutely vulgar. I almost fancied that I smelt about the smaller canals that odour of cheese, schnapps, and red-herrings so inalienable from the water-ways of the Batavian republic. Certainly, this Venice, pictorially speaking, had been painted by Vandervelde or Backhuysen, and not by Turner. St. Mark's Place was wrapped in a fleecy blanket, out of which the cathedral blinked, with its great semicircular façades, like some monstrous nemetation tripleste. There were plenty of flags streaming from the windows; but the three colours had, under the foggy blight, a dull and spiritless look. They accorded only too well with the habitues you met at Florian's and the Speechi, Toping their milk-breed into their morning coffee, or kindling their after-breakfast cigar, and who all were an unmistakable air of having been up all night.

This was about half-past eight in the merning; at half-past nine I prepared for the labours of the day by installing myself, in company with a number of railway-rugs, shawls, wrappers, and comforters, in a two-cared gondola. A furcap, a pair of sealskin gloves, and a case-bottle containing something somet

would have imagined that this was "beautiful Venice, city of sunshine"? Her "light colonnades" were all wreathed in epaque vapour, and the "pride of the sea" was decidedly of the most muddled complexion.

I may mention that at this conjuncture I fell into a very mixed condition of mind. The local colour had set in dead against the attainment of any intellectual consistency. At first I fancied that I was going to the Derby, and that my barouche and four was waiting for me at Mr. Newman's livery-stables in Regent-street. The number of aristocratic equipages about at such an early hour rather favoured this impression; but then, I remembered, people go to the Derby in carriages, not in canoes, and there is an appreciable difference between your civil, waggish gondolier and your postilion in his blue jacket, leathers, and fluffy white hat, with his unalterable persuasion that Cheam gate ferable to Ewell, and his incorrigible propensity to become princaturely intoxicated. How does your post-boy get tipsy? You are aware of his weakness, and are armed in triple mail against You don't allow him to get down. He cannot have any supernatural means of access to the Fortnum and Mason's hamper-which, besides, is strapped behind the barouche. You are certain, from narrow ocular inspection, that he does not sarry a private flask. Yet who has not known post-boys who, starting from Jermyn-street, St. Janies's, as sober as judges, have become, and without stirring from their before they reach Clapham-common, as drunk

Disputation the Epsom-race theory, I tried to persuade tyself for a season that I was bound for the Oxford-and

Cambridge boat-race; but, not being run down by a penny steamer ere I reached the Foscari Palace, or bullied by the Thames Police as I passed under the Rialto, I changed the venue, and imagined that I was waiting in the Mall of St. James's Park to see her Majesty pass to open Parliament. This idea was soon scattered to the winds by the absence of the Life Guards Blue. Amphibious as Venice may be, she has not yet "called out the cavalry" or organised a corps of horse-marines, and the office of riding-master to the Doge of Venice is still a sinecure.

Ten o'clock had barely struck, however, before I found out very numistakably in what place my lines were cast. This was indeed Venice, but Venice restored -- Venice revivified --Venice herself again. To salute the great triumph of the nineteenth century, she had gone back three hundred years. The gorgeous fautastic costumes and usages of the old Republic of Venico and come back again, but to usher in a tangible and beneficial rule, and not to sanction the mammery of a chief magistrate's throwing a ring into the sea. It was not the Doge who was about to wed the Adriatic, but the King of Italy who was about to marry Venice. There, however-strange anachronism !- off the steps of the railway-terminus lay the Bucentaur of 1866. Not the original Bucen-That hapless caravel, dist scraped bare of its gold leaf by the French, then converted into a floating prison, fell at last a prey to an accidental fire.

It is best not to inquire too narrowly into what has become of the grand pieces of furniture, aquatic and otherwise, which once embellished Venice. In the last days of its decime, the Most Serene Republic sold by auction; at eight-

pence-halfpenny the square yard, tapestries which had been designed by Rafaelle, and woven at Arras. The rarest pictures of Titian and Tintoretto have found their way to the marine-store shops of the Ghetto. Not a month since, the Austrians were selling in the Royal Palace to the vilest brokers, and for a few florins, sumptuous hangings and gorgeous cornices which had cost thousands of ducats. Not a fortnight since, the porter at one of the Venice hotels bought as a speculation, for forty pour s, a lot of gondolas, among which was the identical one, all shimmering with faded gilding, which served for the state entry into Venice, in 1811, of Napoteon I, and Maria Lourse.

The nanicipality had done their best to replace the original Bucentaur. There has been built at the Arsenal, within the last few weeks, a most glorious galley, for the reception of Italy's chosen monarch. I will not attempt to describe in detail its architectural proportions or particular style of decoration; let it suffice to say that it is a kind of radiant vision of carving and gilding, silk, embroidery, crimson velvet, and bullion tassels, with a towering gonfalon of white silk edged with blue, and displaying in the centre the escutcheon of the House of Savoy, at the prow. Surmount the deck with eighteen lusty rowers clad in cloth of gold, with a canopy of satin, velvet, and gold for the King to stand under, and you may gain name faint idea of "la Lancia Reale." If further aid to the imagination be needed, please to picture the Lord Mayor's barge in the old days, when the Corporation were the conservators of the Thames. and the water procession from Blackfriars to Westminster used to delight the long-shore population; or, best of all,

turn up the good old passage in Antony and Cleopatra and read:

"The barge he sat in, like a burnish in throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poor was besten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster."

You will see that I have taken the liberty of substituting "he" for "she;" and indeed I cannot, with any illusive propriety, follow the quotation further; for the robust and somewhat pugnacious-looking Majesty of Italy is anything but twin-brother to the "Serpent of old Nile;" nor of him could I venture to say that

"It beggar'd all description; she did lie In her pavilion—cloth of gold of tissue— O'erpicturing that Venus where we see The fancy outwork nature."

And yet absting the fact that, later in the day, a portly jolly-looking gentleman in military uniform was fain to serve for Egypt's beauteous dusky queen, the wonderful word-picture conjured up by Shakespeare was more than realised on the Canalazzo. There were the "gentlewomen like the Nereids;" but they were in a hundred gendelas, instead of one. There were the "pretty dimpled boys like smiling Cupids;" but they were carved in wood or cast in plaster, and blazed in Dutch metal. There was the "seeming mermaid steering at the helm;" but he was a stout Venetian barcarolo arrayed in fancy costume. There was the "silken tackle," there was the "strange invisible perfume that hit the sense of the adjacent wharves;" there, in short, was one of those marvellous pro-

cessions of decorated boats which the French, with their lordly contempt for zoological propriety, would merely term a cavalcade, but for which I can find no other likeness than that of an immense mob of aquatic splendour.

I had been told some days before that, brilliant as was the spectacle on the occasion of the Austrian evacuation and the arrival of the Italian troops, there had been reserved for the entry of Victor Emmanuel some novelties in the way of decoration which would literally astound me. I was curious to know what these novelties might be. Everything in the way of hanging out flags, carpets, and tapestries seemed to have been done on the 19th; and it was certainly difficult to imagine anything in the way of an increase of popular enthu-But I did not yet know what Venice could do. know now. I have seen to-day the full extent of her capacity for a nautic show. Along the whole of the Grand Canal, from Santa Maria della Salute to the Second Iron Bridge, there was one enormous concourse of magnificent equipages.

The old sumptuary laws of the Republic, which, in order to check mischievous emulation among the wealthy, imposed a uniform covering of funercal sends on all gondolas, had been summarily ignored, and the reins had been thrown on the lack of decorative extravagance. The Municipality, the lack of Commerce, the Congregations of the different set the example in boating splendour, and the venetian aristocracy boldly followed the lead. There were galleys blacked in gold, and galleys whose timbers shone with silver. White chievenopies hung in air; crimson velvet there is stated on the water. There were cars as splendid.

as the sceptre of the King of Thule. There were "Bissones," and "Peotes," and barks, with all manner of strange names and of all manner of strange shapes, bristling with scrolls and scutcheons, rustling with brocade and satin, spangled and festooned and bannered, and crowned at helm and prow with garlands of fresh flowers.

The supernumeraries of a hundred Drury-lane spectacles, the madcap revellers of a hundred Parisian masked balls, seemed to have been enlisted for the day as gondoliers. Here was an eight-oar manned by Albanian Greeks, in snowy camise and shaggy capote and scarlet tarbouche. Here was a calque full of Turks, in baggy galligaskins of silver lama and turbans of crimson twisted with gold. Now came : sombre yet splendid barque, all black and gold; the rowers in short pourpoints, red-trunk hose, and with cock's-feathers in their bonnets, and looking very much like so many animated cartes-de-visite of Mr. Charles Kean as Mephistopheles in Faust and Marguerite. Condolors dressed like the Gevartins of Vandyke, gondohers attired like the halberdiers of Hans Holbein, gondoliers dressed like the alguacils of Velasquez, and mingled in incongruous yet picturesque chaos with men-of-war's men in their showy frocks and shiny hats, and those suphibious flunkeys whom a portion of the Venetian nobility will persist in allowing to infest their gondolas, clad in plush breeches, laced hats, and big-buttoned swallow trailed coats; all these, with the boats full of sinff-officers, cavalry-officers, infantry-officers, and Garibaldians in every conceivable variety of cocked-hat, helmet, shako, kepi, plume, tuft, ribbon, and cockade; all these, with the multitudinous vessels, from heavy market-barres to tiny skiffs and dingies,

ranged sight-seers, foreign tourists, and the common, ragged sight, and overjoyed Vanetian people; all these, with every near of quay thronged by humanity—the Rialto granting under the weight of life—with the Grimani, the Pesaro, the Contarini, the Foscari, the Vendramini, the Grassi, the Balbi, the Ca' d'Oro, the Fondaco de' Turchi, and the very governmental pawn-shop itself, crowded by ladies and gentlemen, waving their handkerchiefs; all these, in fine, with the jostling and the squeezing on the land, and the "Evvivas," and the "per Dios," and the jests of the gondoliers, and the gabble of voices on the water, as of a million ducks, made up a whole that only needed, to attain the summit of spectacular perfection, one little thing—to wit, the blessed sun. But the sun was surly, and kept himself to himself most persistently.

It was twenty minutes past eleven when the booming of cannon announced the arrival of the King of Italy at the railway-terminus. My gondola had taken up a capital position, about five hundred yards above the Rialto, and I had not long to wait ere the royal arrive hove majestically in sight.

A regular military escort was, of course, quite out of the question. What better escort could the King of Italy have than his own people? He came along, then, herined and airt about by a tumultuous throughof boats, in the midst before overwhelming surging tide of frantic people, attaining laughing and weeping, and crying God bless him! till the good govel gentleman in uniform under the canopy of crimson and the might have had every excuse to weep a little himself, and might have had every excuse to see such

a day. "Quelle chance!" a Frenchman by me settle Xes. the luck has indeed been termendous.

It is the will of the Almighty Disposer of events that our joys shall be, as a rule, transitory, and that it is us shall know complete bliss here below. "The circles of our felicities," says the good Knight of Norwich, "make but short arches." To some is given the full span, the immense ellipse which bridges the whole of life with fortune. Supremely happy, surely, he yonder, under those velvet hangings! Supremely happy, at least for this day, and in this hour! Gazing for the first time in his life on this incomparably beautiful city, on this priceless appanage to his empire, which has fallen into his mouth like a ripe nectarine shaken from an espalier, Victor Emmanuel of Savoy must have known that Venice had to-day but one voice, a voice to shout his praise-but one heart, a heart that beat for him-but one wish, a sh that he and his race might reign over Italy in peace and prosperity, and do that which was fair and true, like the good French King who sat under the oak at Vincennes to mete out justice, and dry the widow's tears, and take gare that the orphan should enjoy his father's goods after his father's days.

the charges of others, surely we, the countless the charges of others, surely we, the countless the charges on whom he downs had fallen, but whose crosses the that been lighter than even that burly man's, were arranged in waving our hats and shouting, "Evviva Vittorio Enganuele!" until we were hoarse. For he is a King, after all, worth shouting for. Not a very bright genius, perhaps; not a great manager; not a crafty counsellor; but a plain,

simple-minded gentleman, who keeps his promises and tells no lies.

Indescribable enthusiasm attended the King throughout his entire passage. The royal galley was less rowed than allowed to drift down the Grand Canal with the tide, which was at ebb; and at a few minutes after one Victor Emmanuel the Second, by the grace of God and the national will King of Italy, landed at the Piazzetta. His Majesty, who looked in admirable health and spirits, was accompanied by his royal cousin, Prince Eugene of Savoy-Carignen, who has been Recent of the kingdom since last June, and by his two sons, the Princes Humbert and Aumdeus of Savoy. The National Guard, who to-day mounted for the first time their uniforms, and looked remarkably smart in their gray tunics and scarlet epanlettes, were drawn up on the Molo to receive his Majesty, and formed a double line along the Piazzetta, and by the Loggetta to the cathedral of St. Man. Bareheaded and smiling, and with a firm quick step, the most popular, the most accessible, and the most unassuraing King in Europe walked by his consin's side, followed by his sons and a brilliant staff, to the cathedral, where a schemn Te Deum was to be performed; the Cardinal Pairmech of Venice officiating. The areades of the Ducal Palace were crammed; the windows of the Library of St. Marksand the Zecca ware blocked with faces; every point of espiral in the first we occupied; the roof of the Loggetts was tiled with hum heads; only the huge Campanile was half hidden by mi and veiled his towering head in vapour; while in the background seawards the Italian war-ships, all dressed in colours and their yards manned, loomed spectrally through the haze

## ENTRY OF THE KING OF ITALY INTO VENICE

like so many Flying Dutchmen. There was nothing spectral about the cannon, however, or about the shouting of the multitude, who disputed with each other in gival peals of thunder until Victor Emmanuel set foot within the portal of St. Mark's.

#### XIX.

# PASSING THROUGH FLORENCE.

November 24th.

A Conservative critic once undertook to prove-and did prove to his own entire satisfaction, if not to that of his readers-that the great work of Lord Macaulay was anything but that which it professed to be. He was willing to grant it a romance, a fable, an epic poem, a collection of memoirs, a budget of anecdotes, a repertory of statistics, a dictionary of dates, a bundle of sennets, or a grand Christmas pantomime; but it could not be considered, so the sare Aristarchus held, a History of England. The world did not agree with Aristarchus; still his snarl remains, to be taken for what it is worth. Did I ever venture upon criticising works and things immensely above my comprehension, I should be sorely tempted to take up, with regard to the interesting city to which I am paying a flying visit, the line of argument adopted by the Conservative caviller. LI might say that Florence is one of the most charming towns I have ever seen that the beauty of its can seemly be invelled, and that its treasures of art are in theustible I have call it a glorious museum, an unequalled picture called a refined and cultivated place, a fashionable resort a picturesque lounge; in short, I might call it everything but that which it calls itself, and that which the solemn decree of the National Legislature has declared it to be-the Capital of Italy.

No; it does not look like a capital; and not all the foreigners who are resident or are visitors here; not all the presence of King, Court, Parliament, and diplomatic body; not all the efforts of the pushing and energetic Milanese, Piedmontese; and Swiss shopkeepers, who have removed their wares hither from Turin,—will ever give to Florence a real metropolitan aspect.

You cannot create capitals, any more than you can establish religions, by Act of Parliament. Attempts in that direction have been made over and over again, but the result has generally been a more or less humiliating failure; witness Washington and Ottawa. When Napoleon I. chose to create the kingdom of Westphalia for his brother Jerome. he, unconsciously imitating Mr. Haller in The Stranger, "fixed on Cassel for his abode;" but all the cooks, aides-decamp, play-actors, milliners, chamberlains, and ballet-girls, imported wholesale from Paris, failed to make Cassel a capital, and it remaised, until the kingdom of Westphalia itself tumbled to pieces, a dismal, "one-horse" town, pretentions but contemptible. Time was, in our own country, when an adventurous spirit, now by fame forgetten, but once probably well known in the building trade, declared defiantly that Southend should be the Queen of Watering-places. it; he advertised it; he and it he ran steamers; he cajoled railways; he beckened to lodging-house keepers to come and extort; he offered gratuitous board and lodging to those interesting members or the insect world without whose presence no watering-place is complete; he positively induced shrimps to frequent Southend, and was suspected of emptying a ton of salt into the water every morning to take off its

brackishness; but the thing wouldn't do. Southend was not arbitrarily to be invested with a robe of brine and a diadem of seaweed, and she continues to sit solitary and seedy on the sandhills, while Margate and Ramsgate langle Ha, ha! in derision, and even Broadstairs genteelly simpers, and Horne Bay sardonically sneers at the claims of her sandy sister.

Agamemnon was strong, so was Samson, likewise Belzoni. The power of human volition is tremendous. will remove mountains, and continuous drippings from wet umbrellas wear out the Duke of York's steps; but there are some tasks which baffle proud man, and induce a painful conviction of his impotence. He cannot propound a universal theorem; and he never could make Hungerford Market popular. He has been unable to solve the problem of serial navigation, and he has not yet specceded in turning her Majesty's Theatre into a paying concern. He may make a poet of Tupper, and a painter of Raphael Mengs; he may tunne! the Alps, and bridge the Straits of Dover; he may induce the British working-man to drink Bordeaux instead of beer, and banish the permicious custom of smoking from railwaycarriages; he may abolish crinoline and inland customhouses; pull down Holywell-street, finish the Regord Office, and make cabmen and grand-hotel managers civil; he may revive the use of embroidered copes in Westminster Abbey, and turn the headle of St. Clement's Danes into a thurifer, or an acolyte, or a protospathauros; but he will never, so far as human likelihood is concerned, make the real capital of Italy at Florence.

It is a country town; it always has been a country town,

and a country town it will continue, until the whole of this orb reverts to the original Proprietor, and all is country. without any towns at all. Of the myriads of travelling Britons who have been here, and kep: diaries, and printed them, and gone into ecstasies about the Venus and the Faun. the Flora and the Madonna della Seggiola, I do not know if there have yet been any who have been stricken with the amazing likeness existing between Florence and a very memorable, but purely provincial, English city-I mean Oxford. At first sight the resemblance may not be striking, and the analogy may be imperfect. Florence may vie with Rome as the studio, and surpass her as the workshop of Italy; but Galileo's manuscripts and the bibliomania of Magliabecchi notwithstanding, Firenze la bella must yield the palm of deep crudition and varied lore to Pisa, Bologna, and Padua. You see no capped-and-gowned undergraduates in the Via de Tornabuoni or the Cerretani. No dons awe you in the Signoria or the Piazza Granduca. No proctors in velvet sleeves prowl about accompanied by watchful bulldogs. The Arno is certainly not the Isis; for the hue of the last-named stream is blue, and of the first a muddy yellow. A violent effort of the imagination would be needed to transform the verdant labyrinths of the Cascine into Christ-Church Meadows; and the Pascan boatmen are a weak and puny race, who, although they might like all other Italians, bear away the bell for blasphemy, walld soon be vanquished, if strength of lung could try the day the bargees of Iffley Lock.

Nor is the analytecture of Florence yery Oxonian. You seek in vain for venerable piles of Shrid Gothic, or for vast façades in the Palladian style. Apart from the Duomo, with

its towering Campanile, exteriorly a gigantic and most astounding josshouse of variegated marble, which, were the thing practicable, should be at once put under a glass-case, and packed off to Paris for the Exhibition of '67, and which inside is as bare and cold-looking as the old Dutch church in Austinfriars; apart from this, and the saptistery, the Florentine churches are simpliarly mean and shabby in outward appearance. In domestic structures, Florence has its own peculiar style of architecture, and that certainly does not remind the tourist of Oxford. It rather suggests to him thoughts of the Old Bailey. The Medici, the Strozzi, the Buonarotti, are names familiar as Gherardeschi, the Guelph or Ghibelline in the annals of Florence; but I fancy there must be some erasures in the Florentine libro d'oro, and that the hiatus might properly be filled up with the name of a Jonas. Assuredly the palaces of the old nobility here look very much as though they had been originally intended as residences of the Governor of Newgate, with private apartments for the Governor's guests on each side. illustrious Strozzi dwell, for example, in a veritable gaol-a colossal pile of grande boulders and barred casements, with a narrow portal uncomfortably suggestive of the debtors' door. I do not know whether the lady of the actual possessor of the palace and title gives "Wednesdey evenings" in London West-end fashion; but the mediaval Strozzi, to judge from the style of his habitation, must have been very punctual with his Monday mornings-"hand at eight and breakfast at nine," with Il Signore Calcraft as chief butler.

Ferrara is the most murderous town I have yet been in Italy, and Bologna the most funereal. It strikes me that in those middle ages, of which we talk so much and know so little, that it was at Ferrara you were preferably poisoned, At Bologna they buried you, and your assessin was brought to Florence to be fully committed, teled, and executed. To carry out the Newgate-cum-Horsemonger lane illusion in the Florentine palaces, the walls are adorned, at a height of about five feet from the ground, with a series of enormous iron rings, pendent to links, and secured by strong staples to the stone. You are informed that these rings were used in the middle ages for securing horses by the bridle, while their cavaliers transacted business with the nobles within. This may or may not be true; but I imagine that animals of a superior race to the equine have been of old time tethered to these grim rings. The Florentines seem very proud of them; and I notice in a new palace, closely resembling Whitecrossstreet Prison whitewashed, which is in course of erection close to the Strozzi, that copies of the time-honoured Newgate. bracelets have been let into the walls.

There is another marked peculiarity of Florentine architecture which I may briefly notice—the extraordinary projecting eaves of the houses in the older streets. With their preposterous eaves and tiny windows the houses look like exaggerated pigeon-cotes. Florence has always been renowned as a great place for gossip and cancans. May not that term of "eavesdropper," which has for so long a period bitterly perplexed the learned and chatty correspondents of Notes and Queries, spring from the overhanging eaves of Florence, and the necessarily incessant droppings therefrom?

But if there are no undergraduates, no dons, no buildogs, no town-and-gown rows, how comes it, then, that Florence

scarcely ever fails to remind an Englishman of Oxford? For this reason, I take it, that its pure provincialism-which is provincial to the pettiest of Little Peddlingtonism, and countrified to almost rusticity—is oddly intermingled with the flashy splendour and meretricious bustle of the most expensive town life. By the side of palaces, museums, and churches are little hucksters'-stalls and poor chandlery-shops; and then come the establishments of tradesmen selling the most sumptuous jewelry, the grandest haberdashery and millinery, the rarest books and engravings, the most brilliant and elaborate nicknacks, at 'prices which even in Oxford would be thought I am not aware whether "tick," either as extortionate. a word or an institution, has yet become naturalised in Florence; but the tariff adopted by the Florentine jewellers. stations, and milliners is certainly suggestive of the largest regers and the longest credit. Thoroughly Oxonian, also, is the admixture in the streets of individuals whom you know must belong to the gream of the country, with the stolid, listless marrow-minded bourgeoisie of a country town.

Here, in fact, as in Oxford, extremes meet. You have the social steam at its highest pressure, and a considerable quantity of the tepidest water. You have a bottle of Moet's champagne just uncorked and flying all abroad in the face of the smallest of small beer. The carriages and pair of the aristocracy, with splendidly-harnessed horses, and coaching in spun-glass wigs, the fours-in-hand, the tandems and the breaks of Florentine "fast men," the broughams of senators, the basket-phaetons and wicked little black ponies of the Anonymous Estate on their way to the Cascine are justled, in beggarly by-lanes, by bullock-drays and mules laden with

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forage, and humble donkey-carts containing the stock-in-trade of travelling tinkers.

Florence is Oxford during Commemoration, and all the big-wigs and gros bonnets of the land are holding festival here; but you know that the Long Vacation is comingknow that there are very many weeks in every year when not a big-wig is to be seen in the deserted streets; when the flashy tradesmen are unable from month's end to month's end to swindle a customer; when the petty hucksters'-stalls and the little chandlery-shops will reassert their legitimate influence; when the principal event in each week will be market-day; when the hotels will become inns, the ristoratores farmers' ordinaries, and the caffes taprooms; when his worship the Mayor—they call him a "Gonfaloniere" herewill be the greatest personage in the place; and when in fine, Florence will revert to that which it is really entitled to be called a town replete with the most exquisite monthents of painting and sculpture, but always a provincial of the provincials. Blaise Pascal might have written his letters from the Boboli gardens; but you can't make it a capital, try your hardest. As well might Dulwich claim equal rank with Piccadilly because it possesses Alleyn's college and Sir Francis Bourgeois's gallery.

#### XX.

### THE ROAD TO ROME.

December 1.

"Every road," we are told, leads "to Rome;" and, as is generally the case, a good sound substructure of sense and truth underlies the proverb. When Rome was the mistress and the metropolis of the world, the channels of communication with her were necessarily innumerable. From the uttermost limits of the empire, he who wished to appeal unto Cæsar, found posts, and relays, and a beaten track to conduct him to Cæsar's judgment-seat. There were P. and O.'s two thousand years ago, little dreamt of in your philosophy; and who shall say that, in its time, some Antioch, Corinth, and Rome Chariot and Galley Transit Company (Unlimited) did not convert as many talents of silver into ducks and drakes as that stupendous Kentish undertaking has done whose line and whose branches were to go everywhere—and have gone everywhere, even unto the land which is called Smash?

The Barbarians who overthrew the Cæsars did their best likewise to demolish all trace of the roads which led to Rome; and the assiduity of rapine and desolution with which they grubbed up the fertile Campagna, grinding its flourishing cities to powder, and rooting up their very foundations, as though themselves had been pigs hunting truffles, till the whole became one bare waste, is much to be commended. The Barbarians have been succeeded by many generations of

highly-civilised invaders, who, clad it may be in chain-mail, in Milan steel, and eke in military garb of modern cut, have done their best to ruin Rome and to obliterate the highways leading to it. The City of Eternity, however, is inextinguishable. She is not to be wiped out. The Seven Hills have been of the hydra kind. As fast as one was laid waste another grew into life again, and the definitive brand which is to sear Rome out for ever has not yet been found. Still is Rome a metropolis and a puissance, and a marvel of marvels; and still are there more roads leading to Rome than to any other Italian city.

If you have any doubts on this head I beg to refer you to Bradshaw. Vast as are his resources as a constructor of skeleton through-routes; he can only point out two ways of journeying to Jerusalem; viâ Paris and viâ Trieste. But turn to Roma, and you will find no fewer than five skeletons placed at your command by the obliging myth who is to be heard of—care of Mr. W. J. Adams, at 59 Fleet-street, E.C. You may travel to Rome from London by Paris, Marseilles, and Civita Vecchia; or by Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, and Chiusi; or by Macon, St. Michel, Mont Cenis, and Turin; or by Switzerland, course over any one of the seven Alpine passes you choose to make por anally, by Vienna, Trieste, and Ancona. This is indeed, viatorially, an embarras de richesses.

Let it be assumed, however, that purposing for Rome you happen on the 29th of November, in a given year, to be, not in London, but in Florence. This was my case the day before yesterday. I saught counsel of Bradshaw, but his skeletons, albeit beautiful in martomical articulation, were wanting comehow, and suppose membrane.

lorence to Rome, but I experienced very great difficulty in scertaining which was the shortest and the best. I was old that I could go by way of Leghorn, by way of Ancona, by way of Nunziatella, by way of Civita Vecchia, but that in me case I must be prepared for seven thems, diligence-traveling, in another for nine, and in a third for twelve of that orture. As for reaching Rome without staying somewhere in the road for a whole night, it was out of the question.

There was no trustworthy information on the subject to se obtained in Florence. Either the Florentines do not know much, or else they are singularly uncommunicative. The entire energies of the hotel suppers are seemingly absorbed by the task of making out extortionate bills against their guests; and if they have any leisure, they employ it is marking paving-stones and skinning fless for the hide and fat. I asked people who had been resident for years in Flesence, but as a

<sup>\*</sup> Meanness, shabbiness, and stinginess, in the capital of the kingdom of Italy, have grown to be more than an art; they have attained the proportions of a science. I thought I had already seen some samples of pretty close shaving in North Italy; but when, going to a fashionable stationer's in Phorence to purchase some photographs, I saw a tremendous dandy, with a watch-chain as big as Queen Guinder's girdle, ask for one envelope, tender a son-one halfpenny-in payment and neceive four centesimi in change, I saw that I had gotten among a race whose close-fistedness was colossal. Florence is nearly the only city where you meet the contesimo, the fifth part of the halfpenny, in active currency. Even the Spaniards are ashamed of anything under four reals. The Florentines have a sliding scale of parelmony worthy of Elwes the miser, who burnt rushlights on weekdays and halfpenny dips on Sunday, and one short six on Christmas-day. Thus, at Doney's, the most aristocratic coffe in Florence, if you ask for caffe ordinario, they bring you a very washy decoction, with white sugar in dust; but if you pay an exite halfpenny, you can have caffe apposto, which is slightly stronger, and acceptomied by somer in small lumps; and, finally, by ordering the mighty caffe supresso, you are entitled to a positively palatable cup of coffee and four big lumps of sugar. According to Sir Pitt Crawley's charwoman in Kanity Fair, "it's only baronets as cares for factions;" here to

ders, and observed that really rule they shrugged there were somany roads leading to Pinne, that they scarcely knew which one to recommend as the best. I remembered that there is a Marray's Handbook to Central Italy, but the volume I purchased for twelve franchi fifty centesimi at the first English books less in Florence turned out to be "theray" for the year 1864 as ween're close upon 1867 and as least three different routes have been opened during the large years, I did not take much by my motion in regard to Arbeniarlostreet. The information given was excellent; but as in its Roman section it chiefly referred to the tariff for post-horses between Florence and Rome, and the best way of mollifying the Custom-house officers at the Porta del Popolo, when you were travelling in your own-carriage, it was scarcely of a nature to afford relief in my particular case.

At the cinns, as I have remarked, they will tell you nothing that they cannot clarge for in the bill. It is for that reason. I conjecture, that they don't give you any menu at the table-d'hôte of the Alberge di Nuova York, and that there is not a clock to be seen in any part of the house. "Naething for maething is a locution proverbial in North Britain. Translate that discret dictum into the Lingua Toscana, and you have the sum of Florentine social philosophy. On the other hand, there is always a tribe of valets-de-place

this thrifty class must be added the descendants of the Medici and the Strozzi. It would appear that the Florentines are anxious to make up for the extravagance of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and for the last three centuries have been striving, by pinching and paring, to repair the denoit in Tuscan finances caused by the prodigality of that expensive person. They have quite a microscopic vision for economics; and at the cuffer at night, if a waiter sees that one side of the room is described by guests, he forthwith turns off the gas in that part.

hanging about, burning the severything-from Ghiberti's gates of the day; can the tombs of the Medici to the hours of the line and arrival of the railway-trains. It is scarcely with thile perhaps to pay five france to bean astruction. The majority of call to be the form the mind of the select-de-place is given incoherence, and you must not be at all surplus to learn from him that the Madonna della Seggiola was sinted at twelve forty-five, or that the express for Leghorn started at the end of the seventeenth century.

The situation of affairs was growing very embarrassing, when I fortunately heard from some English friends that they purposed starting next morning for Rome, by railway as far as Ellera, thence by carriage to Perugia and Foligno, halting at the first named place teleep, and at the last catching the train from Ancona to Rome. This was encouraging. They had heard from another English family that the journey was to be accomplished in thirty hours, including a good night's rest at Perugia.

In no guide-book that I have yet seen is this road—the best and most interesting which offers itself to the traveller—distinctly and contemporaneously laid down, that is to say, with due notice of the latest railway developments. The plain truth is that our guides and handbooks, professing to come down to the exact month or year printed on their title-pages, are, with melancholy frequency, whole months, and sometimes whole years, behindhand. In the November Bandshaw, for instance, we are twice directed to page 167 for the trains between Rome and Corese—the line I came by yesterday—but there is not the slightest mention of either Rome

or Corese at page 16% and else that I can discover; It is also rather too bad, after all that Bismark and the needle-gun (burn them both!) be done towards revolutionising North Germany, to be to y Bradshaw; four months subsequent to the conclusion of page, that "Hanover on the Leine is the residence of the King of hover "Frankfort-on-the-Maine is a free town, seet. Diet, and garrisoned by 5000 troops sustrian and Prussians." I caused a new Bradshaw for No. to be sent out to me from England regardless of expense, in view of the political changes on the Continent. You may imagine my dismay when I discovered that a Bradshaw for last July would have served my turn quite as well.

Having settled to go to Rome rid Perugia and Foligno, I inquired at the Albergo di Nuova York at what hour the train started, and was in fined by the porter that it left at noon precisely. So, being wofully encumbered with baggage, I duly found myself at the terminus at half-past eleven, and then learnt that it was the Leghorn train which started at noon, and that the Ellera one did not leave until a quarter to one. There is no use in being angry under such circum-

<sup>\*</sup> In Bradshaw's continental Railray Guide for November 1866, it is stated—article "Rome," p. 391—that the journey from Rome to Florence, passing by Nemi, Terni, Spoleto, Foligno, Assisi, Perugia, Lake of Thrasymene, Arezzo, &c., "is at present performed in two days, the railway not being completed." The statement would be slightly more serviceable to travelers were it accompanied by information as to how far the rail is completed, where it begins, and where it ends. In this present month of November, the purchasers of Bradshaw may fairly expect to be told that from Florence to Ellera the direct Roman Railway is complete; that there then occurs a break which may be tided over in three hours, by diligence or private carriage, to Ponte San Glovanni; and that thence to Rome the railway communication is uninterrupted. I hope (in 1869) all this has been made right.

stances. It hotel servants the or give you wrong counsel, with the fault of the Grand Dukes, with their wicked Austrian connections and impathies. If the landlord swindles you, it is the fault of Attils, Genseric, Theodoric and Frederic Barbarossa. If for four successive days there is no light which the fault formans and the longobardi are to the constant in their slowness, it is the fault of the Ostrogod and the Visit that "C'est la faute de Rousseau; c'est la faute de Voltaise," he Jesuit preacher remarked of the vine-disease, the cattle light, the cholers, and trichinosis in pork-sausand.

The railway-terminas the reference after the sumptuous structures one sees at Turin, Genon, and Milan, is a very mild and provincial kind of after adecd, as quiet and tome as a station, say on some remainment in North Devon, constructed solely at the instigation of the sharp solicitor of a company, to spite the solicitor of a rival line. There is a cheerful central hall, with very many doors or ning out of it on either side, and with flourishing pasering the enoting the departments into which they are supposed to lead; but, on trying them, I found most of these portals fast locked. "departments," I am afraid, are akingto the Barmecide bottles one secs in some dectors' shops, and the dummy cigar-boxes kid in tobacconists just starting in happiness Let me whisper, however, that the waiting-rooms commodation" for the public at the central railway-terminus of the capital of taly is as infamous as at Desenzano, and would be most fitly found in connection with a village in Dahomé. I can scarcely imagine that the Grand Dukes, or

the Austrians, or the American are responsible for this.

May not the inconceivable lary, slovenly, and american of the people have something to do with it?

The Roman Railway is at the narrowest of ganges, and the carriages are remarkably small; hard, and uncomfortable; bus the environs of Florence are exquisitely beautiful, and the scenery in the Val d'Arno di Sopra is gillious. Pontessieve wa saw the river Sieve descending from the Apennines to empty itself into the Arno. It must have emptied itself their very completely a long time ago, or else its name of "Sieve" man be in literally in English, for not a drop of water was there in this doubtless whilom noble stream. The itself is not remarkable for a good water supply; but the municipality always contrive to maintain a determinenth; of stolerable hue, between the Ponts Vecchie and the della Trinità, from Christmas to Raster when the cratic English visitors most frequently tenant landar. A spartments on the quay. The which accounts the unity ejaculations you hear of "Dear Florence!" Arno!" from the fair lips of members of the very first families travelling abroad.

The whole road is rife with historic and artistic associations. Close to the station of Incisa the family of Petrarch lived. Between Figline and Montevarch, have been discontinuous the properties of fossil bones, which the Italian antiqueness have conjectured to be those of the sumpter-elephants of Hannibal's army, an hypothesis scarcely admitted, I should say, by Professor Owen and Fr. Waterhouse Hawkins. The mighty Carthaginian did not presumably mastedom and hippopotami attached to his military

train; and relies of both have been found in the plain of Aresze Pigers and freshwater testaces have also cropped up in a fossil state. At San Giovanni the painter Massaccio was born. Arezzo, once the most powerful city of the Etruscan league, was the birthplace of Mæcenas, of Petrarch, of Vasari, and almost of Michael ngelo, who was born at Caprese, in the neighbourhood of Heliogabalus and Jack the Painter, too, for aught I know. What does it matter, when you are scampering through a country railway? iron has entered into the soul of the pictal sque, and killed it. Cuttings and embankments, switches, sleepers, and signal-posts form the foreground of every landscape, and the middle distance and the extreme are so fleeting and shifting and unsubstantial, that the best way, perhaps, to see the country, is to pull down the blines and shut your eyes till you reach some place where you can unnack your boxes, and, with the aid of your guide-books hotograph-albums, read up the district through which can have been passing.

I may add, too, that when the transped through the Val d'Arno it rained, not in torrent the interinute, cautious, thoroughly permeating drizzle to the first, which had taken service, like Quentin Durward, under a foreign potentate. It rained at Arezzo, it rained at Assisi, it rained at Montevarchi; and when we reached Ellera, seven hour after our departure from Florence, it was snowing thicken and was bitterly cold. Here there is a break in the railway, and a sufficiently steep mountain to ascend. It was horribly cold, sloppy, and snowy, and the station was of the darkest and dismalest. I shall long remember Ellera; and invermarked it in my diary with the blackest of stones, for the darkest of it in my diary with the blackest of stones, for the darkest of it in my diary with the blackest of stones, for the darkest of st

reason that I had scarcely alighted the patform when I lost a very choice sealskin cap, which have cost me many dollars in Canada East, and, in its time, had been much admired in skating "rinks" and skeighing trips. It could have hardly touched earth when it disappeared—snapped un I opine, by some chilly but dishonest Ellerite. I must own that all the railway-porters ranto and fro for ten minutes with lanterns, in their zeal to find the missing article, thus clearly earning the buona mano which they took ere shortly afterwards most pressingly to solicit and an ancient have even demanded alms of me as "Il Signore chi ha peruato la sua berretta"—the gentleman who has lost his cap; but I did not find my sealskin for all that. I don't know of whom Ellera has been the birthplace, or what illustrious personages ever flourished there. I should say-remembering my sealskin-Sixteen-string Jack or the Artful Dodger.

A so-called diligate took us in the dark to Perugia. I am in the fashion in suring of so-called" institutions, for the Osservatore Romano always speaks of the country united under Victor Emman. II. as ciò che chiamasi l'Italia—that which call the same it. The so-called was a wooden box, on a plurality of wheels, not always, so it seemed, of the same size on the same side, for we bumped terribly. Into this box they packed six ladies and gentlemen. We packed closely, like sardines, without the oil. The conductor prudently obviated the possibility of remenstrance or mutiny, by banging to the door so closely that it could not be opened, by forcing up the window-sashes so tightly that they could not be let down, and by taking away the flight of steps which was our only means of communication with the terrestrial

lamp or lantern, the wheels of unequal size began to revolve, and the luggage piled upon the roof began its admired and all-known series of performances, in trying to essert its inderestly and smash down upon our skulls, and we were off. I was not born at the time of the Black-Hole-at-Calcutta tragedy, and I have not yet, as a life convict, heavily chained, performed in a cellular van the journey between Paris and Toulon; but, next to the torture I endured when crossing the Col di Toula last September, must be placed the agony of the drive in the "so-called" diligence between Ellera and Perugia.

We were a very merry party notwithstanding—that is to say, four of our number were Italians, who chattered continually and laughed consumedly, and, as it seemed to me, in the dark, romped. I think something of the form and texture of a lady's hat with a feather in it hit me at one stage of the journey on the nose, may have been disattributed divers noises, as of setting distant corner, much giggling, decidedly families. much giggling, decidedly feminine sound resembling "applause," as the biographer of that admirable parent, Mrs. M'Stinger, in Dombey, would observe. We grew very friendly in the dark, and the female voice-presumably that which had giggled-asked me what was the English for cavallo. When I replied that it was "horse," a male voice remarked that the accentuation of the English language was very harsh. Whereupon I ventured to ask why the Florentines always pronounced cavallo as havallo, laying the harshest possible stress on the misplaced h, upon which the voice

was mute, and, I opine, shut up. Then two gentlemen sang a duet. Then we all fell into one another's laps. Then we had an argument on the Roman question the temporal power of the Pope, and the mission of the Commendatore Vegezzi.

So far as I was concerned, I verify these proceedings by groaning and bewailing my miserable condition; but we had, fortunately, a cheery and sanguine spirit among us, who, mentally at least—he stald not see an inch before him physically always looked to the bright side of things, and who, when her we bumped so frightfully as to render our overturning a matter of extreme imminence, or stuck in the snow, or came to a dead halt, declared that we were at mezza strada, or half-way to Perugia.

I believe that the horses expired miserably at an early stage of the journey, and that for the greater portion thereof the so-called diligence was dragged by oxen; but I know that we were all turned out into the snow, at the door of a detestable little diligence-office, illumined by two tallow-candles, at ten o'clock at night, and were told that this was Perugia. The diligence was to resume its journey at half-past five the next morning for Ponte San Giovanni, the railway-station for Foligno; and until that time we were free to enjoy a game at snowballing, or to inspect the antiquities of Perugia, which are both rich and numerous. It may not be generally known that Perugia is the ancient Perosche of the Etruscans, that it was rebuilt by Augustus, that it was annexed to Napoleon the First's "so-called" Italian kingdom as chief town of the department of the Thrasymene, that here flourished the famous Braccio di Mentone Fortebraccio, the rival of Sforza, and that

in the year 1524 the illustrious painter, Peter Perugino, master of Rafaelle, died here of the plague.

I am afraid that these pleasing facts did not interest me much at ten o'clock on the night of November the thirtieth. Sierra Nevada! how it snowed! It fortunately occurred to me that there was an inn at Perugia, called the Albergo della Posta, which from private information I knew to be dear, but clean and comfortable. So repudiating the icy notion of setting out at half after five in the morning in the diligence for Ponte San Giovanni, I determined to sup and sleep, and take mine case at mine inn till ten o'clock on the first, and so hired, at a not very extravagant rate, a good-travellingcarriage to convey myself and my impedimenta all the way to Foligno-a four hours' drive. I sacrificed a morsel of railway by the adoption of this plan; but, otherwise, the advantage was altogether on the private-conveyance side. The unhappy persons who were to pursue their journey at early morn would arrive at Ponte San Gievanni at half-past six, and at Foligno at eight, and then have to wait six hours and a half for the train to Rome. By leaving at ten, one had more road to traverse, but one killed time, evaded another inn, and got to Foligno in easy time to "make connections" with the train.

The Albergo della Posta proved to be all that it had been described, and more. I have seldom met with a cleaner house, so far as its guest-chambers are concerned. They are cases in the midst of a desert of dirty staircases and dirtier corridors. I never hope to pass a night in a more comfortable inn, and I think I might travel far before meeting with a more expensive one. The proprietor evidently reckons for

remunerative patronage upon English people who don't care about getting up at five o'clock in the morning, and frames his measures and his bills accordingly. Perhaps he and the diligence-conductors have a private understanding. Why not? It was by means of a private understanding that my sandmother's cousin-german obtained the privilege of supplying the Crown and Anchor tavern with anchovy-sance, and made that fortune which he so unkindly bequeathed to quite a different branch of the family.

Directly I was introduced to the proprietor of the Albergo della Posta I saw that I was in for it. He made me his lowest bow; the kind of bow which is put, under another, name, in the bill. Surveying me with an eye full of deference, he proposed to wait upon us himself, and ordered his head-waiter, in a steady voice, to bring out "the plate." Upon this, I cast myself over the Tarpeian rock, crossed the Rubicon, broke my bridges, and burned my ships, and commended myself to the Saints. "You will give us," I said, "the best room in the house, and the best supper that can be obtained in Perugia." I had a good mind to write myself down "Lord Smith, Baronetto Inglese," in the travellers' book. It would not have made much difference. It is better to be hanged for breaking into the Jewel Office than for stealing an extinguisher. I was in for it. As well over boots as over sloes. The proprietor behaved in a peerloss manner. Slaves of the lamp, male and female, appeared at his beck, darted hither and thither at his command, and transformed an apartment on the second-floor into a bower of bliss surpassing in splendour the "bridal chamber" on board a Yankee steamboat.

The best room in the house was engaged, I presume, by Earl Brown, or the Patriarch of Constantinople, or the General of the Jesuits, or a lucky speculator from the Pennsylvanian oil-regions; but we had the second-best. brought us a new sofa; they laid down a fresh carpet; they heaped the hearth with blazing logs. They brought us, in a species of Roman triumph, a wash-hand jug, a tooth-glass, and a foot-bath. There was no end of towels. By asking for it we might, I daresay, have had a coal-scuttle. sate us down to a supper fit for a Cardinal or an Apostolic There was a beefsteak so tender and so fragrantly odorous that I fancied it had been cut from a golden bull long stabled in the Vatican, and fed on myrrh, frankincense, and boiled heretics. They gave us a bottle of the very oldest Montepulciano wine—an Est, est, est vintage, almost equal to the Montefiascone, a dark, full wine, like melted rubies, mingled with laudanum, as rich and soft as Genoa velvet, as strong and yet as generous as he who slew the Erymanthian boar and tamed the mares of Diomed. They gave us a fat little bird, such as Brillat Savarin would have gloated upon, and longed to eat with his fingers—a deceptive little fellow, even as the marble cherubs in St. l'eter's, who appear to be six inches, but are really six feet in height. He looked no bigger than a linnet, yet on his well-cushioned breast there was more than a supper for two.

In the morning the proprietor, after much stringent persuasion, was induced to make out his bill. It was delivered at the very last moment, and when the carriage was all ready packed and the postboy eager to start. Thus there was no time to dispute it. After presenting us with this document

en a silver salver, the proprietor retired to his private apartments, double-locking himself in, and leaving to the head-waiter the task of fighting the matter out. You might have fancied that he was Guy Fawkes after his last pinch of powder had been laid, and prudently retiring behind the Speaker's chair, in view of a tremendous blow-up. The landlord had certainly done his utmost, but the damage on the whole was not alarming. It was something under thirty shillings, and I never grudged the outlay of one-pound-ten less in my life.

We travelled through the snow to Foligno, and at two o'clock reached the station. A few minutes afterwards the train from Ancona rumbled in, and at five-and-twenty minutes to three we started for Corese. I should have very much liked to gaze upon that famous Campagna of Rome, on the grimness of whose desolation so much eloquence has been bestowed; but Cosa volete? It was pitch dark by five, and the Campagna was invisible. The snow, however, gave place to rain before we crossed the Pontifical frontier, where, by a very courteous Pontifical functionary, we were deprived of our passports. The clock had just struck nine when our train came to a final halt, and an Italian gentleman who had been fidgeting about the carriage in a most excited manner for the last half-hour, and rubbing his nose against the window-panes, in a vain attempt to make out the Campagna through the darkness and the rain, clapped his hands together and cried, "Roma! Roma! Siamo a Roma!" This was indeed the Rome to which all roads lead; and my first experience of the Eternal City was being met by the Commissionaire from the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and asked whether

I would proceed by the omnibus or in a cab to my destination. An omnibus! Couldn't they keep a decemjugis or a harmamaxa at the terminus, for the sake of appearances? Mrs. Hemans was right. Rome is no more as she has been.

## XXI

### ROMA URBS.

"On the heights above Baccano," writes an old traveller, "the postillion stopped, and, pointing to a pinnacle which appeared between two hills, exclaimed, 'Roma!' That pinnacle was the cross of St. Peter's. The ETERNAL CITY was before us."

I suppose no man—not being a born idiot or a German bagman, next to an imbecile the most unimpressionable creature in the world, perhaps—ever beheld that cross on the dome of St. Peter's or entered Rome for the first time, without feeling his heart, in some manner or another, stirred up within him. "Moab may howl for Moab: everyone shall howl;" but you have longed, and sighed, and prayed to look upon Rome; and now your desire is come, and you are full of a happy thankfulness. The image of Rome has been set, long since, "as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm;" and as "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it," so is the love for Rome intuitive, indomitable, and inextinguishable.

English grooms and flunkeys are not given, generally, to become very enthusiastic at the sight of strange cities, and I have known the British flunkey take St. Mark's Place, by moonlight, very coolly, and My Lord's valet de chambre bear the Kremlin with perfect equanimity. Nay, I have known a

man speak superciliously of Seville even during the feria week, and pronounce Constantinople to be a "nasty dirty hele." Why should not such criticisms be uttered by cour domestics? They have, very probably, quite enough to do with attending to the wants, wishes, and caprices of their masters and mistresses; their education, with regard to history, antiquities, poetry, mythology, and the fine arts, has ordinarily been neglected, and they are seldom expected; on their return home, to write octavo volumes descriptive of the sights they have seen abroad. Not but that the impressions de voyage of a lacquey might be worth reading. Content's Memoirs of Napolcon are mendacious, but eminently amusing; and who would not like to read a life of Shakespeare by his body-servant—if he ever had one, or a body to be served, or anything tangible, or palpable, or unmythical at all? I say that the usual train of menials who go abroad with our tourists are perfectly indifferent to the sights they There is, in most continental cities, some establish-866. ment of the nature of an English public-house. the valetaille repair in their leisure moments to smoke and drink, and not to compare notes as to the monuments of the city in which they are sojourning, but to grumble at and abuse their employers, precisely as they would do at the bars of the dim little taverns which nestle in the purlieus of Grosvenor- and Belgrave-squares. With all this, I have known gentlemen's gentlemen fall into raptures about Rome, and talk quite learnedly of the Muta Sudans and the Forum of Trajan. By far the most fervent British enthusiast on things Roman occupying a humble sphere of life was a hostler. "There's heverything you can wish for in Rome," quoth he. "Hemperors and Popes, and temples and churches, and the Colosseum and the Wattican; and, bless yer, there aint a 'ossier place out. After Igh Park give me the Pincian 'Ill." Rome is "'ossy" or "horsey" in good sooth; but 'tis the English who have made it so.

Everybody is delighted to find himself in Rome. The citizen of the kingdom of Italy, because he feels within himself a grim persuasion that at no distant date the city will belong to Italy, and Victor Emmanuel will be crowned King in the Capitol. La vicille patraque, the Papacy, he argues, cunnot last long. Napoleon's battalions must clear out of Civits Vecchia sooner or later. Mentana will be avenged. At Rome he lives in continual hopes, and rubs his hands with glee, when he proceeds southward to Naples, to think that he has contrived to smuggle a few photographs of Garibaldi into the Eternal City, or to deliver some Mazzipian message to a member of the Comitato, or in some way or another to drive a nail into the coffin of la vieille patraque. He looks on Rome with very different feelings from those with which patriotic Italians were wont to regard Venice in the days of captivity. They did really, at times, utterly despair of the Queen of the Adriatic ever recovering her freedom; the Austrian rule seemed so strong, so decided, so implacable. In a few hours more and more Austria could swoop down on Venetia from over the Brenner or over the Semmering. There was no doubling the sincerity of the Austrian intention to keep the tightest of holds on Venice; whereas, although the red-breeched French troops have been in the patrimony of St. Peter's, off and on, these twenty years, the Italians have never ceased from hoping-yea, and of believing-that "some

day next week" was at hand when Napoleon would coolly give the Pope the go-by, pull his bayonets from beneath the tottering throne of St. Peter, and becken to Victor Emmanuel to come up the Capitol staircase, and enter the metropolis of Italy and the world.

The fervent Catholic rejoices at Rome. It is his Mecca, his Medina, in one. Rome is to him more than Jerusalem: for in Rome he is still master, and there are no hated Greeks. no loathed schismatics to jostle him while he worships at the Has he not at Rone the Scala Santa, the very Holy Places. steps of Pilate's house? Is not the Holy Cratch, the mangerboard, at Rome? Are not the Apostle's chains here? and the very prisons and the tombs of Peter and St. Paul: not in the insolent keeping of a Turkish pasha, but under the sacred guardianship of the successor of St. Peter himself? The Romanist at Rome est dans son pays. He is monarch of all he surveys. To M Louis Veuillot the foul stenches and miasma of modern Rome are so many sweet perfumes -"Parfum de Rome;" whereas in the boudoirs of the Chaussée d'Antin and the parterres of Madame Prévost the austere moralist can scent only the most shocking odours. He plumes himself on Rome, for it is the only city in Europe where the shovelled hat takes precedence of the lady's bonnet; where men in petticoats have the pas over women in the like articles; where a snuffy old Monsignore is a greater leader of fashion than a Russian princess; or a parchment-faced vicar-general from Peru is more run after than a Japanese ambassador. It is nearly the only city where swarms of cowled-and-shaven monks are permitted to pervade the streets; and where once a year a wooden idol-the Bambino

-with twenty thousand pounds' worth of jewels on its wretched little block of a body, is held up by bishops to the , adoration of twenty thousand people, in defiance of the pagen memory of Jupiter Capitolinus hard by. (When I first saw this wooden stock of a Bambino, I observed to a friend standing by me on the stairs of the Ara Cœli that, sooner than worship that little figure-head, I would say a mouthful of prayers to Jupiter Capitolinus, could I find any vestiges of his temple sufficient for the purpose; whereat my friend, a very high churchman, but no Romanist, was shocked.) In a word, the Romanist at Rome is in his element. If in his heart and soul he unfeignedly believes—and how shall I DARE to say that he does not?—that the good old Pope is the Vicar of &c. &c. and the Successor of &c. &c., the believer must feel, while he is in Rome, that he is sojourning in an actual earthly paradise; for he may see the supernatural Being (elected periodically, by the way, through a conspiracy on the part of several old gentlemen in scarlet petticoats, and one or more foreign ambassadors) driving out daily in a coach-and-four, or trotting about the slopes of the Pincian in a white-flannel dressing-gown and a scarlet-velvet shovel. Fancy the delight of a Moslem at being able to meet Mahomet every day, taking his drives and walks abroad; and what is the dogma of an uninterrupted succession of Infallible Popes, but a dogma of a perpetual succession of Mahomets?

The fervent Protestant glories in Rome, but darkly, furtively, and, I fear, somewhat vengefully. His worst fears are now realised; his darkest anticipations are verified; and a pretty tale he will have to tell Exeter Hall and the

Clapham tea-tables when he reaches home. Idolatry, Paganism, the Scarlet Lady, the Mystery of Iniquity: but it is needless to pursue the theme. The fervent Protestant is shocked, but he takes copious notes. He is horror-struck at the very idea of the Pope, but he is not averse to throwing himself in his way; and with the pride of conscious rectitude he relates (when he reaches Clapham) how resolutely he refused to uncover and to kneel as the idolatrous crowds around him did, when the Pope alighted from his carriage on the Pincian for his afternoon trot. Good old gentleman! I have gone down on my marrewbones when he has passed scores of times, and I hope I have had my share in the benedictions he has so liberally dispensed with his two fingers. There is something, I take it, abominably revolting in crouching down before a hewn idol-the African savage can do no more: and the Bambine is as hideous as Mumbe Jumbo: but surely there is no harm in an act of reverential courtesy to a patriarchal old priest, whose purity of life and goodness of heart are acknowledged by all the world. You kneel to a good woman, don't you? You kneel to the Queen. Pope is king here, and so long as he can keep his Three Crowns, has a right to the customary obeisances. finally, as the Pope himself once tersely put it to a recalcitrant heretic, the blessing of an old man cannot do saybody any harm. As for kissing his too, that is quite another matter: although I have known many ferrent Protestants (of a toady way of thinking) ready, and even eager, to perform that ceremony. To sum up, the red-hot and bilious Protestant is rather in a hurry to get away from Rome, in order that Claphani, and the columns of his favourite redhet periodicals, shall be speedily enlightened as to the Idolary and the Mystery of Iniquity. Abating the Bambino—which idol is to me utterly horrible and sickening—there does not seem to be much that is iniquitous about the silly mummeries and superstitions of ecclesiastical Rome. Everybedy who has travelled in Spain, and especially in Mexico, must have witnessed tomfooleries ten times more preposterous and ten times more blasphemous in those countries. I spent the Holy Week of the year 1864 in Mexico City; and to this day I have never dared—even could I find a bookseller bold enough to publish what I wrote—to write a literal account of what goes on in Jurves and Viernes Santo in Tenostitlan.

The English Ritualist makes a joyful pilgrimage to Rome. His heart leaps up when he beholds it. He is mad to see the "functions" of Passion-week, and Easter, and Christmas, and St. Peter's-day. And after that? Well, I do thoroughly believe that it would be an excellent thing for the oldfashioned Church of England (as you, my good old friend Squaretoes, understand the doctrine and ritual of that Church) could all the ardent young Ritualists in Britain be taken to Rome in a rapid succession of Cook's tours, and be "put through" all the "functions," provided always that they took with them a Dr. William Smith, or an Authony Rich's Dictionary of Roman Antiquities (Muratori or Montfaucon would be too cumbrous), and carefully collated all the Popish "functions" they witnessed with the descriptions of the ceremonies of Paganism. There are many grave and carnest Ritualists, no doubt-sy, and shrewd and learned men-who have risited Rome repeatedly, and whose extreme

views have been rather confirmed than shaken by the invest tigations of each successive visit; but I incline very strongly to the belief that among the young fry of Ritualists wheer ignorance and innocent vanity are to an astonishing degree prevalent, and that they know scarcely anything about the model which they profess to copy. And not every ardent young Ritualist can go to Rome. Let them all go, I say, if it be practicable. Let them see the Real Thing-"all the Fun of the Fair"-for I do maintain that at certain periods of the year ecclesiastical Rome resembles nothing so much as a fair: waxwork shows, giants and dwarfs, gingerbreadnuts, and all. I apprehend that if all the frank, cheery, intelligent Englishmen and Englishwomen, who are not running crazy about Ritualism, were conscientiously to study on the spot the aspect of Ritualism's prototype, the scales would, in a vast number of instances, fall from their eyes, and they would recognise what a sorry tawdry simulacrum of rags and bones and staring paint they had been gazing at and taking for a portent.

But a truce to the odium theologicum. Whom else delights in Rome? Whom more than the American? And why? For the reason, I conceive, that Rome is so very, very old, and that he is so very, very new. I have studied American tourists in every country in Europe, and in every province of thely; but I never saw them so thoroughly entertained and interested as in Rome. The ancient and the modern city have alike absorbing attractions for them. In very rare instances does the average American care anything about antiquity per se—any more, indeed, than does our own Mrs. Ramsbottom; yet the gray old stones of the Forum and

the Colosseum seem to exercise over the Transatlantic minds an irresistible fascination. They are always poking about the tomb of Cecilia Metella, or mooning about the Catacombs, querulously anxious to know what has become of the bodies, and gladdening the hearts of the friar-guides with munificent donations; or gathering wild-flowers, and risking their necks on the summits of the arches of the Baths of Caracalle; or craning their necks to see the frescoes in the Palace of Titus; or poking at the pavement with their walking-sticks in the Thermæ of Diocletian; or vainly "guessing" at the sepulchral inscriptions in the Columbaria. They never seem tired of the statues in the Vatican and the Campidoglio. English visitors I have often seen unmistakably bored at these spectacles; and many English ladies resolutely refuse to do the antique lions of Rome after the first fortnight; but the Americans are indefatigable and insatiable. They are up early and late. They spend more money in Rome than any other foreign nation. They are the good geniuses of photographers, cameo- and bronze-dealers, statuaries, picture-copyists, and livery-stable-keepers. Their behaviour at the ecclesiastical "functions" is as the behaviour of most Protestant tourists of the Anglo-Saxon race -- simply and brutally indecent. They check off the ceremonies in the Sistine by means of a Murray or an Appleton's Guide-book, and scrutinise the genuflexions of the celebrants through a double-barrelled eyeglass. During the Carnival, they have the best windows on the Corso; their equipages are the most splendid to be seen on the Pincian. Until lately, the United-States Government maintained a minister at Rome-not that there was any business to be transacted between the Papal See and

the United States of America; but for the express purpose of "putting through" all Americans who wanted to see the Pope and take tes with the Cardinals. I have known Americans come straight from San Francisco to Rome, and go home again without seeing Paris or London. In addition to a numerous floating population from the States, there is in Rome a resident colony of refined, erudite, and cultivated Americans. An American, Mr. Storey, a distinguished sculptor, antiquary, and scholar, has written the best book (Roba di Roma) on social and picturesque life in the Eternal City that is extant. But even the floating Americans seem at home in Rome, and come back to the dear old Via Condotti and the jovial Hôtel d'Angleterre over and over again

The artist in Rome. Why, he is in Eden; for is not here the Tree of Knowledge; and may he not shake it to the last twig without sin? Everything appertaining to art is best learnt in Rome. Whatever your graphic vocation may be-are you a painter of history, of genre, of portrait, or of landscape, a sculptor, a modeller, a decorator, an architect. an engraver of gems or an engraver of metals, or a mere draughtsman of maps and plans,-you will find exemplars ready to your hand in Rome. If you seek tuition, you will find a master; if you are a master, you will find disciples. Rome is the inexhaustible milch-cow: no babe need be with-She has mammæ for all. And moreover, in out a teat. Rome, the poorest artist is somebody. The seald word "Bohemian" does not stick to ragged Dick Tinto. On the Seven Hills it is an honourable thing to be a citizen of Prague The artists of Rome keep no state, live no grand lives, covide

one another in no vain rivalries of dress or equipage. The artist is here, in fact, the secular priest, and his blouse and working cap carry, in their sphere, as much weight as in another do the shovel-hat, the shaves crown, the cowl, and the hempen girdle.

My Lord loves Rome. Our Lord, you know—his lordship who owns our land, our skies—at least, the fowls that fly in them—and will not allow us, Higgs and sons of Snell as we are, to shoot our rabbits, which, he says, are his. My Lord winters in Rome, and has wintered here any time these twenty years; you may see his sumptuous open carriage, with the bright bays, any day on the Pincian. My Lady and her ladyship's daughters love Rome quite as well; for here they find the shopping, the society, and the "scan. mag." of London, Brighton, Bath, Cheltenham, Hastings, and Tunbridge Wells.

In a word, who is Not charmed with Roma urbs? The classical scholar and the lover of English black-draughts and blue-pills, the antiquary and the connoisseur in painting, the admirer of field-sports and the amateur of monastic institutions, can all find their peculiar tastes ministered to in Rome. Whether you study the bas-relief on a column from a Montfaucon's point of view, or sit yourself on the top thereof and chant doxologies for thirty years as Simon Stylites did; whether your sympathies lie in the direction of ancient sculpture, of moonlight picnics, of pound-cakes, of palimpsests, or of mulligatawny soup—they have the right sort: an oriental club recipe, communicated by a perverted underbutler at Spielmann's restaurant—whether you like English Bath chaps, or Dunville's V.R. Whisky, or alabaster statuettes,

or gilt bronzes, or Egyptian ob sks, or the Acta Sanctorum, or stewed porcupine, or photographs, or cameos,—you have only to ask for the particular dainty you require in Rome, and, so long as you have plenty of money, your wish will be gratified in a moment.

And can there be no individuals to dislike this wonderful place? Well, I don't think the officers of the French army of occupation care much about it: and I am afraid that there are a vast number of born Romans who dislike Rome intensely, and will continue so to dislike it while the Pope is king, as well as pontiff, at the Vatican.

### XXII.

#### A ROMAN FESTIVAL.

December 8

To-DAY is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception: The shops are shut, the church-bells are ringing incessantly, it is raining hard. The time has gone by when the Feasts: of the Roman-Catholic Church were concurrent with the merry-makings of the people. A Church-holiday, originally, was surely intended to be a season when, the religious ceremonies of the occasion being duly performed, everybody proceeded to enjoy himself-when there were games and junketings, jousts and pastimes, as well as solemn rites and imposing processions—when the miracle-play was often acted in the very same fane where the mass had been sung-when banqueting-tables were spread, and good cheer was the substantial sign of the joy which, in those simple ages of Faith, fitled the hearts of men who were content to believe and be thankful, and left reading and writing-perilous accomplishments at best—to their betters; that is to say, to the clergy. There is a Marriage of Cana, as we all know, at the Louvre, and another Marriage, by an early: German painter, in the Berlin Gallery, in which this primitive notion of a festival is very unmistakably conveyed. The German has painted a marvellous kitchen interior, just as the Venetian has painted an equally-wonderful representation of the banqueting board itself. You see very clearly what the feast means.

roast-goose, wild-boar's head, fat capons, raised-pie, grapes and peaches, and nuts and oranges, and an abundance of sound Rhenish and generous Aleatico to wash the dainties Only the faintest reflex of these feasts, half-pious, half-convivial, is visible in modern exclusion. English people over-eat themselves, traditionally, at Christmas; and Americans consume vast quantities of roast-turkey, stewedoysters, and "sass" on Thanksgiving-day. For the rest; the majority of Catholics have forgotten how to feast, just as the ordinary run of Protestafits have forgotten how to last. Asceticism may linger in some remote corners; and it may be that Messrs. Thresher and Glenny keep a few hair-shirts in stock for old customers; but, save from affectation, who mortifies himself on Ash Wednesday or Good Friday? To very many thousands of very good Protestants those fasts have become virtual feasts, dedicated to excursion-trains and pigeon-shooting at Hornsey Wood.

In the capital of Christianity there are few days without at least a couple of saints, and sometimes half-a-dozen, specially appointed to take care of them; but the period between Advent and Easter ustles with fasts and feasts. Last Sunday, the first in Advent, there was a Pontifical High Mass at the Sistine Chapel. The Pope and the Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople officiated, and the Host was carried processionally to the Capella Paolina. A forty-hours' exposition of the sacrament has been going on in the different churches of Rome all the week. On Tuesday was the Feast of St. Barbara. This saint is the patroness of artillerymen! As she flourished many centuries before the infernal invention of the Reverend Father Schwarz (or somebody else, who has

of Hades, for his benevolent invention's sake) was adapted to the destruction of humanity, it is difficult to see how St. Barbara became the protector of gunners and drivers and eighteen-pounders. Her status at the Ordnance Office seems an anadironism as glaving as the employment of heavy artillery in the colestial warfare in Paradise Lost.

Both inconsistencies may of course be reconciled by the use of that stick which has only one end—the miracle; but Thave had the mystery of St. Barbara explained to me in another way. Before the discovery of gunpowder, her saintship looked after mines and miners, kindly settling all matters connected with ventilation and choke-damp, and chasing away the gnomes and kobolds, and other maleficent sprites, who, as is well known, haunt deserted "goafs," and prevent the working of rich veins. When gunpowder was discovered it occurred to some bright genius that it might be made subservient to other purposes than murdering mankind. used in mines for blasting. The devout pitmen, previous to applying the match to a charge, naturally murmured an invocation to St. Barbara. Thus associated with itrous extosion, the transition to big guns was obvious, and St. Barbara, has ever since been the saint par excellence of the Special Arm of the Service. It is to be feared that she receives but scant homage at Woolwich, but at Rome she is treated with every possible honour. The guns of the castle of St. Angelo thundered forth, on the morning of the fourth, a salute to the explosive saint. I was walking in the afternoon by the Campo Vaccino towards the arch of Titus, when, close to St. Cosmo Damiano, I came upon a tolerably large crowd, and

heard a series of most terrific reverberations: I found that it was only a select party of French private soldiers, who had economised their pocket-money for a blow-up on St. Barbara's-day, and were exploding a series of petards, each about the the size of a pint-pot, on the muddy waste ground.

I may add that the road from the Capitol to the Colosseum, taking in the Forum Romanum and the Campo Vaccino aforesaid, bears a very striking resemblance to Glasgow-green -assuming about two-thirds of the population of the "pawkie" city of North Britain to be dead of the cholera. It is as grimy, as filthy, as tumble in as forlorn, and as unpleasantly redolent of old clothes, old marine-stores, and old women, who were washerwomen once upon a time, but have long since foresworn soap, either for their own or for other's use. That the temples and palaces of the Forum and the Capitol should be dilapidated and decrepit is in the nature of things, and offers no pretext for grumbling. I do not feel inclined to echo the opinion of the American tourist who described Rome as "quite a nice place, but the public buildings much out of The tumbledown structures of the Forum and Capitol I mean are the modern ones. The classical ruins are ruins, and behave as such. The domestic edifices all look as though they had been first half demolished by the Goths, then sacked by the Connétable de Bourbon, then gutted by Gualtiero di Monreale, and finally bombarded by General Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely in 1849.

But their dilapidation is not picturesque, and their decrepitude is not venerable. Blind Belisarius begging for an obolus at the Porta del Popolo is a noble ruin; but you don't care much about a nasty old man with a fine Roman mosaic of

dirt tesselated into the baldness of his skull, who importunes you, under the adjuration of many spints, for two bajocchi, the which he presently spends on a bicchierino of rum, at the grog-shop round the corner. Rum in Rome! It has come Rum is the favourite beverage of the lower classes in the Eternal City. No modern stimulants, however, can make either the people or their dwellings look young. They do not even pertain to the Middle Ages, from the Hallam and Victor-Hugo point of view. They have nothing to do with the interesting antiquity of Republican or the Imperial epochs. They are simply nashly old, grubbily antique, scandalously ruinous, like the ragfair shanties of Glasgow, or the filthy Towers of Babel in the Canongate at Edinburgh, or the rookeries of the Coomb in Dublin, or those abominable houses at the corner of Stamford-street, Blackfriars, or any other unsightly, noisome slurus you like to mention.

On every monument of the classical past in Rome, on almost every bust and statue in the Vatican, you may find a pompous inscription setting forth that now, purged from all pagan impieties, the relic has been dedicated to the service of a purer faith;"" through the munificence" of this or that Clement, Gregory, or Pius. How dearly should I like to see, on the places where the modern Romans vegetate, here and there a brass-plate, or a marble-table, where a simply-painted wooden board, proclaiming that in such or such a year this pigstye had been reformed, this guilt-garden purified, that rotten mass of hovels converted into a model lodging-house, or those other hideous rockeries swept and garnished, and dedicated to St. Saponax and St. Aquarius—all "through the munificence" of the Pontifex Maximus for

the time being! If Mr. Peabedy, now, would only change his creed, what a capital Pope he would make! What a St. George would he be to destroy the old Roman dragon of rubbish and stinks and malaria! Surely a longer lease might be granted to the Imperial Power, if they would only wash the Santa Sede clean, and pull down some of the unutterable Gehennas that fringe the very gardens of the Vatican.

In lieu of this, at the top of the Corso, the most fashionable thoroughfare in Rome, and at the corner of a street leading directly to the Capitoline Hill, there is a public laystall of the most revolting kind, with this cool announcement nailed to the wall: "Deposito provvisorio delle immondezze per la notte." I do not pretend to understand anything about the dogma of the Immaculate Conception any more than I do that of the Incarnation of Vishnu; but I have read somewhere that cleanliness is next to godliness, and that dictum might, with advantage I think, be tacked to the Thirty-nine Articles. If Pio Nono would only proclaim the dogma of immaculate cleanliness in common life as a means of salvation, he would find a great many more people willing to listen to him than, I fear, can be found in Italy just now.

Meanwhile the French artillerymen were holding their harmless festival on the Colosseum-road, to the intense delight of the Roman gamins, who were allowed to scramble for the petards after each explosion, and clawed and cuffed, and tumbled one another in the mud, very much as it is the fashion for little blackguard boys to do the whole world over. The artillerymen had been to church in the morning, and in full uniform, to return thanks to St. Barbara for past favores, and solicit a renewal of her kind patronage.

men dined together in the evening, so that there has been one festival at least in Advent, with an accompaniment of cakes and ale. I suppose that there is not much harm in firing-off big guns and bursting pint-pots in honour of St. Barbara. The dear good lady would probably be frightened out of her wits at the sound of a pocket-pistol, and may have about as much to do with the Royal Artillery as St. Catherine has with the fireworks at Cremorne, or St. Vitus with the shocking malady which bears his name. But what does it matter, after all? Thousands of good people go every year to say their prayers at St. Martin's Church, in London. Does one in ten thousand know who St. Martin was? or care much, at this time of day?

Moreover, when you come to gunpowder, logic flies outat the window. There is inherent in humanity the desire to make from time to time a thundering noise. Before gunpowder the world could only cheer, and ring bells, and flourish trumpets: one grows hoarse with hallooing, however, and trumpeters and bell-ringers are apt to grow tired. The blazing and banging properties of gunpowder have long since secured for it the palm in creating a disturbance. . There is seldom any real meaning in the explosion of gunpowder, always excepting when the Hounslow mills "go off," and a battle is perhaps the most illogical thing in existence; but we have the thundering noise, and that is what most people require. In the Miscellaneous Estimates every year in England, you will find that a sum of from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds is blown away in gunpowder in the form of salutes to royal and distinguished personages who come to or go away from Dover. Some of these royal and distinguished ones have lately been wiped out by Bismark. To fire twenty-one blank charges after a Grand Duke or an Hereditary Small German cannot do him any good; but then it does nobody any harm, save an occasional artilleryman who is blown up by a bursten gun, or has his arm broken by its recoil. But we are a wealthy nation, and can afford to throw money into the kennel. Fifteen hundred pounds are year, for instance, would not be of the slightest service as an endowment for educational, literary, or artistic purposes. It is a fleabite, and may, as well as not, be blown away in gunpowder.

There is another Capella Papale or Pontifical High Mass to-day at the Apostolic Palace in the Vetican: mass to be sung by the Cardinal Protector of the Borghesian College, in Santa Maria Maggiore, and a sermon to be preached by an alumnus of the Pian Seminary; there is a festival at Santa Maria d' Araceli, and at tax Church of the Tealve Apostles an octave and a discourse, at twenty-three o'clock (sic) there will be a panegyric and a benediction in Sant' Andrea della Valle; panegyries will also be delivered at San Francesco Ripa, at the Church of the Capuchus at the Gesu. at St. Cosmo and Danneno, at Sau Carlo in the Corso, at St. Maria of the Via Lata, at St. Lucia de' Gimmsi, mel about a hundred more of the three-hundred-and-sixty-four churches with which Rome is blessed. At the Oratory of San Girolama della Carità there will be a musical litary to which ladies are admitted—a grateful notification, the fair sex being excluded from very many interesting functiones in Rome. They are not even allowed to visit the subterranean church of St. Peter's save on Whit Monday, or on presentation of a

solemn petition to the Pope through the Cardinal Datario. Ladies as well as gentlemen were granted free ingress to the Sistine last Sunday, but "opera-dres." was de riqueur: that is to say, the gentlemen were to appear in black dress-coats, and the ladies in black dresses and black-lace veils.

I have mentioned some of the ceremonies consequent on this Feast of the Immaculate Conception, about which, one way or the other, the poor old Pope of Rome probably knows as much or as little as does one of his, own Swiss Guard, and the doctrinal assertion of which, inderendent of the infallibility claimed for the Holy Father, is of no more weight than would be the affirmation that the form of the earth is a polyhedron, or that the normal hus of a Bengal tiger is peagreen. The manner in which the festival of the Iramaculate has been celebrated for the shades of evening have closed in since I commenced this letter—is on a par with the rationality of the dogma itself. The day has been kept in the fushion defined by Americans as "a little mixed." Thus, while the Romans of the upper classes have judiciously stayed away from the church celebrations, the most fervent worshippers of Romanist shrines to-day have been the Protestant foreigners, chiefly ladies, staying in the lif-Stiff silk-skirts and elaborate ferent hences of the capital. veils of sable hue were at a premium this morning, and the conversation at the table-d'hôte was all about incense and organs, stoles and dalmatics, acolytes and thurifers.

Surely there is not much to wonder at if the minds of some silly women and sillier men at home are running crazy just now on Ritualism. It is, after all, only a matter of music and millinery, which are both things very dear to the

feminista mind. We may live in hope of seeing Ritualistic rectors stand on the steps of the altar in source jackets and Pamela bonnets, and the clerk give out a sonnet by Swinburne, as a psalm, to the music of the Guards' waltz. I see no reason to the contrary. I have heard, in a Spanish church, in Holy Week, a set of variations on the music of the Trovatore performed on the grand pianoforte; and to the poor peasants who formed the majority of the congregation Signor Verdi's spasmodic strophes were as soul-entrancing as though they had formed part of the music of the spheres.

It is at Rome, however, that ecclesiastical music and ecclesiastical millinery are seen in their highest perfection: it is at Rome that the frivolous and the meretricious become colossal, and Imposture rises to the sublime. The churchmusic at Rome is really magnificent; the grandour of the scenery is beyond all praise—the scenic artists are, in many cases, be it remembered. Rafaelle and Michel Angelo; the decorations are superb, the dresses sumptuous, the stagemanagement perfect, the supernumeraries admirably drilled. The difference between the servitor in a purple gaberdine and violet stockings who on Sunday last popped hither and thither among the artificial rocks and sham columns of the Capella Paolina, lighting up the lamps, and the gentleman in a paper-cap and shirt-sleeves who kindles the gas-battens behind the set pieces in one of Mr. Beverley's spectacles at Drury Lane, is perhaps hard to discover; but the alacrity with which genteel British Protestants, who at home are never tired of girding at the Scarlet Woman of Babylon and the Mystery of Iniquity, throw themselves into the voluptuousness of church music and millinery at Rome is, to say

the least, edifying. They appear to regard the Pope at kind of show provided by the Reman hotel-beepers, and to be enjoyed by the superior classes in common with camees, mosaics, Castellani's antique jewelry, Piale's reading room; and the statues in the Museo Chiaramonti by moonlight They would walk in and out of the Vatican, if they could as they do in and out of the painters' and sculptors' studios -half as patrons, half as sneering critics. They would take stock of the benighted old gentleman's furniture, and inquire if he wears a crinoline under his white-flannel petticoat, and gaze curiously on the enormous red-silk pocket-handkerchief with which he mops up the quantity of snuff which he bestows on his venerable countenance. "Ebbene, Signore," said a Roman cardinal to the philosopher John Locke, at the conclusion of one of the most awful ceremonies in Passionweek; "che pensa ella di tutte queste coglionerie?" · Who is in more evil case, I wonder: the cynical flamen who "rails against the quality of flesh, and not believes himself," or the gaping show-hunter who mobs the Pope, and scrutinises the elevation of the Host through a double eyeglass?

To me Romanism in Rome is at once a ludicrous and a melancholy spectacle; ludicrous from the infinite tomfoolery in which the celebrants indulge, the barefaced imposture which is palmed on the credulous, the impudent plagiarisms from pagan rites which it presents — plagiarisms so close and literal that, with the assistance of a Pintionary of Antiquities, nothing is easier than to keep a register of these munmeries by double entry, the Romish ceremony in one column, and the heathen ceremony, from which it has been abvirously expect, in the other. There has been mean-

dering about Rome, for instance, all this afternoon, an exact reproduction of the procession of the Bona Dea, or Venus Salammbó. For the Bona Dea was simply substituted a gigantic figure, enthroned, of the Virgin Mary. Before and behind was an interminable train of monks and friars, priests and choir-boys, gendarmes and Papal dragoons, with innumerable banners, and two military bands.

The whole thing as I have said, is a "little mixed." Ophicleides and drawn sabres, epaulettes and jackboots, will get mingled, somehow, with pyxes and crosses, shaven crowns and bare feet. But the entirety is but a palimpsest of the pagan, notwithstanding. This is the ludicrous side. It is ludicrous to know that while these monks are wandering with their idol about a city of a hundred-and-fifty-thousand inhabitants, the most interested sightseers are a few groups of foreign heretics, who, in their heart of hearts, know well enough that the whole thing is a Hambug, yet who suck it up greedily, as they would the sight of Blondin on the tightrope, or the Widow Stodare with her Sphinx. It is ludicrous to know that, although the shops are shut, the caffes are all wide open, and full of French officers, who-all eldest chil-. dren of the Church as they are-prefer to imbibe their absinthe and smoke their cigars, and let the Bona Dea meander by in peace. So much is ludicrous; but there is much more that is melancholy in the sight of an enormous machine falling daily out of gear, of a house whose foundations are being daily sapped, of a priesthood whose legitimate influence is hourly dwindling away from them, of a Pontiff who is staggering to and fro like a drunken man. There could not be a more significant commentary on the Feast of the Imma-

## A ROMAN FESTIVAL.

culate Conception in Rome than the fact that, on Thursday, the officers of the French corps of occupation, headed by General de Montebello, had their aud ence of leave of the Pope; that on Friday the 71st French regiment of the line steamed out of the harbour of Civita Vecchia; that on Monday another regiment goes away; and that by this day week the Pope will have to shift for himself.\*

\* But he could do nothing of, or by, or for himself, poor "infallible" old man, and his French patrons were fain to come back and help him.



F 12

This is the twelfth of December: the French programme is accomplished to the letter and not a French collision. Scrap of French bunting is to be seen anywhere in Rome. A few clerks in charge of commissariat stores, and a few comployes of the special French department of the Roman Post-office will remain for a time to balance their books and arrange the affairs of their bureaux; but by New-year's day the seventeen years' occupation of the Papal States by Napoleon III. will have become as entirely a thing of the past as that other occupation under Napoleon I., when the Prefect of the Tiber resided at the Quirinal—when Perugia was the chef lieu of the department of the Thrasymene—and when Pasquin, alluding to the desolation of the city by a severe storm, and the promulgation of divers rigorous decrees from Paris, broke out in his memorable quatrain:

"L'altissimo là sù ci manda la tempesta, L'altissimo là giù ci toglia quel che resta; E fra li due affissimi, Siamo noi malissimi."

From Jupiter above come hail and thunder, From Jupiter below edicts for plunder, And what with one and t'other Zeus, Poor Roma is going to the deuce.

You will pardon the freedom of the translation I have here attempted; but the Italian text, as is ordinarily the case

with Peninsular humour, is even more free, and, literally rendered into English, might not be very welcome to Protestant ears.

I should be wrong, at the same time, in saying that, although the French army have thoroughly decamped, there are no more Prench mailtorns to be seen in the streets of Rome. You passely walk ten pases indeed, to-day, in any frequented thoroughfare without meeting a pale and Testile phantom of the sou-zou, the piou-piou, and the poussecailloy of La Belle France. It has occurred to the Papal Government, in its wisdom, that the Remans might be kept in good order after the departure of the stern monitors who have so long watched over them, if it dressed up its own warriors in the likeness of French soldiers. Thus the Pontifical gendarmes, to the exact measurement of the angles of their cocked-hats, and the minutest inflections of the curves of their moustaches, are copied from the French model; the last real types of which left Civita Vecchia yesterday, per war-steamer for Toulon.

The Antibes legion—if sandry ill-looking scamps I have met prowling about belong to that notable corps—are got up in imitation of French chasseurs, and the sentry-boxes are occupied to-day by fusiliers if all sizes and all ages, and with the cross-keys on their shakees, but otherwise arrayed in the blue tunies, red-worsted epaulettes, and pantalons garance of Gaul. The simulacrum is as commendable as a chalk-drawing from the Apollo Belvedere, and quite as unsatisfactory. These presumably valiant persons produce a lively effect, but they are evidently not the genuine article. They are sickly, shambling, solovenly-looking creatures at

the best, many almost dwarfish in stature, others preternaturally lanky, and with not more than a pound and a half of real fighting-looking muscle to each half-dozen privates. They are very dirty, and the successor of the apostles has not yet provided his legionaries with pocket-handkerchiefs. Their speech is polyglot, and they are in at the jewellers' shop-windows in a manner which may well spire the bigiottieri of Rome with an intense desire to put up their shutters till the Roman question is definitively settled. The accuracy with which their uniforms have been "taken from the French" would do honour to a London playwright, but in essentials they no mere resemble French soldiers than the Game of Speculation resembles Mercadet.

The Pontifical War-office, like some unscrupulous retail dealers at home, has resorted to "the untradesmanlike device of saying it is the same concern;" but Rome and Italy will hardly be taken in by the imposture. The Zouaves are a better-looking set of fellows altogether; but they are too young and too weedy. Of course the primeval stock of the Zouave were the Duke d'Aumale's enfants perdus, modelled on the indigenous Spahis of Algeria: for take the white burnouse off a Spahi, and you will find that he is a Zouave underneath; but the Roman specimens I have seen appear to have been more closely studied from the Transatlantic variety so familiar in the Zouaves of Colonel Billy. Wilson, who never could be persuaded to garrison West Point, because it was so very near Sing Sing, and who were so signally routed in their first encounter with the rebels, through the cunning of the Confederate commander, who simply caused a banner to be hoisted in front of his line

bearing this inscription, "The pelice are coming." Billy Wilson's Zouaves needed no second warning, but stampeded at once.

The Papal Zouaves are clad in gray, with a deep-red sash round their loins, but the former hue is the prevailing one, and on the whole it has a Portland-cum-Pentonville look, and, with their very baggy knickerbockers, gives them the air of convicts "on the loose." There are a good many of them also who march wide between the legs as though they had gyves on, and the very sensible system followed of abolishing the choking leathern stock, and allowing them to go bare-necked, does not fail to induce a theory painfully suggestive of the absence of under-linen, as in the case of Sir John Falstaff's Own, or Coventry Rangers, in the whole of which distinguished regiment I believe there was but u shirt and a half, the shirt stolen from an innkeeper at Daventry, and the half-shirt a towel, worn across the shoulders after the manner of a herald's tabard. The P. Z.'s, I fear. will have some difficulty in finding linen on the hedges. Nothing seems to grow on the Campagna of Rome, except acanthus-leaves, wild-flowers, and buffaloes; and even the Cotton Supply Association would be puzzled to make shirts out of them.

I wonder whether the Pope's sham French gendarmes, sham Chasseurs, sham Dragoons, and sham Zouaves, will be of any avail in propping-up the Holy Father's rule over his 200,000 subjects, and averting, for any considerable length of time, that political collapse which, in the nature of things, seems inevitable? As for the Roman-Catholic religion and its priests, non religion and its priests, non religion. It may be

a hundred, and it may take a thousand, it may take even two thousand years to extirpate ignorance, credulity, and superstition from the minds of humanity; and so long as ignorance, credulity, and superstition last, the Roman-Catholic religion will endure, and spiritually flourish. But the temporal power is a thing whose decay can be more visibly gauged, and the time of whose demolition can be more easily calculated. It is not a question of centuries; it may not be a question of days or months; but it is assuredly one to be determined within a very few years. There is nothing particularly inischievous, or wicked, or fraudulent about it, as there is about the Romish idolatry, which, in proportion to its wickedness and falsity, is likely to last the longer.

The little timpot supremacy of the Pope as a king is not a mech greater nuisance than many which, within the memory of men still living, we bore for years, but which we were at last irritated into sweeping away. Highway roldery, Dead-body snatching, Algerine piracy, Gretna-green marriages, Sanctuary at Holyrood, the Rules of the Bench, West-Indian slavery, the Laws of Mortmain and Deodand French passports and personal search at the Custom-houses, the Duke of Athol's rights as a king in the Isle of Man. Climbing-boys. the Sound-dues, Eighteenpenny inland postage, the Palace Court, Smithfield Market, Intramural interments, Joseph Adv. and the Corn-laws: one need not be more than a middleaged man to remember all those plagues. I don't think the Roman shoe pinches the Roman people more tightly than any of the inflictions I have set down above. I have lived abroad under more than one despotic government, with slaves to wait upon me, no free press no representative institutions,

footstep; yet I have found existence exceedingly tolerable, and, so long as the bankers didn't break, had quite a nice time.

Many years have elapsed since Lord John Russell denounced the Government of the Pope as the very worst in Europe, and, save in a few insignificant particulars, it has not changed since the period of his lordship's denunciation. A comparison of Roman institutions with the governments of other European countries must lead us, in 1866, to very nearly the same conclusion. The Government of the States of the Church is worse even than that of Greece, whose last king, when he was kicked out, did not at least claim immunity on the score of being the Vicar of Heaven and a supernatural personage-worse even than that of Turkey. where there are at least religious toleration and commercial But, for all its intrinsic badness, one is puzzled at first to tell in what precise manner Rome is misgoverned, or the Romans themselves oppressed and ground down. There are few, if any, Protestant natives here, so that the impudent bigotry which, in the face of Roman-Catholic emancipation in England, forbids the celebration of Protestant worship within the walls of Rome, cannot press very hardly on the inhabitants. The Roman police, so far as I know, are not in the habit of opening letters at the postoffice, or of paying domiciliary visits, or of arresting persons on the most frivolous pretences, or of dragging people out of their bods in order to beat them with sticks; a practice long followed, and up to a very recent date, both by the Austrian and the Russian police. There are certainly no

political criminals in the easemates of St. Angelo.\* There are as certainly no captives for conscience' sake in the dungeons of the Inquisition, there are no political convicts in the bagni of Civita Vecchia—at least, none that I have heard of—save brigands, whose claim to be considered politicians is at least questionable. I have heard some horrible stories against the Papal sbirri, but beyond a fondness for doing nothing, and for cheating anybody out of ten bajocchi when they have a chance, I don't suppose they are worse than other policemen elsewhere.

Of what, then, have the Romans to complain? Wherein lies the gravamen of their doleance? What is the grinding oppression under which they suffer? Their taxation is not so heavy as it is in free Italy. The Papal tobacco, I again hasten to own, is infinitely superior to the Italian, and at the Debito Regio, in the Piazza Mignanelli, you may purchase genuine havanas, specially imported by the Government of the Holy Father for the delectation of his faithful children. As a snuff-taker the Pontiff has a fellow-feeling for the smoker. King Victor Emmanuel unfortunately has an unrefined taste as regards tobacco. The coarsest of weeds are deemed good enough by his Majesty, and his realm is consequently poisoned with bad cigars.

I am aware that a tableau of the actual condition of Rome can be painted in colours far darker than those with which I have set my palette. From Florence, from Milan, from Turin, from Paris, you will receive probably very different accounts of what is going on in the Eternal City. There is an influential journal, for example, called Il Patriota, and

published at Parma. The Roman correspondent of this interesting sheet writes, under the date of the 6th of December, that Rome is in a state of siege; that cannon are posted, "al di quà e al di là," here and there along the Tiber; that so soon as the bells for the Ave Maria are heard the streets are deserted; that nightly wayfarers are poniarded, or stripped and robbed, by the "brigands" with whom the city is swarming, and who are under the immediate protection of the Papal Government; that the Presidents of the different Rioni or districts have carte blanche from head-quarters, and arrest whom they please in order to satisfy private vengeance; that the gendarmerie stop passengers in the streets, and insult them; that the prisons of the Holy Office are full of poveri infelia accused of heresy or blasphemy, who undergo the most frightful tortures; that other enormities are rife, the which the pen refuses to transcribe; that malversation, vendette, rapes, arrests, robbery, and murder are the order of the day; and so forth. The correspondent of the Parmesan paper winds up by informing his readers that the Sanfedisti, who committed such atrocities in the Romagna and the Marches in '49, are enrolled in a "secret military legion," and will in due course of time be let loose on the The Osservatore Romano has quietly repubshopkeepers. lished the letter of the Roman correspondent of the Parma Patriota, heading it with the suggestive title, "Nuove bugie e vecchi bugiardi"-" New lies from old liars." scarcely be said that there is not one word of truth in the Parmesan chronicle. Rome is just as quiet as Camberwell. Until very late at night the streets are filled with people; carriages full of fashionable ladies drive about with impunity. There are no cannon visible "al di quà" or "al di a," on the Tiber's banks; and the cells of the Holy Office are in all probability as empty as the Parmesan gentleman's head. This is but a very mild sample of the prodigious lies which are told every day in the columns of the Italian press.

I will believe that, were a prebiscitum called for while the Pope remains at Rome, the result, although the majority might be for union with Italy under Victor Emmanuel, would show a very respectable proportion of voters for the maintenance of the actual order of things. Mind. everybody must vote. The thirteen thousand priests and monks, the seminaries and the pupils of the Propaganda, the three thous sand beadles, vergers, sacristans, bell-ringers, gutter-scrapers, holy-water-bottle fillers, and lamplighters and candle-snuffers of St. Peter's-the beadles, &c. of the other three-hundred-and-sixty-three churches and basilicas of Rome, the cardinals and the cardinals' coachmen and footmen, and that wonderful dragoon-the image of our own City marshalwho rides before the Pope, waving a drawn sword, after the manner of the late Mr. Gomersal in the Astleian spectacle of the Battle of Waterloo. The Swiss halberdiers must vote. and the Noble Guard, and the Trasteverini who yet grovel before the empty tomb which Pius IX. has caused to be constructed for himself, and groups of whom are always to be found in St. Peter's, kissing away what remains of the toe The shopkeepers who sell mosaics and Byzanof the saint. tines, and gilt bronzes, and verd antique, and malachite, and copies of old pictures, the hotel-keepers, the lottery officekeepers, and the valets de place, should also be admitted to the suffrage; and the result would, I am sure, be a highlyPope in and the Italians out. As for the ladies, if female votes were allowed, and only the sid women, in any European capital, Protestant or Catholic, you choose to mention, were polled, the majority would be for the Pope, and he would remain at the Vatican in sæcula sæculorum.

But neither priests, nor friars, nor flunkeys, nor shopkeepers, nor old women, nor his rabble-rout of Dutch-Irish Zouaves and Antibes Legionaries will set the temporal power on its legs again. There will not, I hope, be another Castelfidardo or another Perugia; \* but the Papacy for all that will "slide," and, temporally, be effaced. The real, the sole complaint of the Roman people is, not that they are massacred, or starved, or locked up and tortured by the Inquisition, but that they are subject to a Government which belongs, not to the ninetcenth, but to the fourteenth century. The Pope is a dear good old gentleman, but he is five hundred years old -he goes himself sometimes so far as to say that he is close upon two thousand-and really, at his age, he should be spared the clatter and the worry of modern politics. Romans do not want him to go away from Rome. They are willing to make him happy and comfortable there all the days of his life; but they desire to see him adopt a policy, and surround himself with counsellors befitting the coming year 1867.

<sup>\*</sup> There has been Mentana (1869).

### XXIV.

# ROME AND THE ROMANS.

Or course, during the fortnight preceding the departure of the French troops from Rome, you heard at least fourteen different rumours-mostly from the inventive city of Paris, or the scarcely less imaginative Florence-setting forth how the Ultramontane party had succeeded in persuading the Pope to run away from Rome so soon as the French evacuation was completed. Certainly, in the majority of instances, the wish was father to the thought, and the Italian papers, it particular, show great anxiety to prove that the departure ... the Holy Father from Rome would be an act of virtual abdication. There are some notable historical precedents in support of this view. In the British Museum may be seen s copy of the London Gazette for a certain day in the month of November 1688, in which the Lords of the Council calmly announce that, " his Majesty having withdrawn himself," they hold the throne of England to be vacant. James II, did subsequently more formally abdicate; but the "withdrawal" noticed in the Garctie was undentably the real false step which shook the crown off his head.

Were the Pope to depart, suddenly and secretly from his capital, to be next heard of at Malta, at Munich, or at Madrid, it might need no very nice discrimination between defure and de facto rights, and no very minute hairsplitting

between sovereigns in esse and in posse, to arrive at the conclusion that there was nobody to six down in the chair of St. Peter—that is, in the ordinary locally, provided for sedentary accommodation. Ultramontanism denies this, and asserts that the Pope was as much a temporal prince at Avignon—when the Tribune Rienzi was fighting the Colonna and the Orsini at Rome—or at Fontainebleau—under the lock and key of Napoleon, while the Eternal City was not only garrisoned by French troops, but formally incorporated with the French Empire under the name of the Department of the Tiber—or as at any other period of his history when he sat enthroned in high state in the Vatican, surrounded by Swiss halberdiers and noble guards, and sending his monsignori to govern the Legations.

The worth of an assertion—like anything else—is, according to Hudibras, "just so much as it will bring:" and the Ultramontane assertion does not bring conviction to the mind. The Pope was not sovereign of Rome when he lived at Avignon, because it was as much as his life was worth to have shown himself in Rome among the turbulent barons. He was not sovereign of Rome when Napoleon immured him in the splendid durance of Fontainebleau, simply because he had been forced into a postchaise, and hurried from Italy to France under an escort of gendarmes, while the son of his captor had been solemuly created king of the city which he claimed as his appanage.

These are not, of course, the views of Ultramontanism. Their views are summed up in the doctrine of Divine right. Those views are very distinctly expressed on the portal of a monumental tomb in the crypt of St. Peter's, where we are told

in sounding Latin, that James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, Kings of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, are interred. We know very well that there never were any such kings, and that in that stately sepulchre continue to moulder only the bones of two Pretenders; the elder and the younger, and of Henry Stuart, Sometime Cardinal of York. Ultramontanism, to do it justice, is seldom inconsistent. To Ultramontanism the Count de Chambord is still Henry the Fifth, Leopold is still Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francesco King of Naples, and Juan de Borbon King of Spain; and not a fortnight since I read in an ultra-Catholic paper a flaming panegyric on the lately-deceased miscreant—a miscreant as mad as he was sanguinary—Don Pedro of Portugal.

But will the Pope go away, either definitively or only for a short time, until he can see what turn affairs are likely to take? You may think it now rather late in the day to discuss such a question, but at Rome, as I have already had occasion to point out, much less seems to be known, and to all outward appearance much less seems to be cared about that twin-brother in abstruseness and obscurity to the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, the Roman question, than is known and cared in France, in Italy, or even in Protestant England. The Romans are not such gossips as the Florentines or the Caffè life is here almost a nullity. The erst-Venetians. famous Caffè Greco-done to death by every tourist who has professed to describe artist life in Rome-is the dullest and most deserted of places; the falling-off in its prosperity being attributed to the new proprietor's raising the tariff for a cup

<sup>\*</sup> Don Juan, I believe, has since abdicated his pretensions, and the present pretender is an even more obscure personage (1869).

of coffee from one penny to threshalfpence. There is no Florian's, no Doney's, no Piazza della Scala, at Rome, where the scan. mag. of the day is retailed hot and hot, like the parallelograms of juicy meat at the Beefsteak Club.

One does not resort to the Forum to hear what is going on. One goes to the Forum to see the rules and be fleeced by the outtodes thereof on a sliding-scale of extortion, vary ing from five bajocchi for a Corinthian column damaged, to three pnoli for a statue. Triumphal arches are gratuitous. The Corso is the Bond-street of Rome, and at all hours pretty well thronged; but it is far too narrow for even two quidnuncs to hold each other by the button and gossip for five minutes. And strong as is the love in humanity for gossip, that enjoyment can scarcely be cultivated in the middle of the road at the risk of being run over by the sanguinehued equipage of an Eminence, or an English mail-phaeton rattling towards the Pincian hill. There are very few people indeed to be seen at any time on the Piazza del Popolo, which has an odd family likeness to Highgate-archway, set down at the entrance to Cumberland-market, Kentish Town: and as for the Piazza di Spagna, and the Via Condotti, and the Via Babuino, about the last article procurable in any of those thoroughfares is Roman political intelligence.

It is the English quarter, it is the district of the vast hotels where the Forestieri Inglesi are taken in and done for —comfortably done for, generously done for, I grant, but at a deuce of a price. If you want Crosse and Blackwell's pickles, Brown and Polson's corn-flour, Mappin's razors, Elkington's plate, Atkinson's perfectly. Savory and Moone's drugs, Guinness's attack Parkey and Gotto's stationery, or

Allsopp's pale ale, come by all means to the Spagns, the Condetti, or the Babuino. If a young lady wishes to hire a riding-habit or a side-saddle for the next meet of the Roman Hunt she will find everything she requires in the English quarter. Go into Piale or Spithöver's reading-rooms, and you will hear all about the workmen's demonstration at Beaufort House, and the Bishop of London's Charge, but nothing about Ultramontanism or the Roman question. If you want Roman mosaics or Revalenta Arabica, Byzantine jewelry or Daffy's elixir, antique cameos or Cockle's pills, a reduced copy of Trajan's Column in gilt bronze, or photographs of the Campidoglio nearly as big as the Campidoglio itself, and at prices to match, I cannot recommend you to a better place than the Via Condotti.

They sell beautiful English nail-brushes in the Via Babuino, likewise Harvey's sauce and Warren's blacking, and some of the nicest darning-needles I was ever sent out to purchase. The newest English novels, published under the auspices of the Baron von Tauchnitz, can be obtained at the libraries, where there is such an unrestricted supply of English literature, that I have begun to entertain grave doubts as to the existence of the Index Expurgatorius, and have thought of asking for the Jesuit in the Family or the Dairyman's Daughter. I daresay that these and many other anti-Babylonish works are to be procured in the English quarter. They may be prohibited, but I have not yet met anyone who has failed in bringing to Rome anything on which he had set his mind. You either obtain a lascia passare from your banker, in which case your luggage is not examined at all, or you get judiciously close to the pontifical doganiere who

is about to examine your first portmenteau at the Customliouse, and recite in his ear that sweet passage from the late Professor Wilson's Isle of Palms which has reference to the virtues of palm-oil, and concludes, if I mistake not, with a paraphrase of the classical saying, that he gives twice who gives quickly, and without making any fuss about the gift. With all this, I should not advise you to enter the Pontifical States with a full-length portrait of the Scarlet Lady of Babylon worked in Berlin-wool as a railway-rug, or with a photograph of Garibaldi, a bust of Mazzini, a freemason's apron, a copy of the Unità Italiana, and a six-chamber revolver lying loose in the tray of your trunk. You should be chary, too, of airing your Italian by volunteering to tell the first Roman citizen you meet on the railway, after crossing the frontier, that "Il Papa il non possumus rester ici perchè il est cattivo nomo, et Rome madre de toutti les abominations," than which I have heard some observations not in much worse taste from my countrymen and countrywomen travelling abroad.

Florence is a curious apecimen enough of that which one may term international half-and-half." English boarding-houses elbow the Italian locandas; English bakers sell you captain's-biscuits and pound-cakes; and Dr. Broomback's Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen is within twenty minutes' walk of the Pitti Palace. The hotels on the Swiss Lakes, where a clergyman of the Church of England is always retained, like the late Herr von Joel, "on the establishment," at a small salary, which he may considerably augment by travelling up and down the lake per steamer, and touting for patrons to the hotel—these are hybrid enough. Boulogne is

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a "half-and-half" place: so is Pau in the Pyrenees, so is Nice, so is Tours; but of all "half-and-half" regions in the world, commend me to that rione of Rome which lies between the steps of La Trinità del Monte and the Corso. There may you see, in the space of one half-hour, on a fine wintry afternoon, at least sixteen varieties of English old maids; and, I delight to add, not fewer than sixty species of English young maids, arrayed in the most ravishing cavalier hats, mainly with feathers in them, and with Balmoral boots whose heels are of the altitude of the obelisk of Rhamses, with crinolines surpassing in circumference the sweep of the Circus Manager imus, and with looks as lofty as the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. On Sundays you meet them returning from the Protestant church, which is still in a kind of barn, eather multis, followed by plump flunkeys carrying the orthodox bag full of prayer-books. O Britain! O my country! we can't put the Church Service in the pocket of our Astracan jacket. wouldn't hold anything bigger than a pocket-handkerchief of French cambric and point a Alencon. No must have John Thomas to carry the sacred volumes, and thank Heaven that we are not as that publican.

I daresay there are English "publics" in the vicinity of the Piazza di Spagna, where John Thomas and other gentlemen in and out of livery may, when the peine forte et dure is over, obtain their beer. I hope to find out one of these Anglo-Boman taverns ere I have done. I fancy it a neat house, by the sign of the Cross Keys, and kept by a sturdy Britan, formerly stud-groom to the Earl of Worldsend—that great travelling milerd who had the portraits of all his recehorses taken in mosaic, in revenge for being unable to

purchase Gibson's tinted Venus—and whipper-in to the Roman Hunt. Meanwhile I expect every afternoon to stumble on the Cross Keys, and hear John Thomas blowing-up the landlord because his beer is Salt and Co.'s, and not Ind. Coope's, and there are no straw pipes and birdseye tobacco.

John Thomas does not often appear in plush in Rome. He asually affects a demure somi-livery—a subdued invisible green, or pepper-and-salt, with a narrow red cord down the seems of his pantaloons, and the merest phantom of a cockade in his hat. It is not the thing for English servitors to wear livery in Rome. A groom indeed may appear in full horsey costume; and I know a shop in the Babuino where they sell buckskin-breeches, and enother where they specially advertise the preparation of oxalic acid, which cleans ten-boots so nicely; but if we came to plush and powder and arguillettes, the Delaplushes of Albion would find themselves signally eclipsed by the flunkeydom of Rome it-Their costumes, you may not have heard ere this were all designed by Rafaelle and Michel Angelo. are certainly very samptuous in fashion, and they all look -especially those of the Cardinals' footmen, to whom I shall have hereafter occasion to allude—as though they had been "built" at least two and a half centuries ago.

This is the prevailing air of Rome, to tell truth. Few of the babies in arms look less than two-hundred-and-fifty years old; and I have seen some, swaddled after the fashion of the Roman fasces in their ligatures, who looked two thousand. Were you ever on familiar terms with a human bas-relief, a Cupid with his wings cut off, who has tambled into the mud, but has gotten some rags to cover his little

Mr.

bare back withal? That is a Roman boy. Did you ever know an animated cameo, chipped and foul and smirched, but a classical cameo for all that? That cameo is a Roman contadina. The Goths and the Visigoths, the Lombards and the French, have done a good deal in their way towards breaking up Rome into little bits, but they have not succeeded in effacing the personal type of the Roman people. As for their character, I do not imagine they have changed much during the last twenty centuries, and that they would not at all object to a sovereign who gave them plenty of bread and plenty of games. I have little doubt, in-fact, that they are the same Roman people, or rather Roman populace, whose ways and manners were intuitively divined by a theatrical manager by the river-side, in London, who did some very capital business in Queen Elizabeth's time-a manager, it is said, who made but a poor actor, but was a dramatist of. some note, and wrote the plays of Julius Casar and Coriotamus.

I think I have said enough to show that it is not in the Piazza di Spagna, not in the Via Condotti, not in the Via Babuino, that you will hear aught that is cogent concerning Roman politics. You might obtain a tip for the next Derby with much greater facility than you could get an inkling of the dilemmas of the Pope and the intrigues of the Sacred College. If I might venture on a suggestion for the improvement of this convenient but unpicturesque quarter of the Eternal City, it might be that in the windows of the few shops not wholly devoted to the sale of English wares, or articles most readily purchased by English people, they should write up, Qui si parla Italiano; just as in the Run de

la Paix, Paris, they might announce, Ici on parle Français at otherwise an unhappy Italian, wandering in this Anglicised faubourg, might go melancholy more under the importunities of "half-and-half" tradesmen or spruce young English shopmen specially imported from home to jump over Roman counters.

In conclusion, let me hint that no tourist need be nervoused about coming to Rome on the ground of being unable to "speak the languages." Nor, being at Rome, is he expected to do as the Romans do. He will find the Romans only too glad and proud to do as Britons do. They are also capable of conjugating the verb to "do" in all its moods and tenses, and in several senses. There is no place in Europe where a travelling Englishman can make himself more thoroughly at home than at Rome; and only imagine the advantage of having the Scarlet Lady herself, in proprisi persona, over the way, as it were, to abuse and shake your head at.

### XXV.

### CHRISTMAS-DAY IN ROME.

Christmas! I hope you have had a morry one in England, with all my heart. There has been an immensity of eating and drinking in the British islands. I can imagine, and overdowing audiences at the London theatres and Mr. Cremer's teyshop. Mr. Boleva has been anxious to know how we all were to-morrow, and has barnet Mr. Barnes in the small of the back with a red-hot poker, and, at a later period of the evening, has favoured the audience with "Tippi's witchet." Some thousands of the inhabitants of most large English towns have kept Christmas by getting excessively drank, and beating their wives and families; and other have done hamage to "Merrie Christmas by going, quite . comutarily, without any dinner. The subscriptions to the poor-boxes of the police-courts have been, I trust, alundant; likewise the contributions to coal, and blanket, and soup-kitchen funds for the poor. The publishers have produced uniounbered Christmas books, blazing with gold and bright colours, and the columns of the illustrated papers have broken out in the customary eruption of yulc-logs, helly, mistletoe, pigs'heads with lemons between their tasks, Christmas carols and Christmas stories, in which the dventure of a hippopotamushunter on the White Nile or a new theory about Shakespeare's sonnets has been connected, somehow, with Old

Father Christmas. Yes, I can picture the festive season at home, combined with the Christmas fog and the Christmas drizzle, Christmas colds and coughs, the Christmas tax-gatherer, and the Christmas bills, and the Christmas blunderbus put to your head on the 26th of December—I mean Christmas-boxes—and other tidings of comfort and joy. Christmas comes but once a year; and those who are in exile, or are sojourners among the tents of Kedar, would not wish it, I fancy, to come oftener; for Christmas away from home and friends and children—the bills and the fogs notwithstanding—is but a melancholy time, a time when you feel inclined to go to bed on Christmas-eve, and not get up again till New-year's-day.

We do not keep our Christmas in Rome in the manner to which you are traditionally accustomed in England. I passed a very un-English Christmas-day, too, last year at Berlin, although there was a seasonably hard frost on the Linden, and they gave us at the table-d'hôte a preparation of treacle, macaroons, and farinaceous food, which passed current as plum-pudding. The Christmas but one before that I was in America; and, although I went to Canada on purpose to have a real English dinner on the 25th, I found things rather dull than otherwise in New York, and got into terrible trouble with the Yankees for hinting that, from a holly, mistletoe, roast-beef, and miscellaneous-grocery point of view, they did not keep Christmas at all. And now I am spending Christmas among the old stones of Rome.

We had turkey à l'Anglaise for dinner on Tuesday—that is to say, a roast gallinaccio, with a mass of soft substance in the dish, resembling a Scotch haggis slightly impregnated

with truffles, which was supposed to represent stuffing. There were mince-pies, too, which, to judge from their density and tenacity under the knife, might have been blocks of travertine from the pyramid of Caius Cestius; but a mince-pie is a thing to look at, and not to swallow. I never knew more than one reasonable being above the age of nine who actually ate a mince-pie, and he died without making a Our Christmas banquet at the Hotel d'Angleterre, Rome, was wound up with a magnificent plum-pudding, with a cupola like San Carlo in the Corso, and a streaming cap of melted-butter. It was a wonderful pudding, and tasted very much like jugged-hare kneaded into a stiff paste with chocolate, figs, raspberry jam, stewed prunes, and roast chestnuts. I was helped twice to this dainty, and, feeling slightly unwell next morning, took up a Tauchnie edition of Old Mortality, and could perfectly sympathise with Mause Headrigg's strong aversion to plum-porridge. It is a prelatical dish, certainly; a pretentious, incongruous, deceitful jumble-like Ritualism, for instance.

Likewise, and abating a few parties given by English residents in Rome to their friends on Christmas-eve, and numerous congregations at the afternoon and evening services of the English church cutside the Porta del Popolo, there was very little that could be called seasonable to English sympathies in our Roman Christmas. It was a great deal too fine, to begin with. The sky was, as usual, spotlessly blue—I think I could count on my fingers the number of clouds I have seen during four weeks' residence in Rome—and the sun shone out so brightly and sturdily that the grimy old city seemed absolutely to wink and quiver under

his beams. Those abominable little closes and wynds at the top of the Corso towards the Tiber, with their perennial festoons of linen hanging on poles from all the windowswhatever can the Romans do with their skirts and petticoats after they have been washed and ironed? it is certain they never wear them-and their permanent way of vegetable rubbish, loose stones, fragments of hats, boots, and tin kettles, and dead dogs and cats: these wretched little twin brethren of Church-lane, St. Giles's, were lit up, as though in honour of Christmas, by the all-searching sun. Our water-colour painters would have felt great joy to see the golden bars of light, lying transversely on the muckheaps, tipping the jagged stones of the staircases, and glinting across the cracked panes of the casements. There were, indeed, some charming effects of light and shade, and the view, say towards the rear of the Porta Ripetta, was highly picturesque; but I should have liked it better for an invasion in the foreground of Sir John Thwaites, assisted by Mr. Bazalgette, and followed by the halberdiers of the Metropolitan Board of Works, who, more ruthless than Robert Guiscard or the Constable de Bourbon, should destroy these closes and wynds utterly, and, from the Via della Scrofa to

The tramontana, which has been rather troublesome lately, forbore to blow on Christmas-day, and in the sun the weather was as warm as June in England. The forestieri all rushed out without their greatcoats, and the ladies without their warm shawls, which may account for the numerous cases of relaxed sore-throat of which I have since heard in polite society. I counted, however, on the Pincian,

the Porta Ripetta, leave not one stone upon another.

no fewer than thirty-four pairs of white pantalogus among the male Romans, which, for the 25th of December, was pretty well. At every street-corner and under every archival way there were stalls heaped high and thick with fresh flowers—with heartsease, mignonette, monthly roses, violets, camelias, ferns and grasses, and wild-flowers, without number as to species, and without names so far as my powers of nomenclature extend.

Next to the environs of Seville, where everything which is not covered with oranges is covered with roses, and the Valley of Mexico, which is one parterre of flowers all the year round, must come Rome as the chosen haunt of Flora. She revels in wild-flowers among the ruins, the tombs, the chinks of the Colosseum, and even in the waste Campagna. She runs over with tame-flowers in the gardens of her villas which fringe the Seven Hills. Flowers in Rome. are literally cheaper than dirt; for dirt is a dear article—it costs lives. For tenpence you may buy such a bowpot in Rome as an English duchess might think cheap at a guinea in Covent-garden; such a bowpot as might make an English sempstress, stitching in her solitary garret, calculate how many hours of toil and miles of needle and thread it. would take to purchase one poor sprig of mignonette from that abounding leveliness. You are spared in Rome the detestable nuisance of the flower-girls who in Venice and Florence dog your footsteps and thrust bouquets into your button-hole whether you will or not. Every street-corner or vacant space is, as I have said, a Marché de la Madeleine, and you may spend your loose halfpence in flowers, or leavethem alone, as you choose. 1. 30

The only peripatetic vender of flowers whom I have yet met in the Eternal City is a hampbacked dwarf, who on week-days haunts the outside of Piale's reading-room on the Piazza di Spagna, and is a small Birnam Wood of choice flowers. You may make poor Lancelot Gobbo's fortune for a fortnight if you give him say forty bajacchi-'tis but 1s. 7d. -for an armful of rainbow. On Sundays, when Piale's, in deference to the prejudices of its Protestant patrons, is closed, the dwarf changes his station to the outside of the Caffè di Roma, on the Corso, whither, it may be hinted, a considerable section of the Protestant patrons resort to read the last Galignani, invisible at Piale's. On the Sabbath the Gobbo does not vend flowers; be has a pair of buffalo-horus for sale, beautiful in their polish and curvilinear spikiness, with which he stands sentry, a horn in each hand, like a stunted terra-cotta figure of Plenty, bearing ossified cornucopias. With a view to Protestant patrons, he has mastered a small stock of English. "Little lady, buy flower? bu'fil." "Little gentleman, buy horn? bu'fil." Beyond this his Anglo-Saxon does not extend. You might fancy him to be of the family of Albert Smith's donkey-boy at Alexandria, with his "Giv' um sixpence; ole gentleman always giv' um sixpenco." I have often purchased flowers from the dwarf, but I have not yet ventured upon a pair of buffalo-horns. Such a possession might give a subject for a postscript to the author of What will he do with it? What should I do with a pair of buffalohorns? How should I pack them? how bestow them when I got my horns home? I have an idea that when I take to discounting bills at sixty per cent—which is not at all an unpractical way of winding-up a froward and turbulent youth

— I will buy a pair of buffalo-horns, and hang them up in a bleak counting-house in Thavies-inn, between a Ready Reckoner and a List of Terms in the Exchequer of Pleas. They shall be typical horns, and symbolical of hardness and smoothness, and of the ultimate impalement of my acceptors on the spikes.

I confess that the sight of the blue sky, the bright sun, and the fresh flowers rather threw me out in my reckoning, and rendered my ideas of parallels of latitude somewhat hazy. "How to have fresh roses on Christmas-day" is a recipe I cut many years ago from one of the early numbers of the pleasant Family Herald. Remembering that old Time is still a-flying, you gather your rosebuds while you may, and whenever you have any spare pence in your pocket, and snipping off the end of the stell with a sharp pair of scissors, seal them carefully with red wax,-black is unlucky, -wrap them in silver paper, and put them in the top left-hand drawer in the best bedroom, punctually locking the drawer, lest Betty the housemaid's curiosity should be the means of your buds prematurely blowing and withering, as is the way with roses and housemaids. Then on Christmas morning, if you haven't lost the key and forgotten all about your hidden treasures, you unlock the drawer, release your buds from their prison of tissue paper, snip the stalks again above the sealing-wax, pop them into lukewarm water, and lo, in the course of ten minutes, your roses are all a-blowing, and you may go down to breakfast with a flower in your button-hole, as proud as a dog with two tails. This is the pleasant theory. I remember that I once tried the recipe practically. It was a dreadful spectacle which broke upon

my eyes on Christmas-morning. So much stained tissue-paper, so many dried and withered leaves, and a skeleton stalk or two. That was all thin you ever assist at the unrolling of a mummy? Did your borse ever shy at the skeleton of a cow picked clean by obscene birds in a mountain gorge by moonlight? I felt, gazing on the dead roses, as men have felt when they have come upon such sights as those.

Christmas-day was observed as a close holiday in Rome. For us heretic foreigners imi-tables were lavishly spread, but among the Romans there did not seem to be any signs of extraneous eating and drinking going on, and indeed I have been informed that diffiough the natule is a church fista of the most solemn order, there are devout Romanists who fast on Christmas day. They have a feast only of prayers and "functions." Secular indulgences they reserve for the capo a anno, or New-year's-day.

The only evidences of banqueting I observed during the day among the natives was at a little "esteria di vino padronale con cucina" in the Vicola della Rocca Tarpeia, into which I took the liberty of peeping during a morning stroll. Seven wagoners in Spanish mantles, brigand hats, and overalls of goatskins, were sitting at a square deal table—a mere rough board on tressels. In the midst of them was a bottle with a wicker base, precisely like the oil-flasks one sees at the Italian warehouses in London, but of about eight times the size familiar to English eyes, and filled with the vino padronale, which comes from Velletri, I believe, and is black and heady, but not bad drinking, at about three-pence a quart. To them entered a kitchen wench, unwashed,

but comely, and with a fine Roman nose and eyes like sloes. She had thrown her white petticoat over her head, where it formed a most artistic coiffure; but her jupons not being in duplicate, and her skirt but scanty, her lower limbs rather suffered in consequence. Il fact souffrir pour être belle. She, from a large pipkin, with a semi-circular handle, emptied right upon the bare deal boards of the table a prodigious mountain of maccaroni. It must have been hot, for it smoked. I think it was dressed with cheese, for it smelt so strongly that one of the huffaloes in the wains outside coughed. I conjecture that it was also accommodated with oil, or some other fatty matter, and that some hot splashes thereof reached the floor, for I noticed one of the wagoners' dogs, sitting by, lick his lips and wag his tail approvingly. It was a strange sight, this Campagna of greas, with the oil-flask of wine towering in the midst like St. Peter's. Upon this vast mess the seven wagoners fell tooth and nail. The simile is, perchance, not strictly correct. Teeth may be You should never bite or chew maccaroni, but de trop. swallow each pipe whole, grease and all, as though it were so much flattery. But their nails they did use, seeing that they ate the maccaroni with their fingers. What wondrous twistings and turnings back of their heads, what play of the muscles of their throats, what straining of their eyeballs and vasty openings of their jaws, did I study as they swallowed their food. I never saw a boa-constrictor swallow a rabbit. but here were seven men gorging boa-constrictors. swept the board clean in an astonishingly short space of time, and then, referring from time to time to the bottiglione of wine, they fell a-gambling for coppers. This was their

way of keeping Christmas; and I hope nobody was stabbed, and that the buffaloes were not kept waiting until sundown, when, as everybody knows, the malaria begins to steal abroad. In a fashion not widely different from this, I daresay, did Roman wagoners feast two thousand years ago; long before the Sibyl of Tivoli revealed to Imperial Cæsar the vision of the Christmas-day which was to come.

### XXVI.

### ROMAN "SHAVES."

December 27

SENOR FIGARO, ex-body-servant to Count Almaviva, and go between-in-chief to Cupid, all shrewdest of shavers as he was, seems to have made a slight mistake when he fixed on Number 15, Plaza San Tomas, in the city of Seville, as the fittest abode per un barbiere di qualità. He should have come to He should have set up his shop at the angle of the Palazzo Braschi, near the Piezza Navona, with that famous tailor for a next-door neighbour who has given his name to a statue which for ages has consoled the Romans for the lack of a free press and comic publications. Figaro and Pasquin would have made a pair most justly formed to meet by Na-The tailor would have undertaken the satirical department in Roman politics; the barbiere di qualità would have attended to the shaving. There never was probably such a city as Rome for "shaves." Literally, the consumption of razors, grindstones, strops, and soap susceptible of forming a soft lather, must be enormous. How many thousand tonsures are there to be kept smooth and shining! a tonsure is the antithesis of a grass-plat, but it needs quite as much care and attention. How many thousand clerical manillaries are there every day to soap and scrape! And then Beadledom requires its diurnal clean shave, and Flunkeydom for the beadles and flunkeys of Rome are as numerous as the campfollowers of a Sepoy regiment before the mutiny. Only the little boys who swing the censers, and the shrill soprani—doleful creatures, who be called connatically "the Pope's singers;" I mean Mustafa and the rest—can afford to disparage the barber's shear.

Rome; but it is not that precisely which I mean. The "shaves" most plentiful in Rome are of the metaphorical kind. The names of these shaves is legion. As Venice is the chief city in Europe for gossip, Florence for small scandal, Milan for libels, and Genoa for downright denunciations of public men, so is Rome the capital for "shaves"—I mean for palpable lies most plausibly related, for baseless rumous most artfully propped up, for impudent fabrications most gravely retailed. The lives of these lies are but as those of the ephemera; but they flutter their little wings bravely for a time, and they amuse a people who otherwise might find existence rather dull. So every day has its fresh shave, and the cry is, "Figaro su and Figaro giù, Figaro quù and Figaro là." Bella città, this Rome.

In Jerusalem the odium theologican has the advantage of being kept perpetually at boiling-point by three distinct sets of Christians—the Greeks, the Latins, and the Armenians—while the Mahometan Turks preserve order, and take care that the line of sectarian difference is drawn on this side three cutting. In Rome there are three different classes in society the supply the caffes and salons with "shaves," wholesale and retail. There are the French "shaves," to begin with. The French, although the Imperial troops have left, form a very numerous community in Rome, and one

which contrives to keep itself to itself as completely as it does in Leicester-square and Soho. The French academy at the villa Medici has its colony of rapins; the French drawing-masters and modellers for bronze-workers form another section; there are little French cafés and little French restaurants, and little French washerwomen, and little French milliners, of whom M. Joseph Surface, Milor Anglais, of the Piazza di Spiros, sometimes orders a bonnet; and there are quite a surprising number of French commercial travellers.

I like the Gallie bagman much; I admire his shrewdness, his tomfool jokes, his inexhaustible good-nature. I like "Anatole Roux, voyageur, Maison Proux, Doux, Choux et compagnie, Faubourg St. Denis, à Paris," whose card I have often found stuck so proudly over his number in outof-the-way foreign inns, and sometimes thrust beneath my door, lest I should be in want of a little hair-dye, or a few artificial flowers, or a porcelain statuette of Pradier's baigneuse, or so. I passed an uncommonly jolly fortnight last spring, in the south of Spain, solely in the society of French bagmen; but I was not prepared for the very magisterial appearance which he puts in here. It is obvious that you cannot eat mosaic, or drink cameos, or dye your lair with porphyry and alabaster tazze; and as the Romans do not appear to make anything beyond the articles I have named, and their state of civilisation is not quite up to a mark which should cause them to relish our commodities marine engines, threshing machines, anchovy sauce, Balbriggan hose, tracti, and pickles -they are compelled to fall back on France for their supply of lighter luxuries, and the French bagman is consequently continually going and coming. He seems to be generally, from his accent, a native of Lyons or Marseilles. His thirst for petits verres is insatiable; he is powerfully scented with garlie; he sanggles his own caporal and petits Bordeaux into the Eternal City; and his constant complaint is that cards and dominoes are excluded from the Roman caffes. When he wants the waiter, he shouts "Eh! Le boutique!" which he considers a humorous compromise between the French "garçon" and the Italian "bottega." His stock of Italian does not generally go beyond "Si" and "Diavolo." He has a profound contempt for the sucient monuments of Rome. I had a Zouave ask him vesterday if he had been to the Colosseum, to which replied Anatole Roux, "Je me moque pas mal du Colisée. Ma partie c'est dans les chocolats pralines." He considers St. Peter's, as an ecclesiastical edifice, to be infinitely inferior to St. Louis des Français. For the rest, when he is not a Red Republican and Socialist, he is a very good Catholic, and his " Le Saint Père, voyez-coris, jant qu'il reste à Itome-" with a thumpeon the table, and a "hichtre!" or a "trong do cheral." to cap it, is audible in many coffee-house arguments.

If this good fellow could only sell as many razor-strops and cakes of scented soap as he sells "shaves," he would very soon make his fortune. He is the great expositor of French fables in Rome. He always has his news direct from "l'ambassade, voyez-vous." Before the expeditionary corps went away it was from the "état majar, voyez-vous," that he derived his "shaves." They are astounding. Anatole Roux told me, only last night, that the Empress of the French had already been three days in Rome, but, with the exception of

a visit to the Baths of Caracalla by moonlight, she had not stirred from the Quirinal; in which venerable palace she was ploseted for many hours every day with the Pope, his Hoffness paying his visits by means of the secret passage which, as everybody knows, leads from the Quirinal to the Vatican. One might have told Anatole that the secret passage he spoke of led from the Vatican to the Castle of St. Angelo; but what does such a trifling discrepancy matter? According to Anatole, the French are coming back in force on the 1st of January. His brother-in-law at Toulon-"qui travoille fort dans les houilles là-bas, voyez-vous" - wrote to him last week to say that eleven French ironelads were fitting out for the new expedition to Rome. The Emperor was determined "d'en Inir avec cette acrée question Romaine ; car I Empereur, voyez-vous" - and here Anatolingave the customary thump on the murble table, and smothered, in a tremendous "fattre" his further exposition of Imperial Come s policy with regard to Rome; of which Anatole very . probably knows as much Imperial Cæsar does himself.

It is quite feasible that many of these "shaves" should come from the French Embassy, or from any other of the Legations resident in Rome, for they are all more idle and more useless than even the ordinary ruck of those idle and useless institutions. I would not venture to suggest that the Minister Plenipotentiary takes bagmen into his confidence, or that the attachés frequent the estaminet; but diplomacy has its cooks and its scullions, its valets and doorkeepers, its infima plebs of gossips and hangers-on; and from these gentry may proceed some of the astounding stories we hear.

Next to the French "shave?" are the Italianiscimic They are whispered in the Corso, and murmured at the Autico Caffe Greco. They are simply the rechauffes of the last lies of the Florentine press. They are the wonderful legends of which I have already given you specimens, and relater and y to brigands disguised at the hotels and lying perdus in the convents, cannon planted on the banks of the Tiber, midnight assassination, arrests, espionage, terrorism, and so forth. I have had very few Italianissimo "shaves" to record during the last few days; for the fertility even of the Italianissimo imagination has its limits, and Rome is so theroughly and profoundly tranquil that the birds of ill-omes can have scarcely known what to croak about. The last Italianissimo "shave" is a very mild and misty one. We are to have, it appears, "next February" a tremendous outbreak. The flower of the Homan youth, it is said, have volunteered into Garibaldi's army, and subsequently have taken a short term of service in that of Victor Emmanuel. Towards the end of next carrival la nostra prodissima gioventa vill be liberated, and will come down on the temporal power like a hundred of bricks.

These are the "shaves" of ultra-Italianism. The third class of "shavers" are the Ultramontanes. The lies these devout politicians tell are half of a hopeful, and half of an ominous nature. Now they report that the King of Italy has informed Baron Ricasoli that he intends to march on Rome in mediately after Easter; now that his Majesty has been taken with pains in his stomach and in his conscience, and has implored his father confessor to make his peace with the Holy Father. They blow hot and cold, like the man in

the fable. One day it is the Sultan who has suddenly bethought him that the Sommo Pontefice must be own brother to the Sheikh ul Islam, and has entreated Pio Nono to take up his residence at the Old Seraglio. The next it is heretic England who feels qualms of the spirit, and implores Pio None to come to Malta, to Brighton, to Belfast, or any other spot in the heretical dominions he may select. Mr. Gladstone's sore-throat—and I am sorry to say the eminent statesman is still an invalid-has been productive of innumerable shaves. If Mr. Cardwell goes to see the Dying Gladiator at the Capitol, there are dark and distant rumours of "English gold" and its maleficent influences. If Sir William Hutt is seen on horseback on the Pincio, he means mischief; and there is more in the purchase of a cameo bracelet by the Duke of Argyll than meets the eye.

Most of the Ultramontane "shaves," however, contrive to converge. There is one central point on which all the shevel-hats seem agreed. A "great power" is about to "interfere" in favour of the Pope. Which is the great power, and what should it interfere for, in favour of a poor old gentleman whom nobody wants to interfere with, and who ought to be thinking of a variety of things—the transitory nature of human life included?

It cannot be France. France has washed her hands of Rome for the present—washed them as Pilate did, the Ultramontanes mutter.

It cannot be Italy. There is the King's speech in evidence to prove that Italy does not mean to interfere with the Pope one way or the other; and the bitterest enemies of the Rè Galantuomo dare not insinuate that he says one thing

and means another—the father-confessor "shave" notwithstanding.

It cannot be Great Britain. The great body of Englishmen are, I conjecture, wholly indifferent as to what becomes of the Pope of Rome. If there be a party in England actively desirous that he should remain at the Vatican, it would probably be found not far from Exeter Hall. Yes, I think the "place with the Greek name," including Clapham, would be sorry if the Pope fell through. There would be nothing left to platformise about.

It cannot be Spain—the bloody Popish reaction in that unhappy country notwithstanding. Spain might very well wish to set the Papacy on its legs again, and revive Torquemada and the auto-da-fés into the bargain; but Spain is governmentally bankrupt and a beggar, and Doña Isabel de Borbon is too much occupied with ennobling a Meneses and an Obregon to think of "interfering" in Italy.

It must be the United States of America. Already has the news been flashed to us from Berlin—strangest place in all Europe for such news to come from—that President Johnson has offered the Pope an asylum in America, "where he would be more independent than elsewhere." The presence of another American frigate at Civita Vecchia, and the visit of successive instalments of her officers to Rome, have strengthened this "shave" and given consistence to the lather. I am not prepared to deny its truth. I am not prepared to deny anything which has reference to the United States of America. Anything and all things, are possible in that marvellous country. And I must confess that with my own eyes I saw yesterday a Yanker; licutenant at: Piale's read-

ing-rooms, purchasing a carte-de-visite, price eight bajocchi, of the Supreme Pontiff; it is within my knowledge that the purser inquired only the day before yesterday at Spithœver's the price of one of the three-sheet photographs of the Forum Romanum.

# XXVII.

## COSE DI ROMA.

December 29.

Prus IX. carries his seventy-four years lustily, and in the twenty-first year of his Pontificate—ominous apogoe rarely exceeded by those who have sate in the chair of St. Peterlooks as though he were quite ready to begin a new lease of life and a fresh term of office, and to go through both guily. The cause of the Vicar may be well-nigh desperate - the treasury may be at a deplorably low ebb, the investments in the Pontifical lottery for January unsatisfactory, and the coming in of Peter's Pence but slow—the negotiations with Italy may have fallen through, and the Commendatore Tonello shaken the dust off his feet at the Porta del Popolo and returned to Florence-the Papal Dragoous may be murmuring at the favouritism shown to the Papal Zouaves, while the Antibes Legionaries are grumbling because the Papal Gendarmes had new buckskin breeches and topboots served out to them on Christmas-day-the Palatine Guard, who are mainly composed of the bourgeoisie of Rome, may have displayed a melancholy reluctance to get under arms at the Vaticar, and several members of the Guardia Nobile resigned their commissions; all of which are among the latest "shaves" current in Rome. But still Pio Nono keeps a cheerful countenance and an unruffled mien; and in the joyous serenity of 1 60

his bearing goes far to vindicate the refrain of the old student's song, "The Pope he leads a happy life."

To tell trath, the Supreme Pontiff, considering his innumerable woes, and the excruciating anguish which, according to the Ultramontane press and the French episcopate, the wickedness of the "Italian revolution" has caused him, looks uncommonly jolly. He is complatically what gushing young ledies call a "dear old duck." A happy, beaming, shining face is his, for all the wrinkles which time has placed there; his eye, although the lids droop a lottle, is bright and cheery; and his mouth, though his prohas must be growing few and far between, still preserves its peculiarly winning and benevolent smile. It is not a strong face, not a clever face, and certainly not a wise one; but its every linearment is full of amenity, mansuetude, and bonhomic. It is a face which does you good to look at -contrasting so strongly, as it does, with the sallow, cadaverous, skulling, e-vesdropping, area-sneaking, hang-dog physioguomies which one so frequently meets under shovel-lats. The Roman-Catholic clergy are, no doubt, as a body, learned, victnous, and pious; yet it needs no Lavitor no Gall or Sparzheim, to discorn that their locks belie there, and that out of Ireland -- where she priest is gonerally a hale, comely, cheerful-leaking gentleman -your Romish coclesiastic, becally at least, has the air not only of having gone into the Church, but of having just broken into one with a view to the communion-plate.

Thursday was the Pope's birthday; the shops were closed, and all the bells of the three-hundred and sixty-four churches rang quadruple peals, which, by courtesy, might be termed merry, but which must have been slightly instrumental in

English hospital-nurses are sometimes accused—I know not with what truth—of pulling the pill ws from under the heads of moribunds who, like Charles II., are "an unconscionable time in dying." The process is known as "easing them off." But I think I would back the three-hundred-and-sixty-four peals of church-bells in Rome to ease obstinate patients off more effectually.

If the bells failed, I think I would try the barrel-organs, which swarm in Rome, and are ground at the unboliest of hours. I do not know if Mr. Bass, M.P., has ever visited Rome, and put up in the Via Bocca di Leone; but if he would be good enough to winter here. I imagine that his experience of organ-grinding agony would make him slightly charitable towards that minor phase of the torture we endure in England. I don't know exactly what is the matter with the Roman organs; but there is apparently some derangement in their viscera or some fracture of the brass smalltooth combs whereon the tunes are set, which produces the most extraordinary jumble of sacred and secular music I have The organist begins to grind "Adeste over listened to. Fideles," and it suddenly gets mixed up with the "Guards' Waltz;" while I have never heard "Dixie's Land" without the "Dead March in Saul." or an air to that effect, being interspersed with it—cacophony being worse confounded by a series of screeches such as those once given by the macaws in the Fantheon conservatory, when they smelt the sandwiches eaten for lunch underweath the counter by the young-lady attendants in the wax-flower department.

After all, this disastrous jangling of organs is not so very

inconsistent with the actual aspect of affairs. The law element jars quite as discordantly with the ecclesiastical in all things Roman. You shall not walk a furlong anywhere in this city of incongruities without seeing the jarring and hearing the jangling. Enter St. Peter's; watch the crowd of devotees kissing the toe of the graven image in the marble chair; listen to the mass; bend your knee when the bell rings and the Host is elevated; then emerge—it is to be hoped, subdued and edified - and if you look from the loggie of the great vestibule, just before you come to the equestrian statue of Constantine, you will see a paved courtyard, two of whose sides are formed by the very walls of St. Peter's. On the opposite side is a guard-house; and in that court the recruits of the Zouave corps are being instructed in the bayonet exercise. I saw this sight myself, after mass, five days ago. An idle choir-boy, peeping from a window in the Basiliea while the most awful mystery of the Romish faith was being celebrated--and a good many idle choristers, and idle priests too, may be noted at every selemn "function" - might have watched the Pope's mercenaries being taught the art of running people through the bowels. Something must be wrong somewhere. Someone must have blundered at some Either the Mass, or murder, must be a mistake.

I said I would back the bells, and failing them the barrelorgans. But there is another way in Rome by means of which nervous people may be driven mad, and sick people "eased off." Commend me to the pifferari. These are the bagpipers from the Apennines, who make a description of Rome during the four weeks of Advent, ostensibly for the purpose of serenading the Virgin; really for that of cadging for cop-

pers. They are villanous-looking fellows, whose costume is picturesque in photography, but revolting in an age which prefers untattered coats and clear shirts to particoloured rags and mangy goatskin breeches. I suppose that when the brigands dance with their care spose they engage a gang of pifferari to pipe to them. Some of these people are said" to earn a living, out of Advent, by standing as models to the artists, and not to be mountaineers at all. Equally libellous assertions are made with regard to the Highland bagnipers, who shiver in kilts in the back-streets of London. But you have seen these Roman pigerari, mobbed by the boys, mocked by the cabmen, and moved on by the police, in London ai vo. You know the horrible din they elicit from their bags, and the wild and grotesque capers they cut. Their real object. both in It iy and in England, is the same—the execution of pence from the public; but I was not aware until I came to Rome that I lesting on the bagpipes and dancing in the gatter until bajocchi are wrapped in paper and flung out of the window, had anything to do with Advent and the Virgin Mary. These pifferari are, indeed, the Roman "waits." They begin to blow at five o'clock in the morning, preferably choosing for their performances the neighbourhood of hotels frequented by heretics. I did my best, on the morning of Christmas-eve, to invest one of the serenaders with the order of the Cold Pig; but it is difficult to get a good aim with the contents of a water-jug at 5 A.M.

The Pope took an airing yesterday on the Pincian Hill. The Pontiff usually turns out in very handsome state, in a glass coach brave in gilding, and six black horses with streaming manes and tails, with crimson-leather trappings

covered with gilt bosses. The reins are of gold-cord, and in the midst of a great hammer-cloth of crimson and gold, and silken tags and squabs, and fringes and tassels—an imposing structure, and in itself no mean rival of the Pontifical sedia gestatoria-sits the Pope's coachman, a dumpling-faced, rosycheeked, blue-gilled, bright-eyed, pottle-stomached charioteer, obviously full of maccaroni, polenta, risotto, wine of Orvieto, and other good things; yet with a devout twinkle in his eyes, and a Deo-gratius smack on his lips. There is a touch at once of the toastmaster, the beadle, the Friar of Orders Gray, and the late Mr. Brackenbury, of the "Age" stage-coach, about him. A combined halo of the old India House, the London Tavern, the Bull-and-Month coaching-office, and the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, surrounds him. Perhaps the older Mr. Weller, with a rosary in his pocket-back among the extra whiplashes and samples of corn, and a breviary bound up with his Little Warbler, might most fittingly sit for a portrait of the Pope's coachman.

I wonder what he thinks of the Roman question, and whether he has ever heard of Garibaldi. His berth is not quite so easy a one as that of the beefy creature in a cauliflower-wig who conducts her Britannic Majesty's eight cream-colours; but still the Pontifical scuderia must be one of the most comfortable of loese-boxes. Good wages, a kind master, a commanding position, and any amount of indulgences and absolution; for of course when the Pope dies his coachman drives him straight up to heaven, and St. Peter opens the celestial gates with a crash to let the grant equipage in. This high servitor is most sumptuously clad. I need scarcely say that he wears a cocked-hat. Indeed, as I have

previously noticed, the Romish Church seems to held the out of a cocked-hat, or at least a shovel one, there is no salvation. They put almost babes and sucklings bere into shovels, and highly preposterous do the puny students look; straggling to their classes in hats like unto that of Don Basilio in the Barbiere, and loose tags hanging from their thousders, as though they were I ading trings abandoned by careless nurses. The Pope's coachman's hat is not triungalarly cooked, after the "Eghan, Staines, and Windsor" pattern, but is the real, blocked, built-up fore-and-aft but, such as we are familiar with on that frightful offigy of F.M. the Dake of Wellington, K.G., at Hyde Park-corner. Ha wears crimson-silk stockings, and the buckles of his shoes are wilt. His cont, waittent, and continuations are of the superb fabric known as "imperial velvet:" a rich velluted design, embessed on a damask ground. It is said to be worth five guineas a yard; but, for all its splendour, the wearer has to old appearance of being made up of windowcurtains and flock paper-hangings, fresh from Jackson and Grahmu's.

eight instead of six horses. Three, four, five, or six footmen, cloaked, sworded, cocked-hatted, and aiguilletted - I am test certain how many there are, but there seem to be a great number of them—hang on behind, by crimson straps, to a splush-board elaborately carved and gilt, but much too small for even two flunkeys. A person in military uniform, but of civilian aspect, and mounted on a large horse, precedes the cortégé, wildly waving a drawn sword above his head, to let Christendom know that the Pope is coming. Dragoons, clanking their sword-scabbards against their stirrup-irons, bring up the rear. The entire spectacle leaves you with a mingled impression of Cardinal Wolsey's procession to Todplace, and the Sheriffs of London and Westminster going to chop fagots and count hobnails at Westminster. Christian archæologists and Oriental scholars will tell you that it was precisely in this fashion the Vicar's Master entered Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago.

The liberated Roman people, in 1849, made a bonfire of most of these rattletraps. They did not hang a single cardinal, or do any harm to the Pope's coachmen, but they burnt the Pontifical and cardinalitian paraphernalia wherever they could find them. To save the few remaining equipages from destruction the Republican Government, it is said, used them for the conveyance of the sick to the hospitals. Then the people respected them. But the vitality of pomps and vanities is most strange to mark. Human folly is the real Phoenix, perpetually rising from its ashes. I daresay, could the Court of Star Chamber be reëstablished to-morrow, stars would begin to glisten on the ceiling of some room in Sir Charles Barry's house, dozens of applications would be sent in for the office of Sworn Tormentor, and the means would soon be found for putting Mr. Bright in the boots and Mr. Beales in the Scavenger's Daughter. Given a Legitimist Government in France to-morrow, and the tricolor would turn pale, and lilies crop up through the cagles of their own accord. "Vive Henri Quatre!" and La Belle-Gabrielle would silence "Partant pour la Syrie," and somebody would be sure to discover the Sainte Ampoule in a bric-à-brac shop on the Quai Voltaire. 

The bonfires of 1849 burnt his Government out of Rome, and his Holiness away to Gaeta; but the times changed, and the Pontifical "properties" made their appearance again, looking as fresh - or rather as hopelessly antiquated - as ever. The tumbrils and ambulances of St. Jean d'Angely brought back something else besides cartridges, and shells, and kegs of powder. They were full of mitres and crosiers, censers and holy-water-pots, cocked-hats and shovel-hats, "Imperial velvet breeches," and scarlet petticoats, and all the tomfool vestments which a clique of demented and conceited young clergymen at home imagine that the great Protestant people of England will permit their churches to be decorated with. The Phænix rose from its ashes. nothing in the Papal pride and circumstance of to-day to remind you of the grinding to powder of the idol eighteen years ago. The Calf is himself again, high on a porphyry pedestal, and glistening with fresh gold-leaf. The Ultramontanes exult over this, and tell you that it is a proof of the invulnerability of their Church, built upon a rock, and against which the Infernal gates are not to prevail. bah! how old is rouge? For how many thousand years have women been painting their faces? In the Etruscan Museum at the Vatican they will show you the pins with which they used to crimp their hair twenty centuries ago. Half Livy's books may be lost and Aristotle come down to us maimed and manchot, but the tailor's pattern-book is left high and dry, and the milliner's bandbox trips safely over the Niagara of ages. I grant the Romish Church its candles, vestments, and other properties intact. It is only its foundations in that Rock on which it falsely claims to be built which are rotten.

When you meet the Pope in his carriage, you are expected, if you are driving, to alight; if you are on foot, the proper thing is to kneel down. When the crowd of equipages is very dense, as on the Pincio about four o'clock, or when the ground is wet and greasy, as it was yesterday all over Rome, neither of the acts of veneration mentioned above is very easy of accomplishment; and directly the man waving the drawn sword above his head is visible in the distance, the prudent show as much alacrity in getting out of the Pope's way as the Spanish bishops do in ordering their coachmen to drive on faster when they hear the tinkling bell announcing the passage of the Host throughout the streets. "Es Dios que pasa!" the multitude ery, and the senor obispo must alight from his coach to admit the priest with his pyx. The good-natured Pope, however, does not seem desirous of causing inconvenience to his subjects. After a furn or two on the Pincian, he generally alights and walks. He has his reward in the throng of people of all classes who fall at once on their knees and ask his blessing. Gentle and simple, Roman princes and Zouaves, gendames and nurserymaids. old beggars and countesses in crinoline, grooms and stablemen, and little children, sink at once on their marrowbones. and crave the beardiction always gladly accorded. wore his ordinary dressing-gown of fine white flaunch, and a great shovel-but of scarlet velvet. Altogether, he looked amazingly well and sprightly. His voice is still as clear as a bell, and he sang mass capitally last Tuesday in St. Peter's. Let us wish him a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and better counsellors than those cadaverous parties in shovels, with their sallow faces and gallows looks, who troop after him, whispering beliefed their bony hands. . 16

# XXVIII,

#### NEW YEAR IN ROME.

January 1.

Pio Nono, in the evening of his age, seems as fond of hard work, and as capable of performing it, as was the good old Duke of Wellington, who, almost up to the last moment of his career, continued to prove to an exigent generation that he did not consider his numerous posts, with their corresponding emoluments, to be sinceures, but took as good care of the Tower as of the Trinity House, of Oxford as of Walmer, of the Horse Guards as of the 38d Foot, of the Ancient Concerts as of the House of Lords; while as conscable, commander-in-chief, field-marshal, elder brother, and chancellor, he was alike efficient. The official costumes which our late field-marshal was bound from time to time to wear would have half-stocked the wardrobe of a waxwork-show. attributes of Pio Nono are equally Aotean. He has to be as many things, and to weak many dresses, as the Duke. He is a prince, a pontiff, the eldest of brethren, the grandest of constables, and a supernatural personage into the bargain; and it is really marvellous to mark how blithely he discharges his multifarious functions, and how bravely he bears up under the fatigue of dressing and undressing half-a-dozen times a -day. Mr. Charles Mathews's travestissements in Patter versus, Clatter are trifling compared with the mutation of the Pontifical toilette at Christmas-time.

But, to adhere to our first parallel, we may be again vividly reminded of the Great Dake when we see the Pontifex. Maximus, unbroken by all his labours, taking his daily sconstitutional" on the Pincian. Did not the Hero of Waterloo take his "constitutional" on Constitution-hill? The Duke, it is true, rode on horseback; whereas the Pope is either driven or walks-it is only in the gardens of the Vatican that, he can indulge in occasional horse-exercise; but as the Duke, towards the end, used to sway a little in his saddle, so does the Pope-whose legs are, of course, the only shaky things about him—sway a little in his gait, and require to be propped up from time to time by servitors, who watch him as carefully as Duke Arthur's groom watched his Grace. The Duke was wont to wear white trousers when taking exercise. Pio Nono wears a white dressing-gown. Everybody used to bow to the Duke, and he invariably touched his hat, even to the meant salutant. Almost every kneels to the Pope when out walking, and he in the lesses the genuflectant. The Duke saluted you will buckskin-covered fingers; the Pope blesses you with to the loved digits. Can any parallel be closer—except, perhaps, that one which mentions that there is a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth?

I have said that the Pope works very hard. Let us examine a little of the work he has had to go through this Christmas. I leave the negotiations with the Commendatore Tonello—of which we hear nothing new—and the settlement of the financial difficulties of the State, including the January lottery and the new silver coinage, which has made monetary confusion worse confounded—I leave these entirely out of

the question. It is the hard labour of the Pope-priest, and not that of the Pope-king, of which I would wish to give heretics as idea. I observe that the Poet Swinburne—who, I should say, will go far, if his admirers give him rope enough—has alluded in his song of "Revolution" to the halcoyon time when "the galley bench" is to "creak with a Pope." Already, I farcy, the sedia gestatoria "creaks" with an over-worked old gentleman, whose daily life is, physically and morally, more onerous than that of the particoloured persons in steel bracelets, who eat polenta and skulk about, scowling at the sentries, in the dockyard at Civita Vecchia.

Take yesterday, the 1st of December, for example. It was, to begin with, the Feast of Pope St. Silvester, who consecrated the church of St. John Lateran, and baptised Contantine the Great. The Pope heard mass in his honour, his own private apartments, at early morn. At half-past two in the Apostonic chapel of the Vatican, the first vespers of circumcision were sung, the Pope presiding. Six candles were lit on the altar and in the chancel. The Pontifical throne was hung with white draperies, flowered with gold. The retablo of the altar was decorated with tapestry representing the circumcision, and the arms of Clement XIII. The altar itself bore the sumptuous garniture of mother-of-pearl, the gift of Benedict XIV. The cardinals paid their obeisance to the Pope. Their eminencies were the scarlet cassock, the scarlet cappa or cape, and the petticost-I do not know its vestimentary name-of rich point-lace. The choir sang the motett, Dies Sanctificatus, of Palestrina. The first and third psalms were sung in the Palestrinan, in the Gregorian, and in faux bourdon. At the Magnificat, the Pope himself inconsed the altar, chanted the orison, and blessed the congregation.

At four o'clock in the afternoon his Holiness, in semistate, went to the church of the Gesu, to return thanks to Heaven for all mercies received during the year just clapsed. The spectacle was very grand indeed, and the crowd both inside and outside the church immense. This is the principal church of the Jesuits, and one of the most richly decorated in Rome. It is near the northern foot of the Capitol, and in one of the most stifling and poverty-stricken quarters of the city. The interior is one mass of precious marbles, lapis lazuli, and verde-antique, glowing frescoes, and rich carvings. Here, also, there is an image of the Virgin, called the Madonna della Strada, which works miracles; and in the adjacent convent-house sit the General of the Jesuits and his army of R.R.P.'s, hatching vain empires over the minds of men. The artistic varies of the Gesù were half-hidden yesterday by the tandry scene-painting accessories with which the priesthood insist on spoiling, at great church festivals, the noble proportions and stately decorations of their temples. They do not even spare St. Peter's, which, this Christmas, has been profuned by the most barbarous and tasteless "properties." At a rough guess, I should say that there were at least five hundred wax-candles in the Gesù yesterday, in chandeliers of a dozen tapers each, suspended from the roof of the nave and cu-The altar, surmounted by its enormous globe of lapis lazuli, long supposed to be the largest monolith of that kind in the world, but now discovered to be made up of several pieces, was one blinding blaze of light. The Sacred College,

every grade in the sacerdotal hierarchy, and a vast number of military officers, were present. The Pope did not stay more than twenty minutes. His Holiness entered the church through the sacristy, and knelt bare-headed at a prie dieu, before the sacrament, which was exposed on the altar. The Cardinal Deacon, wearing his "pluvial," and kneeling on the steps of the altar, at the epistolar side, then chanted the Te Deum to a musical and choral accompaniment. At the second verse of the Tantum Ergo the Pope "incensed" the sacrament. The benediction was given by the Cardinal Deacon, and then the magnificent gathering broke up.

At the same hour, at the church of the Ara Celi, the Senator and Conservators of Rome, preceded by the corps of Sapeurs Pompiers, were likewise present at a Te Deum. It is at first difficult to discover any connection between the Senator of Rome-an office once held, to his destruction, by Cola di Rienzi-and the semi-military force, with helmets and hatchets, whose duty it is to "run with the machine" and put out fires. On closer examination, however, it would appear that the Senator stands in lieu of the Roman Consul of antiquity. He is a Roman Prince, and his principal privilege appears to be to allow foreigners, daly provided with certificates of respectability from their respective consuls, to ascend the tower of the Capitol, whence a very fine view of Rome is to be obtained; but, otherwise, he exercises about as much power as does the Lord Mayor of London's swordbearer. The names of the Senators are, indeed, inscribed on certain marble tablets affixed side by side to the classical Fasti Consulares in the Conservatorial Palace. On this assumption the Sapeurs Pompiers might be supposed to represent the Lictors of old Rome. I think that on gala-days it would be as well to dress them up in tunics and sandals, and give them fasces to carry. They would not look one whit more absurd than the Pope's Swiss Guards, who, to doublets and trunk-hose of the time of Francis I., add Prussian helmets and gray greatcoats à la Russe. Certainly firemen with fasces would not be a more incongruous combination than the sounding initials S.P.Q.R. with municipal placards on the walls of Rome fixing the price of beef—Seconda qualità di carne di manzo: coscia piena, fracoscio, spalla e coscia ruota, esclusa la polpa di stinco, ogni libra soldi 9. In the name of the Prophet, figs! The S.P.Q.R. are only eloquent to the effect that second-class beef is worth fourpence-half-penny a pound.

I mentioned that the crowd both inside and outside the Gesù was immense. In the interior the sanctity of the edifice and the solemnity of the occasion forbade, of course, any demonstrations of popular feeling at the entrance of the Pope. The Romans are not yet so far advanced as the Venetians, who cheered their King and hooted their Patriarchs in St. Mark's. Neither sanctity nor solemnity, however, deterred a large number of foreigners, presumably Protestants, and I am afraid mostly of the Anglo-Saxon race, from behaving in the Gesù with extreme indecorum. This was not the first time, perhaps, in Rome, when it was necessary to remind strangers that a church is not held volunteer review nor the Oxford Music Hall, and the pushing, jostling, stamping on the bystanders' toes, or digging elbows into their chests, the whole accompanied by very free-and-easy remarks in the

English tongue, are not exactly the best means of persuading foreigners that we are Christians, or indeed that we have any religion at all.

It may be as well to state, once for all, that these shameful scenes have been repeated in every church in Rome, from St. Peter's and the Sistine to the little church of San Tommaso degl' Inglesi, any time since December 24th; and that on St. Peter's-day and in Holy-week there will be even more crowding, more impropriety, and more irreverence displayed. The Papal authorities have done their best on these grand occasions to preserve decorum and exclude the canaille by enacting that only persons in evening-dress, and ladies in black, with black veils, shall be admitted to the precincts of the altar; but it is precisely the people in evening-dress—I say nothing, of course, about the ladies-who behave themselves in the worst possible manner. The frock, the proverb tells us, loes not make the monk, and a tail-coat and white "choker" fail sometimes to make a gentleman. Swiss Guards and gentlemen-ushers are posted all about the churches on gala-days to see that none save in the prescribed costume are admitted to the reserved spaces; and a halberdier will occasionally feel you about the hips, after the manner of a searcher at a dockyard-gate who is inquisitive about tobacco, to assure himself that you have not linked or pinned-up your frock-coat into the similitude of a swallow-tail. These sumptuary laws, however, have much had the desired effect; and there is ten times better construct observed in the body of the church, in the darkened aisles, and remote chapels, where the people who are ordinarily termed canaille are to be found thick clustered. These good souls have only come into the

church to pray; and they drop down on their keees quietly, and keep on praying till the ceremony is over.

Outside the Gesù, when the Pope reëntered his carriage, there was a real demonstration of popular sentiment, and were I writing for the Poughkeepsic Seer or the Communication Chronicle I should say that his Holiness was "ovated considerable." The multitude on the steps in the Prazza di Gesu and in the adjacent streets was very dense, and composed, apparently, of every class of the population. In addition to working-men and women, and even cloudier plebeians, and a fair sprinkling of Zouaves and Antibes Legionaries off duty, there was a considerable number of well-dressed Italians, both ladies and gentlemen. The cheering when the Pope made his appearance was very loud, very general, and seemed very sincere. It was certainly louder than when Pio Nono went before Christmas to the SS. Apostoli, when the presence of an official elaque, and of fuglemen connected with the police, was manifest enough. Such a classe may have been on the spot vesterday at the Gesu.

Is there a country in Europe, excepting only our own happy and favoured land, where the services of such bired applianders are not occasionally required? Even in free Italy, even in recently-liberated Venetia, I have heard of stronglunged gentlemen employed by the Questura to shout "Viva it Rè!" at the rate of five linea-day. Who gave the cue at the Gesû it is not easy to so that the populace took it up con amore, and the training of the property of the venetic Pontial, whose trembling fingers were blessing his loving subjects right and left. The Pope

is said to covet martyrdom; but surely popularity is a more. comfortable thing. The cries of "I and live the Pope-king!" audible to all, but which will doubtless, be denied by the veracious Italian press, are considered here, by the ultraclerical party, to be extremely significant, and evidential indeed of the triumph of their cause. The crisis, they say, is The worst is past. Satan is beaten down under the Pontifical feet, and the "Italian Revolution" may run away and hide itself, howling, in the Cave of Despair. Understand, they point out, that it was the Pope, not only as Pontiff, but as King, who was cheered so lustily yesterday. That is to say, if we read the signs of the times through Ultramontane spectacles, the Roman people are thoroughly satisfied with their present form of government; they admire the Swiss tinards and the foreign mercenaries; they do not want their streets paved or their postage-stamps perforated; they would rather not have representative institutions and a free press.

The most philosophical conclusion, perhaps, at which one can arrive is, that these popular demonstrations do not mean much one way or the other. It cannot be too often repeated that there are great numbers of persons in Rome who like the Pope and the Papacy; who even love the first and admire the latter. These persons are not all clerical. The lay element is sufficiently marked among them. There are old people, simple people, dull people, credulous people, people who are governed by women, people who do not care about thinking for themselves, and the are young and enthusiastic pro, as there are other outgesters entrusiastic contra. Let us remember the annual test of the quack who answered the question as to how he get so many patients by pointing

the people he saw passing he thought to be fools. I do not say that it is foolish to venerate the Pope, or the Grand Lama of Thibet, or the King of Corea; but I do say that there are people whose likings and dislikings are in one direction, while those of others point a contrary way. The people who like the Pope as King were about the Gesù on Monday, and cheered him to the coho. Those who did not like him either stayed away, or looked on and held their tongues. But the question of the Temporal Power is, I take it, no more affected by such a demonstration than is that of modern costume by people who like going to fancy-balls dressed up as Madame de Pompadour or Ivan the Terrible.

To attend church for a couple of hours in the morning and for twenty minutes in the afternoon may not appear to be such very hard work; but it is the continual dressing and and undressing which would tell on most elderly persons. At the early vespers the Pope wore the falda, the alb, the corden, the stole, the white pluvial embroidered with gold, and a mitre of cloth-of gold. He came to the Gesà in his white robe, with a purple rocket over it, and a velvet skullcap. In the sacristy they dressed him in the rottana, the mozetta of red velvet, trimmed with ermine, and the scarlet stole embroidered with gold. This kind of thing has been going on for a week. On Christias-eve his Holiness officiated at the Sistine, scate or andid throne erected ou the gospel-side of the state of the vestments I have enumerabore, the amice. He incensed the altar, and an ed in turn by the cardinals. This was the day on which the sacred manger-board from the stable at Bethlehem was exhibited to the veneration of the faithful, in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. It is enterclosed in a crystal casket, framed in silver, and surmounted by a little silver Bambino couchant on golden straw. 'At the Basilica of St. John Laterau was exhibited the "acherotype" image of the Saviour.

The Pope this year was not present at the midnight mass, and omitted his customary visit by torchlight to Sta. Mana Maggiore; but he sang mass in St. Peter's on Christmas-day. Previously the veil of the Virgin and the mantle of St. Joseph had been exhibited at the early or "Aurora" mass at Sta. Anastasia; while at the church of the Agonisants were shown the swaddling-clothes of the Saviour At Sta. Maria Maggiore and at St. Peters some of the stones from the stable and some of the staw on which the D: mo Infant was Liid are exhibited. St. Mark's Church also possesses some straw; and at the Santa Circo de Gerusalemme they exhibit some at the hair of the Injant Jesus. Maria in Trastevere can be shown belose to the high altar, only the place from which once issued a miral lous fountain of oil. It is not at all all the bearing in mind the geological conditions of the Remark, that a real oil-well, not at all miraculous, dia flor he souts at some time or another. These things are; and there are people who believe in them.

At the pontifical high course the Polymined the sacred college in the chapel of the Pieta St. Peter's, wearing, in addition to the dressel described the girdle with golden accounts and a rochet of lace.

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Fêtes de Noël et de l'Epiphe nie à Rome Ananoine X. Barbier de Montault. Rome, Joseph Spithoïver. 1865.

of collegiate procurators in black cassocks and capes, apostolic preachers of the Capuchin order, in cowl and sandals; confessors of the apostolic palace; bussolanti, or ushers, in violet cassocks and scarlet capes; the apostolic jeweller in a courtdress and with a sword by his side; the secret chaplains, carrying the precious tiaras and mitres.

There are four pontifical tiaras or triple crowns; one the gift of Napoleon I. to Pius VII. It weighs eight pounds avoirdupois, and is worth ten thousand pounds sterling; the second dating from the pontificate of Gregory XVI.. and worth only four hundred pounds; the third presented by the Palatthe guard to Pio Nono, and estimated at the value of nine handred pounds; the fourth, the grandest and richest of all, being a present made to the Pope in 1854 by Queen Isabella of Spain, and valued at 535,000 france, or over twenty-one thousand pounds English. It contains no fewer than eighteen thousand diamonds; and, he me see, that is the actual market-price of Spanish to as?

After the chaplains came the aides-de-chambre, the consistorial advocates, the singers of the Papal chapel in their white cottas, the Referendaries, the clerks of the apostolic chamber, the auditors of the Rota, the master of the Sacred Hospital, the voters of the Signature, the apostolic subdeacons, the abbots of the monastic orders, the commander of the Order of the Holy Chost in Sacia, the bishops, archbishops, primates, and patriarchs, and bishops, in scarlet, but were according to their rank as cardinal accords, priests, and bishops, in scarlet, but were cardinal accords, priests, and bishops, in scarlet, and each a cardinal according to the caudatary or trainbearer, with a sling of gauze roll.

when his eminence takes it off, and his groom of the chambers in court-dress, a rapier by his side, and a short black coat over his left shoulder. To these succeeded the conservators. and the senator of Rome, in togas of cloth-of-gold turned up. with scarlet silk; then Monsignore the Governor of Rome, in a violet tippet trimmed with ermine; then the prefect of the cereraonies; then the staff-officers of the Guardia Nobile and the Swiss Guard; and, finally, the Pope, in a white all and pluvial broidered in gold, carried on his portable throve by twelve pulefrenieri in scarlet damask, between the two gigantic fans of ostrich mingled with peacock feathers, under a floating baldaquin of white silk, of which the poles were borne by eight Referendary prolates, and escorted by the Swiss Guard in head-pieces, back and breast-plates of burnished steel, with their swords distribution, mace for their swords distribution, and their is the claim, his bedy-servant, and another detaching of Swiss Gurds bringing up the rear.

The Pope was dressed and undessed during the different ceremonies of the mass at least that's different times. The put on his good old in ad a victor of think, her led him up to his throne and down from it become the presbytery offered him a purse. One of five scale, processes bene cantata, for so well—ging of his mass. Cartainly his Holiness deserved this paineds and more for all the fatigue. It is the custom for the Pope, after thanking the priestheod of St. Peter's, to present that purse to the case heaven, who, in his turn, presents it to his canadata. On tail-bearer. This functionary is expected to carry it to the chap-

ter—the original donors—from whom he receives only twenty-five pseuls, or thirteen francs and a half, a composition which can be regarded only as shabby in the extreme.

If you are sent for to sing at the Imperial Court of Russia, you receive next day, in lieu of money-payment, some ornament in diamonds. If you are fond of diamonds, you may keep the gewgaws and exhibit them on your return as a proof of the warm affection in which you were held by the Czar of All the Russias; but if you prefer ready-money, you may take your diamonds to the Treasury of the Hermitage and receive so many roubles for your brooch or your snuff-box, abating a discount of fifteen per cent. I think that on Boxing-day a system at least corresponding in liberality to the Russian might be adopted in Rome; and I honestly confess that were I a Cardinal's care tary I monthly legard the purse of white moire as legitimes. I shift, and "stick to" the thirty golde.

## XXIX.

## OLD CHRISTMAS-DAY.

YESTEWDAY was the vigil of the Epiphany; and to-day is old Christmas-day. You are aware that in the Oriental Churches the sixth of January continues to be celebrated as the Feast of the Nativity, and that even among Western Christians the tradition which fixes Christmas-day on the 25th of December was for three or four centuries a matter of sharp discussion. The authority of St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom seems to have then the weightiest in favour of the 25th; but the learned and lucid Abbé Martigny, in the superb Dictionary of Chris e, recently published by Hachette wa work for ank with the classical dictionaries, of Mr. Dr. William Smithecandid here of the Church were of the opin hirthday in heither on the 25th of the old variety of dates have ed by these non-content fathers, which en college, by St. Clement of Alexandria, and an eange between the 19th of April and the 20th of May. whole folio on this long-controverted fort; but the post December is still, I apprehend, an all-sufficing and as-day to the majority of Christians. When "the symbol celebrated relates to Eternity, it seems to me puerile to be very parti-

I venture to refer to such matters, in such a place, not for the reason that I see the columns of English newspapers filled, day after day, with letters and articles about confession, absolution, and the divine legation of priests, their vestments and the mysteries of their ritual, but because it is impossible to live the life of Rome, and mark what is going on around, without reflecting that the solumnisation of festivals which we have grown used to pass by with indifference when we meet them in our Letts's Dieries, side by side with the dividends that are due at the Bank, the beginning of partridge-shooting, the end of the long vacation, and the birthday of the Princess Mary of Teck, is the daily business of thousands of ecclesiastical personal this city, and the object of the piety and veneration of a more thousands of lav-Temporal power, clerical misgo. ignorance. fraud, and hypocrisy; all be dismissed from our consideration when we deflect that this is indeed a city of the Levites; that the the whether he be the Vicar of Heaven. or not, is still investment all the attention of Azen the High Priest; that the sistence fill as large and as intimate a probable thasactions of common life here as Solomon's Temple and Jorusalem, even to the introduction of a few doves and a few macy-changers in the purlieus of the said places; and that all these people we see going about a seemingly squerading-dresses-old men in scarle petriconts and trippets, monsignori in purple stocking, sollege-students in shovel-hats and flowing cassocks, monks with shaven crowns and sandalled feet,

penitents with ghastly cowls and crosses on their breasts, nuns with resaries, relics, medals, and knotted cords at their girdles nearly as heavy as a galley-slave's chain, beadles, vergers, choir-boys, and candle-snuthers—have all a direct and special connection with the performance of the capital rites of a most Ancient Faith.

If we take Rome, and what is done at Rome, in good faith, it is impossible to deny the logical position which I heard laid down the other day by a preaching frian that this world must either be devoted to the service of cod or of man, and that it is better that it should be devoted to God: and arguing apon this position, the Papal Government is clearly justified in neglecting to pave its streets, perforate its postage-stamps, ventilate its houses, and wash its popuharition. At least, it have ed's house in good order. rijied pept, and garnished. Peter's is being conting Not one of the for the Apostles' tomb is ever suffered to be one mass, vesper, vigil, or orison in honour of any one of the innumerable saints wirging or martyrs who crowd the Roman Calendar is ever omitted.

I repeat that it is impossible to spend Christmas in Rome without mead mine and that, too, very frequently—the tribe of the spend of functions," as the Romans call them—white the spend of the spend of the spend of gewgaw as rument, in the spend of gewgaw as rument, in the spend of gewgaw as rument, in the spend of gewgaw as rument. That board from the Manger at Bet is genuine or be it spurious, which is shown that Santa Maria Maggiore, is a significant illustration of what Christmas has

become. A dark, dim, decayed morsel of something—wood, or tinder, or bone, you do not know which—lies in averystal casket, with a gorgeously-chased frame, and surmounted, as I told you, by a silver doll lying upon golden straw. But I have no desire to describe these shows in detail. Hitherto I have been content with barely enumerating them; but to pass them by in utter silence would give cause to the inference that I looked upon Rome as a place chiefly remarkable for curious jewelry, copies of old pictures, indifferent modern statues, a show of aristocratic equipages on the Pincian almost equalling, and certainly closely rivalling, our own show in Hyde Park; a number of crumbling ruins, highly interesting to the antiquary; and an infinity of vile smells.

There are in Rome just now, however, a number of my countrymen who appear to take there and closer interest in the intricacies of the Roman than I do. alluding to the ordinary sightness and tourists. English or American, who regard the Sup me Portiff, the Sacred College, the Dominican and Capuchin friers, the masses, vespers, and vigils, the churches, statues, and pictures, the ruins and the statuary, the Columbaria and the Catalonbs, simply and purely as so many shows and spectacles gotten up as part of the attractions of the winter season in Rome, and provided exclusively for their, the sightseers', gratification. I think these good people would get up indignation-meeting if the Pope were to decline giving an autience to Protestants, or if his Holiness seed a sumptuary law enacting that the Cardinals were he forth to go clad in gray serge, or that the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel were to be covered up; and I don't think they would grumble very serely if the midnight Pastorella at St. Peter's or the Te Deum at the Gesù were charged for at the hotels in the bill, at the rate of a soudo a-head.

The amateurs of spectacular Christianity I mean are a group of young English gentlemen, presumably from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who are walking about the streets of Rome in costumes ten times more preposterous and absurd than those worn in London by the gawky young. acolytes of St. Philip Neri, who used to be "guyed" by the boys, when the Oratory was in King William-street, Strand. I observe that the statement made in the Saturday Review as to the grotesque exhibition of sucking Ritualists in the streets of Oxford was, at the time, indignantly denied; but I can vouch for the corporeal appearance in the streets of Rome of a clique of brainless young Britons clad in grotesque imitation of Jesuit price. They cut their hair very short; but I do not know if they have yet assumed the tonsure, and gone to Figaro for a Roman "shave." They wear longskirted coats that are all but cassocks, and "M.B." waistcoats that are all but ansices. Their hats are growing broad about their brim, but are not as yet perfect shovels. They are "otherwise clean shaven," and walk in pairs with a demure and cat-like mien. They are the great admirers and critics of the sacerdotal incantations in the churches. They check off the gentifications on their fingers; they know to a wick how many candles are lit, and cunningly interpret and comment upon the numberless mummeries and millineries.

If these boys want to "go over to Rome" for good and all, let them go. We have all known more than one young gentleman who has gone over, and is sorry for it, and wants

the hobbledehoys in the "M.B." waistcoats, let them do it theroughly, and become Papists; but it is rather inconsistent, it is slightly incongruous, to meet them at night in the caffes and in the smoking-rooms of the hotels tossing off their petits verres, and pulling at their short pipes—I hope only on flesh-days—and gossiping about the "functions" of the morning as though they were talking about boating, or steeplechasing, or Van John, or some other recreation dear to the youthful university mind.

The vigil which commences the octave of the Epiphany was observed yesterday by the celebration of Vespers at the Vatican, the Pope being present, and the tapestry behind the altar representing the Adoration of the Magi. Vespers were also sung by the boys of the Propaganda at their college, near the Piazza di Spagna. It may not be generally known that this world-famous seminary, whose very name has so terrible a sound to Protestant ears, is dedicated to the three Magian kings, Caspar, Melchior, and Bulthasar. church of St. Andrea della Valle, at the same hour, there was actually above the high altar a waxwork-show, consisting of personnaggi in cera the size of life, richly dressed and ornamented by the munificence of the Banker-Prince, whom Mr. Thackeray used to call Prioria, but who was very well known to bearers of letters of credit as Prince Torlonia, Duke of Brancaleone, and Rothschild of Italy. It was at a ball given by his Highness, you remember, that Mrs. Redecca Crawley, nee Sharpe, met, for the last time but one in this. life, the Marquis of Steyne; once afterwards she met him on

Monte Pincio, when he was driving with Madame Belladonna, and when his valet followed Becky and warned her that the air of Rome was not good for her. The waxwerk-show represents the Adoration of the Magi. Magi were also shown as large as life, in lieu of the ordinary shepherds, in the scenes representing the Stable at the Ara Coeli and St. Francesco a Ripa.

This morning, being the Epiphany, a salute of fourteen guns was fired from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the pontifical colours were hoisted. At half-past ten there was a Papal chapel at the Vatican, and the Pope attended high mass, with the triple crown on his head. An indulgence was conceded to all persons present of thirty years and thirty "quarantines." I confess that I do not know what the last means, or whether it has reference to purgetory or the The missal used by the cardinal singing mass was the splendid volume illumined by Biondini for Clement NII. At the church of St. Athanasius mass was sang by the Bishop of the United Greeks, and consecrated bread was distributed to the faithful. At half-past three o'clock this afternoon Vespers will be sung at the church of the Ara Codi by the Franciscan friars, and subsequently the Santo Bambino will be carried processionally from the church to the top of the great staircase, where it is usually shown to the assembled multitude, who are then blessed by the officiating bishop.

I bought a photograph of this Bambino, warranted from the original, at Piale's, for eight bajocchi. It is an image grossly chopped rather than carved by a Franciscan monk in Syria, some time during the sixteenth century. Its swad-

dling-clothes are one network of diamonds and other precious stones. On its head is a magnificent crown. One of its feet is made of pure gold, and is submitted, at stated periods, to be kissed by the faithful. Inside one of the toes are relics of the Virgin Mary. To sick persons who desire a visit from the Bambino, it is brought in a close carriage by two monks. Respecting the miracles it works with the sick, including that of frightening them to death by its hideous appearance, I advise you to read Mr. Charles Dickens's Pictures from Italy. I dare not repeat what he further says about the He wrote his book more than twenty years ago, and the world has grown since then wonderfully straitlaced. Of course the reverend fathers of the Oratory will maintain that the Bambino is only a symbol, and that the ignorant thousands who fall down before it are not really worshipping a wooden doll. I refer, in this regard, the reverend fathers of the Oratory to the refrain of an old English poem, called "The Soul's Errand." If they say that to adore the Bambino is not idolatry, they Lie. 🛧

Epiphany is kept in yet another fashion in Rome—a fashion much more human, and not nearly so wicked, although troublesome enough to persons of nervous temperament. It is the great Roman holiday for children; and the rising generation of Rome, from sundown on Saturday to sunrise on Monday, are privileged to run about the streets blowing on penny trumpets, beating upon drums, clashing upon gongs, squeaking like Punch, whistling, hurdy-gurdy grinding, and otherwise making the air hideous. I have not yet heard the Ethiopian bones and banjo, but almost every other kind of psaltery has been audible. Down by the Piazza Navona last

night, and in the densely-populated districts round the Pantheon, there were numbers of illuminated booths and stalls heaped with toys; which faintly reminded me of the Newyear's baraques on the Paris boulevards, and the Christmas fair round the old Schloss at Berlin. I saw some children in paper cocked-hats, and some with false noses, and a few with Abating the incessant squeaking and the drubbing of parchment, which noises were incessant, the festivity seemed tame and spiritless enough. The real holiday shows are in the churches, and there the audience is immense, and very nearly as free in their comments as at a theatre. Good luck to the children, anyhow, however. I conceive that the original design of the Saturnalia at the Epiphany was to console them for the annual whipping inflicted by devout Roman parents on their offspring on Innocents' Day, in order that the memory of the fourteen thousand babies slaughtered by the cruel Herod of Jewry might never be erased from their minds.

## XXX.

## ROMAN NOTES.

It might be worth the while of London archaelogists to inquire whether in the narrow little lane which, until lately. existed in the immediate meighbourhood of our metropolitan enthedral-I say until recently, for there is no knowing how many bates or streets, or whole districts, even, have been swept away since I was last in England-and called "Paul's Cham," there was ever a chapel dedicated to the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in which the fetters wherewith he was bound were exhibited to the veneration of the pious. The place was sarely at eatled Paul's Chain for nothing; but it is to be cared that the Reformation, or the even more iconoclastic deluge of Paritanism, made short work both of the images and the relies accumulated during lone ages of Rome, however, yet teems with the incompalis. faith. The Catacorales, it is true, have long since been emptied of human remains; but every church is an anatomical muvenur; every alter has a coffer boneath it full of searlled shalls and saintly bladebones, set in pearly and diamonds. In Rome there is still exhauited the Scala Santa-the identical flight of steps once forming the grand staircase of Pontius Pilate's house, which was brought hither from the Holy Land by the Empress Helena, and by ascending which on your knees to

the chapel called the Sancta Sanctorum, and repeating a certain number of aves and paternosters during the process, you may gain, for each of the twenty-eight steps composing the staircase, no less than nine year of indulgence. Twenty-eight times nine: the total is but two hundred and fifty-two, which, deducted from say five million years of purgatory, sounds at first but insignificant, but is, after all, something to the good.

But to return to St. Paul's Chain, or rather Paul's Chains—they are tangible objects in Rome, contrasting it very strongly with heretical England, where the shadowy names of so analy things have been preserved, but where their substance has long since been disregarded, or contenmed, or lost. Take Candlemas, for instance. It is probable that as home the average receipts of Price's Patent Candle Company are not increased by a single shilling on the second of February, and that the beeswax market is not in the slightest degree ruffled by the occurrence of the festival of the European on of the Virgin. Still we keep the name of Candlemas in our calendars, knowing not why, and caring still less. Very different is the case in Rome. A bundred shrine: will be begirt next Saturday by the "holy stone" of tapers innumerable, and for some days the grand architecture of St. Peter's has been disfigured with tawdry upholstery and gew-gaw drapery in anticipation of the solemn "function" of another day, when the Pope will sit in state over against the Baldacchino, and bless long-sixes by the ton weight. It must be admitted in favour of the Romanists that they are consistent; that they forget nothing, and neglect nothing in the outward forms and shows bequeathed

to them by immemorial tradition; and precisely as the pageant was under Gregory the Great, so it is under Pius IX.

St. Paul has no church within Rome proper, and the absence of such a fane in a city with which his name, though without any historical evidence, is so indissolubly connected, has given rise to many curious conjectures. Among the common people an absurd legend is current to the effect that St. Peter and St. Paul quarrelled about a pair of shoes; and this grotesque story may have some dim reference to our proverb about "robbing Peter to pay Paul." At all events, the popular belief is that the two Apostles were flot on good terms, and that the absence even from intramoral Rome of any cherch specially dedicated to St. Paul is to be attributed to the affair of the shoes. There must have been a Pauline party in Rome, however, from the earliest times, and outside the walls the Doctor Gentina has no reason to complain of the lukewarraness of his devotees. He has a church about four miles out of Rome, called "San Paolo alle tre Fontane." erected or the spot where he is said to have been decapitated. The dungeon in which be was confined, and the marble pillar which served as a beadingblock, are still shown. His severed head, on striking the earth, is said to have rebounded three times, and from each of the spots it touched a fountain miraculously sprang.

But the little Church of the Three Fountains is a mere oratory compared with the gigantic basilies of "San Paolo faori le Mura," or St. Paul's without the walls, which, St. Peter's excepted, is the most splendid church in Rome, or in the whole world. The old basilies, built by Valentinian II. and Theodosius on the site of a still more ancient edifice

erected by Constantine in the fourth century, over the catacomb of Lucina, a noble Roman matten and Christian convert, was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1828. A few columns and rare mosaics escaped the flames; but the present basilica must be regarded as almost wholly new. Its exterior is, in common with so many Roman churches, exceedingly ugly and cumbrous; a factory turned into a workhouse, and then occupied as a barrack, would give the closest idea of its appearance. The interior is of almost un exampled splendour, and is so dazzling with gold and silver and precious marbles, with frescoes and sculptures, carved woodwork and mosaics, that, remembering that the completion of this vast creation is due to the piety and munificence of the reigning Pontiff, some incredulity naturally arises in the mind of the foreign spectator as to the touth of the many doleful stories he has heard of the poverty of the Papal exchequer.

Something like a million sterling must have been spent in the erection and embellishment of this most gorgeous temple; and, calling to mind on how many other public works of an ecclesiastical nature in Rome Pio Nono has lavished his treasures, one is puzzled to discover where all the money could have come from. Marble, it is true, is cheap in the Roman States, artistic handicraftsmen are plentiful, and do not look for splendid remuneration from any but the foresticri. If they do so look for it, they certainly do not get it. If excellence has departed, if Rafaelles and Berninis are no longer to be secured, efficient mediocrity at least abounds; and there are vast numbers of Roman artists who can cut marble and polish it, carve wood and gild

it, and cover canvas and stucco with brilliant colours laid over designs which, if not original, are cleverly adapted from the great masterpieces of the Renaissance. The modern school of Roman art-and indeed of Italian art in generalis perhaps the most contemptible in Europe; and since the death of Canova, the only painters and sculptors who have made Rome illustrious as an art-city have been the foreigners Thorwaldsen, Overbeck, Gibson, Lehmann, and Story; but the Eternal City can yet boast of a host of copyists and adapters and translators, servile it is true but faithful, and not devoid of that tasteful grace which is inborn in every Italian, however corrupt and however ignorant he may be in other respects. So all that the copyright and adapters in stone or in stucco could do for St. Parties been done, and the result is almost inconceivably superb. The mosaic manufactory at the Vatican, which may be defined as the Woolwich-cum-Enfield of the Church militant, his also been most prodigal in its supply of tersolatory art; and any number of niches and vanitings have been covered with any number of million squares of coloured glass and platra duraapostles by the score, popes by the string, angels by the legion, and martyrs by the army.

With all this, however, the consumption of hard scudimust have been tremendous; and it may be accepted as an axiom that you cannot build a basilica on credit, or with paper money which has no forced circulation. The Pope has no private fortune. The cardinals derive their public salaries from the monopolies on snuff, cigars, wine, salt-fish, and similar articles of common use granted them by his Heliness to keep up their state withal, and I have not heard of any

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single bajocco to the restoration of St. Paul's. The taxes do not bring in much more than will suffice to pay for the jack-boots and buckskins of the Pontil al gendarmery, and all that the Custom-house and the gambling lotteries can produce is wanted for the maintenance of the Swiss Guard and the other medieval hangers-on of the court of the Serves Serverum Dei.

Whence, then, the scudi which have been spent upon St. Paul's? It is a mystery, like so many other things in Rome. Large sums have been bestowed from time to time towards the work by 'atholicarovereigns and princes. Mehemet Ali gave the perseons grants of oriental alabaster which support the balaacchino. . Chismetic Russia contributed inige blocks of a atachite and value slabs of lapis levuli for the sides of the altar; and that English lady-convert, who is said to give five thousand pounds a year, being the half of her fortune, in frank almoign to the lope, may have done something noteworthy towards the decoration of the confessional of St. fimody - for in death, as in life, the Disciple is close to the Apostle. But aid these, and the Peter's pence so ministrioasly collected all over Catholic Christendom, fail to account for a tithe of the enormous sums which have been squand red Perhaps the Pope has a long stocking somewhere. Perhaps the gold to buy the marble and pay the masons, and painters, and carvers flowed as miraculously as the water from the Three Fountains. But what a pity it is that some proportion of the wealth swallowed up here—say twenty per cent of the gross amonut—was not laid out in repairing the lilthy road which leads to the glorious edifice, or in propping-up

the tottering old Porta San Paolo, or in washing and clothing the deplorable creatures who crawl about the sumptuous basilica, airing their foul rags in the ruddy light from the stained-glass windows, or clinging to the skirts of the foreign sightseers at the gates, brandishing their stumps, and showing their sores as though they were crosses of honour, and yelping in the name of the Madonna and the Saints for three bajocchi.

The high alter of St. Paul's was burnt to a cinder in the fire of 1823, and it is now no longer stated, even by the Romanists, that the body of the Apostle, whose remains are said to have been transferred here from the Vatican in the third century, is to be found in the new basilica. As a compensation for the loss of the actual relics of the saint, his chains are exhibited. Friday last was the festival of the conversion of the Apostle; and after fligh Mass the faithful were invited to adore the holy fetters. There seemed to be about half-a dozen links, making up a length of about eighteen inches. These were held in a white napkin by a priest, who carried them round to the kneeling worshippers, extending the napkin and its rusty contents to be kissed by each in turn, and carefully wiping the links before he submitted them to a fresh salutation. There were a great many women among those who adored the Apostle's bonds, and a considerable number of poor country-people, to whom the splendour of the churches, and the multiplicity of the pageants may well serve as a consolation in adversity, and in some measure compensate for the squalor and destitution of their own homes. A whole company of Pontifical Zouaves marched in about two o'clock, and, kneeling, kissed the chains with military precision. The Pope also came to the basilica in the course of the afternoon, staying, however, but a very few minutes. For the rest, there were no Italians of the class conventionally termed respectable to be seen in the place. The coclesion astical sights of Rome seem to be patronised exclusively by beggars and shepherds, English and American tourists.

January 18.

Christmas and the New Year are seasons when men's hearts are ordinarily open to the influences of charity; and it is remarkably cheering to observe how very charitable the organs of the clerical party in Rome have lately become towards their neighbours. Their charity does not begin, in accordance with the wise maxim to that intent, at home. Charity seldom does. We are usually more prone to weep over the sorrows of Cochin China than over those of Somers Town, and the spiritual destitution of a native of Antannarivo is, as a rule, more affecting than the corporeal needs If Roman charity began at of a denizen of Duck-lane. home, it might almost end there, from sheer weariness, so much misery might it find to relieve. I am well-nigh tired of telling, and you must be quite tired of hearing, that the poorer inhabitants of this city of sumptuous basilicas and stately palaces, and in which there are hobably more waxcandles burnt and more footmen in livery employed than in any city of Christendom, are lodged far worse and fed far more poorly than any Irish cotter's swine. You must be beginning to find it rather stale information that the streets of Rome swarm with beggars, some in extreme old age, others so young as to be scarcely able to toddle; some cripples, others frightfully-afflicted creatures exhibiting revoltingsores; but all clamorous for alms.

The charity of the cassocks and shovel-hats might find plenty of room for exercise among these deplorable wretches. In their scrupulous courtesy to foreigners, however, the Romans prefer to leave the relief of such misorables to the foreign visitors, whom the attractions of the jewellers' shops and the photographs bring in the worst of weather to the Piazza di Spagna. The natives, so at least I am inclined to think from close observation, seldom if ever give anything to the street-beggars whom they allow to prey ou the strangers within their gates. Blessings they may bestow upon them, but the pence they distribute are as few as those which they confer on the waiters at the caffes. If they have any spare bajocchi and feel liberal, they reserve their elemosina to fling them out of window to the screeching and organ-torturing vagabonds who seem to sing expressly false, and to grind purposely-injured instruments. In England foolish people bid these nuisances to go away, but I fancy the Romans pay them because the discord is grateful to their ears. I think they like cacophony, as that Sultan of Turkey did who only derived pleasure from the performances of his brass-band when his musicians were tuning up their instruments. \* "Mashallah! let the dogs play that tune again," cried the Sultan to his Italian bandmaster. And I can aver, that not only in Rome, but in Italy generally, the land of song, you may hear in the course of one day, either inside a theatre, or in the streets outside it, more execually bad music than you will hear in England-whose people are supposed by foreigners to have no ear and no taste for music at all—in the course of a whole year.

The beggars, therefore, thrive on the forestieri-a simple race born to be shorn, and who are upt to be either touched with compassion, or worried into parting with their small change when they are pertinaciously followed - say from Spillmann's restaurant to the Pataza Colonna—by wailing children with blue noses and bare feet, or decrepit old women, taking the Madonna and all the saints to witness that they have not tasted food for four days. The born Roman can command, when solicited for alms, a stare of such utter stoniness, and a look of such superbly stolid indifference, that you might imagine him deaf and blind to the wretchedness yelping and whining at his feet or his elbow. I do not believe that they thus pass on through real hardness of heart. I think that there is a tolerably general average of hard and soft hearts, as of hard and soft red-herrings, all the world over; and that no set of people anywhere, always excepting workhouse guardians and Marshal Narvaez, are much better or much worse than any other set of people. The Romans turn a deaf ear to the street-beggars, probably because from their youth upwards they have known them to be arrant impostors, or at least persons whose destitution is the fault and shame of a neglectful Government. I have no doubt that they have their own objects of charity, to whom they are seasonably benevolent.

For instance, since the octave of the Epiphany commenced, all the church-doors have been beset by posses of semi-scelesiastical mendicants, with red crosses on their cassocks, who hold in their hands tin-boxes with slits in the

lids, and carefully padlocked by their superiors, the which they rattle in a monotonous manner. They seem to do rather a good business, especially among the women, who in all countries (bless them!) are bountiful to everybody save cabmen. Those they screw down frightfully. The "collectors," if I may call them by that polite name, at the church-doors, seek subscriptions for a variety of purposes: sometimes per nostre povere monache (for our poor nuns); sometimes for the repair of churches and convents; sometimes on the. simple plea of the "octave of the Epiphany," which leaves a conveniently-broad margin, and reminds one of the jointstock company promoted during the South-Sea mania, with a capital of a million sterling, "for an object hereafter to be named:" and sometimes for the conversion of England to the Catholic faith, I had the honour, too, lately, at St. Andrea della Valle, of subscribing three bajocchi towards the fund for the canonisation of the "Benedetto e beato Labu," who is to be raised to the celestial peerage, if his friends can find money enough, next June. I have not the slightest idea of who this saint elect was, or what he did; but it was worth three bajocchi to know that even a saint cannot be made without ready-cash. I suppose the fees of the Avvocato del Diavolo are pretty heavy.

All this almsgiving, however, is not by any means the kind of charity to which I desire to call your attention. I allude to the great outburst of commiseration in Rome for the dreadful sufferings of the people of constitutional Italy. "La Fame in Italia" is the sensation heading of an article in the chief Ultramontane organ in Rome, in which a most distressing picture is drawn of the state of things brought

about by the "revolution" in the unhappy region which has been emancipated from the rule of Austrian bayonets. Bourbon sbirri, and Tuscan and Modenese Grand Dukes. "Hunger in Italy"—the Indian famine is trifling in comparison with the dearth of revolutionised Italy. There are thirty thousand people in Venice looking to public charity for their dail bread. In the isla d of Sardinia-in which, if I mistake not, the "revolution" cannot be chargeable with much mischief, seeing that the island has been an appanage of the House of Savoy almost ever since it reused to be the prev of the Arab corsairs, and the Sardinians are as devout Catholics as any in Italy; but perhaps it is placed under the . "revolution" ban for the reason that Garibaldi's islet is only a few hours' distance from La Maddalena- in the island of Surdinia the necessaries of life are almost entirely wanting. Whole families are perishing for want of food. The laws are contenmed, the authorities powerless. In the neighbourhood of Cagitari the unfortunate islanders have been living for months on crows and myrtle-boughs--- curious diet, somewhat analogous to a course of magpies and stumps. It is not more curious, however, than that of the shovel hats in Rome, whose only nutring nt, as all men are aware, consists of cloves and olive-branches. As for the kingdom of Nuples, it is notorious that beggary, famine, and brigandage are rempent there; and nothing can be more miserable and more lawless than the condition of the island of Sicily, including the city of Palermo. The clerical critics forget to mention how many Neapolitan brigands have received meterial aid from the Papal Government and from the Papal protégi, the abject Bombicella; nor do they dwell on the ugly fact that

the chief promoters of the disorders which lately called for stern measures of repression in Palermo were brutish and profligate monks—own brothers to the hulking friars who infest the Roman streets, and compete with the brass-badged mendicants for the crusts and the coppers. When to hunger, brigandage, and lawlessness, you add such things as impiety, atheism, immorality, debt, taxes, and a constantly-increasing deficit in the revenue, the condition of the revolutionised Peninsula may be faintly imagined. "This is the end," the Ultramontane Jeremiah concludes, " of all the golden dreams and the seductive illusions of the unhappy Italian people. This is the end of the magnificent promises made to them; and this would be the fate of the happy and contented Roman people if they submitted to be 'regenerated and redeemed' by the revolution." If to this were added a little personal abuse of King Victor Emmanuel, we might almost fancy that we were listening to Sir George Bowyer.

This in all conscience is bad enough; but worse remains behind. The poverty and embarrassments of Italy, we are warned, together with the prevailing wickedness and irreligion of the "Piedmentese party." are breeding in the public mind a state of despondency verging on despair. While loyal and pious Rome skips like the little bills for joy, the Italians, so the shovel-hats declare, are going melancholy mad. Witness the number of suicides which have lately occurred in revolutionary Italy, even in the highest ranks of society! Witness the lamentable act of self-destruction committed by the Commendatore Giambattista Cassinis, Senator of the kingdom, at Turin! The responsibility of this unfortunate event must be laid at the door of

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the Italian production. It is very impertinent for me to venture to prompt the accomplished scribes of Ultramontanism, but it might be as well to suggest that their agreeable comments on the death of an eminent Italian statesman are incomplete without a repetition of the old lie so dear to the Ultramontane heart—that Calvin died cursing, that Voltaire choked himself with his bed-curtains, like the python at the "Zoo" with his blanket, and that Rousseau took poison, all because they were so wicked.

The people of Turin, it appears, are getting up a subscription for a statue to the late M. Cassinis, and Ultramontane wit—which very much resembles that of an elephant in black knee-shorts and shoe-buckles-is making very merry at the expense of the Turinese on this head, stating that henceforth revolutionised Italy must be called, not the "land of the dead," as M. Lamartine described it, but the land of monuments. Cavour, La Farina, Massimo d'Azeglio, the brothers Bandiera, Moro, Farini, Fano, have all had, or are to have, their statues. Who next among the "coryphées of the revolution"? the clericals ask. Putting up a statue to anybody, human or divine, living or dead, is perhaps a stupid thing, which had much better be left alone; but humanity can no more desist from the practice than it can from scribbling its name on the pedestal when the statue is put up. But the clumsy pleasantry directed against the erection of monuments to Italy's great men comes with a very ill grace from Rome, the city par excellence of dolls, pagods, fetishes, and Pontifical guys-the city in three of whose churches yesterday I saw a waxwork-show, with decorations by theatrical scene-painters, and dresses apparently from

Nathan's, but which Mr. Artemus Ward would have scorned to exhibit to that hypercritical audience at Utica, who "caved in" the head of Judas Iscariot—the city of stone cherubs with swollen cheeks, and bloated angels with their draperies distended by rude Boreas, displaying their biceps and sartorius muscles on public bridges—the city of impossible saints perched on the peaks of pediments, and apocryphal martyrs standing on one leg.

But although the clerical mourners over the sufferings of Victor Emmanuel's subjects are so exceedingly virtuous, there are still cakes and ale in Rome. The ginger might be a trifle hotter in the mouth; but it is still ginger, and not gall and wormwood. When we had entered on the Carnival we were very agreeably reminded of the fact by the opening of the theatres. The edict of the Pontifical police authorising the commencement of "il divertimento del teatro," was one of the most annusing documents I ever read. I perused it in a placard pasted on an old wall; they do not post upon the hoardings here, seeing that they never build new houses, and when an old one tumbles down they call it a rain, and inscribe on the prostrate chimney-pot "Munificentia Pii IX. Pont. Max."—side by side with the latest fulmination of the Congregation of the Index, condemning two or three French works in history and science, and that S.P.Q.R. notification I told you about which fixes the price of leg of beef and scrag of mutton.

The regulations of the Pope's police on the subject of theatres are far more rigorous than the unwritten laws of our Lord Chamberlain and his licenser. The audience are not permitted to applied "immoderately," or to encore any

song, dance, speech, or scene. They are not to "yell" They are not to employ whistles (fischietti). They are not to call for any actor or actress, or speak to any musician—a stern taboo this on any irreverent manifestation of a "Play up, Catgut!" nature. They are not to wear any unseemly garments, or to throw any bouquets, or to buy or sell any photographs in the building. I wish that among these prohibitions there were one forbidding Italians who think they can sing-and they all think they can-from humming all the airs in the opera, not by any means in a sotto-voc tene, in accompaniment to the singers on the stago; and it would be certainly desirable if the management were brought to understand that an opera is, after all, a performance possessing some dramatic as well as lyrical interest; that there are operas -- such as Norma, Lucrezia Borgia, and the Sonnambula—as exciting in the curiosity they awaken as any tragedy of Alfieri or any comedy of Goldoni; and, if. understanding this, they were restrained from interpolating between the first and second acts of the opera a long and wearisome ballet.

Anything longer and anything duller than a Roman ballet it is impossible to conceive. It is literally a pantomime—that is to say, a pantomime without any fun. They give moral ballets at the Apollo Theatre here—I don't mean that the coryphées are compelled by the Cardinal Vicar to appear in Turkish trousers of green gauze reaching to the ankle, as in the Bourbon times at Naples—but ballets with a story, ballets with a purpose, ballets full of good and evil spirits, lost children, pious cottagers, benevolent countesses, and venerable hermits in gowns of glazed calico and beards of

whitened tow, who rush about the stage in a demented manner, prophesying their old heads off, in dumb-show. There is a ballet called the Giotta d' Adesberga given at the Apollo just now, which is like one of Mrs. Barbauld's stories dramatised by a lunatic and performed by the scholars of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Now, morality is an excellent thing; but morality in short starts, and didactic reflections on one leg, and sententious manner burbined with the double-shuffle, are rather provocations are retired.

They play some old tricks with the operas too, and the titles and recitatives are made to undergo strange metamorpheses. Norma, to avoid the impropriety of a priestess of any faith forgetting herself, becomes a peasant-girl in La Foresta d'Irminsul, and Gioranna di Guzman stands sponsor to the Sicilian Vespers. But why don't they give the wicked operas in their entirety, but with a sound Pontifical moral at the end? Don Basilio in the Barbiere, after singing La Callum aight doff his shovel and deliver a good set speech against revolution; the Commendatore in Don Giovanni might say some very stinging things about the profligacy of certain revolutionary princes; and the occasion of Masaniello's death might be improved by the recitation behind the scenes, and to the accompaniment of red-fire, of a homily pointing the obvious moral, that seafaring men who foment revolution invariably go raving mad and bring about an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. If poor Masaniello's body were brought across the stage on a stretcher, in a red-shirt and a pork-pie hat, to the music of Garibaldi's Hymn, the moral effect would be tremendous: more tremendous, perhaps, than the moralists would like to risk.

#### XXXI.

#### THE STREETS OF ROME.

January 21.

Much sympathy, which would have bester bestowed elsewhere, has been thrown away wailing the almost entire disappearance of the streets of ancient Rome. first place, persons are apt to forget that, although temples and basiliers, solidly constructed, may endure for a couple of thousand years, and, abating earthquakes, sieges, and the barbarians -- to say nothing of princes who strip from old monuments the building-materials for new palacesmay show, at the end of twenty centuries, as few symptoms of decay as the Maison Carrée at Nismes, or the Amphitheatre at Verona, or the Temple of Vesta, here ordinary dwelling-houses are more fragile in their construction, are preserved with greater difficulty, and burnt down with greater facility. There may have been Chancery-suits, too, under the old Roman civil law, which proved as efficacions in ruining house-property as any great case of Jarudyco versus Jamayce among us. Cheops built, and Praxiteles sculptured, for Eternity; but the mass of houses in the mass of streets in this world are but little cockboats launched on the broad river of Time, and doomed, in time, to be swainped or run down by bigger barks. Round about eld cathedrals, it is true, the old, old dwelling-houses of our

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ancestors are curiously tenacious of vitality; and, in spite of all the efforts of the Houses-of-Parliament Commission and Baron Haussmann, some generations may yet clapse before the antique hovels which cling to the purlieus of Westminster Abbey and Notre Dame de Paris disappear: but these are but barnacles sticking to the keels of very old ships; elsewhere, new brooms are being continually made, and the sweeping many of old houses is incessant. The change they suffer ough thorough, is imperceptible, just as a certain school of physiologists tell us that once in every seven years of so, although we think that we have the me heart, laiss, liver, skin, and bair, we got a bran-new

of those organs and tissues. The Poultry, by Cheapside, is abstractedly the same narrow Poultry which Sir Christopher Wren, to his own sore discomfort, was forced to by down, after the great Fire of London, on the lines of a still older street; yet I question if, the chapel excepted, there are half-a-dozen houses in the Poultry that are a hundred years old.

I have met a great many traveliers pre-fessing an expectation to find the streets of Rome with precisely the same configuration, containing the same houses, and presenting the same characteristics, as they may have done under the Twelve Cæsars. They require their inn or their greengrocer's-shop to be in exact accordance with the canons of Vitruvius. They look for the atrium, the implacium, and the aiæ. They want statues of the Lares and Pænates in the peristyle, fresco arabesques in the cabicula, "Cave canem" on the door-jamb, and "Salve" on a slab of mosaic to serve as a door-mat; and if they don't find these things, they cry out that Rome is very much fallen indeed; and I have heard fast young gentlemen

from the universities declare over their cheroots and punch—they make punch with white rum at the Caffè di Roma, and, just tomahawked or dashed with maraschino, after the recipe of the Right Honourable Benjam i Disraeli: it is very good, and might convert Mr. Spurgeon to Romanism—I have heard these fortunate youths, moderns of the moderns, declare Rome to be a "sell," and, as a relic of antiquity, not half so interesting as Chester.

I suppose one might just as well expect to find the old Reman domes in modern Rome as to meet ladies and gentlemen arrayed in the toga, or the peplum, or the tunicopallium, followed by their slaves, and surrounded by their freedmen and clients, passing to and fro in the Forum, praying in the Temple of Saturn, or making their way to the games in the Circus Maximus. We know that such sights, out of the Carnival, are impossible. We know that the Papal Zonaves are no Prectorians, and that the Pontifical gendarmes carry no fasces; and if we thirst for anachronism, the Swiss guards in their masquerading canary-bird dress, the dirty shavelings, and the infinite people in shovel-hats, should be quite old enough to satisfy the most ardent member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries. Still, even those who expect little, and hre in consequence rarely disappointed, those who have taken the portraits of many cities and dissected many schemes of civilisation, are unable to suppress something akin to a sigh of regret when they find the tabula rasa which has been made of old Rome-when they discover that the ruins of the City of the Cæsars are all but isolated from the City. of the Pontiffs-when they behold the streets of modern Rome and find them so very like modern Clare-market and

modern Whitechapel, only much dirtier, and not quite so felonious.

Lord Lytton is responsible for much of the sadvess thus engendered by the destruction of fondly-cherished illusions. The Last Days of Pompeli sent everybody, in person or in imagination, to that wonderful place. The novel so exquisitely and so truthfully portrays the city, that the houses of Glaneus and Pansa, the theatre, and the gladiators' wineshop, have become as indelibly impressed on the readers' minds as the forms of the dead Pompeians on the hot ashes with which they were stifled. Bulwer has made Compeli his own; the Last Days are the best possible guide-book to the disinterred city; and after a visit to Naples, or that which is next best, and in some respects preferable -- after careful study of the Portpeian Court at the Crystal Palace--we come to Rome and are surprised at not finding "cassa mo." in red letters over the first private house in the Cerso, and feel ourselves aggrieved when, being asked out to damer, the repast is not "after the manner of the ancients," with a wildboar stuffed with chestrats and honey, and a car's bosom served with aarum to follow--all to be taken on the triclinium, with youths from the Isles of Greece to warble soft melodies in praise of Venus Aphrodite, and slave to crown us with flowers while we quaff the Falernian.

I have purposely exaggerated the feeling which I assume many visitors to Rome have experienced; but I am convinced that some such state of mind is very common, and that very few cultivated persons conclude their first lay's wandering in the streets of Rome without a sensation of bitter disappointment. Was it for this that they came so far—to see imita-

tion French soldiers in red breeches, and dragoons in helmets with horse-tails after the pattern of the Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard; to meet everywhere Jouvin's gloves, chocolat de santé, and the eau-de-Cologne of Jean Marie Farina; to be told that Mr. Lowe sells Bengal chutnee and family Souchong, and that Mr. William Brown gives the highest exchange for English bank-notes and sovereigns? They may not exactly exclaim that Rome is a "sell," but still they are gravely disappointed. If you wish to see a real Roman house, and-substituting the cloak, the mantilla, and the burnouse for the toga, the redimiculum, and the bardocucullus-to see people attired after the manner of those of antiquity, you must go to Andalusia or to Algeria; there the patio admirably figures the implurium, and the hot, vehement, bloodthirsty throng in the bull-ring-I have seen eight thousand people shricking with exultation over one lamentable horse with his bowels hanging out-completely satisfies the imaginative craving to know what a gala-day at the Colosseum could have been like.

But in modern Rome, Papistry has taken up Paganism, swallowed it, welded it into its own components, and made it bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. Apart from the huge ruins of the Forum, the Baths, and the Tombs, the Pope's paw is upon everything Roman. If you stumble on an ancient column, it has a saint flaming at the top. If you light on an ancient inscription, it winds-up with some more freshly-cut reminder that the munificence of Somebody "Pont. Opt. Max." has permitted it to escape destruction. The mitre and the shovel-hat have quite extinguished the pileum. The cupids and genii have gone down before

the Madonnas at the street-corners, with their environment of dumpling clouds and more dumpling cherubs. Very often do you see the grim, grimy columns and entablature of a pagan temple chained up, as it were, in the tasteless structure of a Romanist church, which clings to the old marbles and sculpture, strangling them with its flexible claws, like Victor Hugo's devil-fish in the Toilers of the Sca. Over this absorption Romanists exult, and many devout persons, no doubt, thought it a wicked thing for Cardinal Mai to have scraped away St. Augustine's Commentary on the Psalms from the parchiment, and exposed Cicero's Republic, the oldest Latin manuscript extant, which lay beneath.

For my part, while I deplore the havor that has been made of so many antique temples, basilicas, palaces, fountains, baths, aqueducts, columns, and statues. I do not see the slightest cause for regret in the evanishment of the streets and dwelling-houses of classical Rome. The excavations of Pompeii show us with microscopic distinctness what those streets were like; and it is plain that—all their frescoed arabesques, mosaics, encuesties, bronzes, alabaster, and rosso antico notwithstanding-the Pompeians must have lived miserably. It is plain that their streets were narrower than the meanest alleys in the meanest Moorish town; that their houses were badly lit and badly ventilated; and that they had every need to frequent such huge baths, such enormous theatres, and such a wide forum or gossiping-place, in view of the wretched little hutches in which they were cooled-up at home. Many an English squire's hounds are more amply kennelled than would have been the guests who accepted the hospitality of the patrician whose villa is to

be visited every day at Sydenham. Things at Rome were doubtless all on a grander scale than in the neighbourhood. of Vesuvius, yet this is a case in which we are surely entitled to reason from analogy. P mpeii was probably to Rome as Tunbridge Wells was to London, and we certainly look for comfort and even elegance on the Pantiles.\* civilisation of old Rome was, it cannot be doubted, grand and sumptuous; but the old Romans were, for all that, L suspect, a nasty, dirty set of people, who had need to go to the bath so often, seeing what pigsties they wallowed in elsewhere, and who were their togas until-like the Russian peasants, who send their hats to the village oven to be baked, and thus freed from insect life -they were compelled to send them to the fuller's to be made decent again. Depend upon it, bad as modern Rome is, badly built, badly paved, and but half-lit with gas, ancient Rome was even more intolerable.

Let us not, therefore, beat our breasts and utter the wail of woe because Alaric, Genseric, and others, from the fourth to the sixth century, successively performed with home the admired feat which in later days was so notably repeated by Field-Marshal Turenne, by Field-Marshal Tilly, and by Generals Shorman and Sheridan, and other famous conquerors, including Genghis Khan and Timour the Tartar, and which is known as knocking a city into a "cocked-hat;" or because Belisarius gutted the inside of Rome to strengthen the walls outside it; or because Robert Guiscard and his Normans burnt Rome from the Antonine column to the Fla-

<sup>\*</sup> According to Horace the inns, even at a short distance from Rome, were most miserable.

minian gate, and laid waste the Esquiline hill; or because the Savellis and the Frangipunis, the Contis and the Caetanis, barbarians within, completed the havor of the barbarians without; or because there was an inundation in 1945 which only left the summits of the Seven Hills above water, and an earthquake in 1349, and the Constable de Bourbon in 1527, who was worse than all the Goths and their compounds put together, and another inundation in 1530, with a long succession of Popes before and after, who despoiled and stripped every monument of antiquity to build or to ornament their "Fust cum smut in the corn," said the own churches. New Englander, recounting his experiences as a farmer, "and then cum the Hessian fly, and the next year cum the caterpillars, and they capped the climax of my catastrophe." Popery capped the climax of the catastrophe of Rome. has left only one of the shabbiest modern cities to be found on the earth's surface; but the shabbiness and dirtiness of Rome are things that can be mended, when greater enlightenment and a better government shall prevail.

The best way to inspect the streets of Rome, if you wish to study as well as see them, is to break your pocket-compass and burn your maps and guide-books, as Prospero did his conjuring-apparatus, and, forgetting that such things as ciceroni at a scudo and a half a-day ever existed, take Chance for a Mentor, and lose yourself. This I contrived to do very effectually the day before yesterday. I have just turned up, and propose to commit an account of my wanderings to paper. I must have halted, now and again, on the way, and brought-up at caffès and reading-rooms to rest, and I must have slept, and I think I dined-out yesterday; but walking

the streets has been my principal occupation during the last six-and-thirty hours, and I have the satisfaction now of knowing that I have worn a new pair of boots into a most comfortable state of slipshodedness, inflated my lungs with a variety of gases—some of them, I am willing to believe, unfamiliar to British chemists—and acquired an amount of Roman experience which may prove in the future, I trust, not wholly unserviceable.

I did not victual for the campaign, for the Roman larder is admirably supplied, and there is more to eat and drink procurable in the streets of Rome than in any other city in The Romans eat very odd things, it is true, and some that scrupulous people in England might term nasty -such as frogs, fizards, and hedgehogs; but at least their markets are full, and even the smallest wineshop, or spaccio da vino, has its engina, or kitchen, attached to it. I did not provide myself with defensive weapons for the excursion, as nervous tourists still do when they take a trip to Tivoli: first because I had no poutifical license to carry arms, and next because I thoroughly disbelieve in the alarming stories current at the table-d'hôtes and in the smoking-rooms about brigands, Sanfedesti, infuriated Dutch Zouaves who stab inoffensive persons unable to provide them with Schiedam, bloodthirsty Antibes legionaries promenading the back-streets, and bayoneting civilians of heretical appearance as they emerge from the botteghe oscure where they have been beating down old-curiosity vendors, and felonious Trastoverini, who sharpen their knives upon stone statues of the Madonna, sprinkle their life-preservers with holy-water, and go out

robbing and murdering so soon as the vesper-bell has finished ringing.

I daresay there are back-streets in Rome which are not safe, during the small hours, for people who persist in wearing eighteen-carat gold watch-guards outside their greatcoats, who won't wear gloves, and will wear diamond-rings on all the fingers of both hands, and who toss for napoleons under every lamp; but then I daresay the back-streets of Belgravia-or the front ones either, for that matter-would not be much safer to such wayfarers, say between midnight and two in the morning. There are regues in Rome, as in every other great city; but pedestrians who are neither foolhardy nor tipsy may penetrate into all quarters of the city without the slightest danger, at all reasonable fours. I have heard, on good authority, that the civil governor of Rome, arguing from the reports of the different presidents of the Rioni, or districts, and their police-commissaries, has declared that at no time during his experience has the city been so thoroughly tranquil and well-behavea, both as regards political demonstrations and crimes of violence.

I write this, both with a view to correct the false impressions which may be carrent in England, aparaging from the barefaced adsehoods told in the Italian newspapers—falsehoods greedily anight up by the opposition newspapers in Paris—and to reassure some kind friends of my own in England, who have been writing to me letters of condolence on my alarmingly-perilous position in a city infested with bandits, and so soon to be given over to rapine and massacre. We have not yet come to that channing state of, things which is chronic in Mexico, where you go to church armed

to the teeth, and return from a whist-party with a revolver in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other, walking in the · middle of the road, lest an assassin should be lurking under an an inway. We have not even some to realise the state of affairs prevalent in London-which I have heard called the metropolis of the world-many of whose most frequented thoroughfares are impassable, to decent people, not only after dark, not only at dask, but often at broad daylight, from the geners of costermonger "roughs," of blackguard boys and girls, of pickpockets, sharpers, and cadgers, and of common courtesans, who are suffered by a badly-organised police, and an incredibly bux and incompetent municipal government, to infest thema. I will say nothing about the state of the suburban London roads at night, save to hint that I would much rather stroll along the Via Applia than Haverstock-hill after ten P.M. I might possibly weet a fox among the tombs; but I should prefer that to a garotter among the fron villa residences.

touconed then, unfarmished with provender, and with very little mency even in my purses for foreigners who walk about in Rome are very api to come nome with no gold and silver, but with a large stock of Roman scaryes cameos, and photographe, all picked up, of course, as bargains—I journeyed forth towards my unknown destination. The world was all before me where to choose as I emerged from the Robel d'Augheterre. Five minutes' careless strolling other to the north, the south, the east, or the west would bring about, I knew well, the consummation I had in view—that of not knowing where I was; but I was ambitious, and wished to lose myself thoroughly, and at as great a distance

from my habitation as was possible. So I took a cab, and bade the man drive me to the post-office.

The public conveyances of Rome, I may remark once for all, are generally uncovered, little, light, one-horse caleches. not unlike the St.-Petersburg droschkies-not the droschkies on which you sit astride and pull the isvostchik's cars as you wish him to turn to the right or left, but those in which your legs are spread out before you in the normal manner. The Roman calescini are passably clean, not at all uncomfortable, and very cheap, that is to say, a drive to any part of the city within the walls need not cost more than eightpence. For two-horse carriages you pay a lira and a half for a "course," and forty bajocchi, or one-and-sevenpence, for an hour. For excursions extra muros there is no settled tariff; a bargain must be made; and as foreigners are the principal patrons for drives beyond the gates, they must expect to be cheated. If you object to this, I should advise you to hire a carriage, not from the public stand, but from the hotel in which you are staying. In that case you will not be cheated, but simply overcharged. The price of a carriage for an entire day—and which is a really handsome turn-out, with two fiery horses, and a most aristocratic-looking driver in semi-livery—is five-and-twerty francs. You may engage it for half a day; but in the computations of Roman hotel-keepers the day has no first half, the long and the short of which is that if you require a remise for a drive on the Pincian Hill in the afternoon, or to take you to the theatre in the evening, you pay half-a-guinea for it; but if you merely want a drive among the ruins after breakfast, you pay a guinea.

Save when the claims of gentility assert themselves, and I elect to live for an hour-and-a-half at the rate of two thousand five hundred a vear, I prefer the back calescino at eightpence the course. It is very cool and pleasant, and you can see everybody, and everybody can see you, as it was with Brothers the Prophet and the Devil in Tottenhamcourt-road. As you are usually alone, too, in this vehicle -for it is not genteel to offer a lady one-horse exercisethe calescino has something triumphal about it; and, by "making believe" a great deal, as Dick Swiveller's Marchioness did when she put the orange-peel into water and made believe it was wine, you may bring yourself to believe that you are a Conqueror by the name of Cæsar, and proceeding along the Via Sacra in your chariot; Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, trudging before you a captive, with muddy sandals and shackles on her finely-proportioned limbs, and a host of elephants following you, laden with the spoils of your campaigns. You propose in the evening to paint yourself a bright scarlet, and to sacrifice several of your prisoners to the gods. What scenes in the circus you will have to-morrow with the elephants, and the lions and tigers, and Christians, and other wild-animals! Ah, what does that servile person standing on the splashboard of your triumphal chariot venture to whisper in your ear? That you are mortal. What impertinence! Are there no lictors to take him up, or at least cry, "Whip behind"?

That I was mortal I was reminded, and in a very curious manner, not ten minutes after I had entered my currus triumphalis at fifteen bajocchi the course. In the maze of narrow streets which hem in the Post-office we got mixed up

with a funeral. It was a delightfully fine and warm afternoon, and anything more grotesquely ghastly than this funeral I never saw under a bright sun and a blue sky anywhere. It was a walking funeral. The coffin was a great painted ark, bedizened with rosettes of tinsel and foil-paper, and hung with festions of paper-flowers and shreds of coloured calico. It looked as though Jack-in-the-Green had gone the way of all flesh which is grass, and was to be buried in professional costume, with my Lord and my Lady as chief mourners; and I am sure that the 19th of December in Rome was very like the 1st of May in less-favoured climates. This ark was borne on painted poles, apparently distrained from barbers' shops, on the shoulders of half-a-dozen lads in long red gowns, beneath which their dirty boots "stole in and out" in anything but the mouse-like manner of the little feet of the bride in Sir John Suckling's ballad and they swayed to and fro with their burden, and staggered along, now and then halting to trim their bark and adjust their balance, in a fashion which was, to say the least, unseemly. In a surplice, which had evidently not been washed since last Easter, and which was disgracefully ragged, came along a thurifer, with a great crucifix on the top of a pole. There was an old priest in spectacles, and a young priest with many pimples on his face, walking leisurely along, and crooning forth, in that dull, listless, heartless chant which. to heretics, is the most distasteful and irritating of all things in the Romish rite, the Office for the Dead. The old priest had something the matter with his knee-shorts, which compelled him every two minutes or so to stop and hitch them up; and the young priest, at the imminent risk of getting a crick in his neck, was staring at the occupants of the very tall houses on either side the street, droning out his chant meanwhile, and yawning occasionally as though he found the Office for the Dead rather a bore than otherwise, which I daresay he did. There was a sprinkling of choristers carrying candles, and choristers swinging censers; but the most extraordinary part of the cortege was that which brought up its rear.

A mob-for I can give them no other name-of hulking fellows came clumping along, their features and all but the dim outline of their limbs concealed under most hideous robes and hoods of bright green-baize, with white-calico crosses sewn on to the breast. Their cowls, drawn over their faces, with two holes for their eyes to peer through, looked inexpressibly horrible. I have met more than one Trappist monk, and in Spain I have seen the Confraternity of the Passion, who carry images about and wear disguises of fine white flannel; but this rabble-rout of green-baize maskers in Rome staggered me. If anything could add to the incongruity of their aspect, it was this: that the robes of many were too short for them, and that beneath the greenbaize vestments I noticed one pair of shepherd's-plaid pantaloons, and one of corduroy. They were howling, in a most drearily-demented manner, some litany or penitential psalm of their own, which completely failed to harmonise with the Office for the Dead going on ahead.

I asked the driver who these people were, and he informed me that they belonged to one of the innumerable Confraternities of the Dead, who in Rome appear to be a kind of amateur undertakers. According to the driver, they

were great rogues; and he even hinted that as soon as they got possession of a corpse their principal endeavour was to extract as many pauls as they could out of the bereaved relations: but this, I hope, is not the case. It is certain that they attend condemned criminals to the scaffold quite gratuitously; and the intense horror of death and puerile terror even of the sick-room, which prompt so many Italians to abandon the sick and dying to the priest and the hired attendants, render the intervention of these confraternities necessary. Somebody finds a shroud; a coffin is easily hired for the occasion; and the priests and hooded people do all the Funerals must be very cheaply conducted in this country; and, abstractedly, there is nothing purer and nobler than the voluntary penance to which these green-baize persons devote themselves in the performance of offices generally found so revolting. Practically, perhaps, it would be better to employ regular undertakers than these howling amateurs. Foreigners are always told that many of the proudest Roman nobles are members of these confraternities, and that the eyes you see blearing through the slits in a hood may belong to a Colonna, an Orsini, or a Pamfili-Doria; but I scarcely imagine that the green-baize guild numbers many patricians in its ranks. I had a taste of their quality ere long.

I have said that we were mixed up with this funeral. The painted coffin and its carriers, the priests, the cross-bearer, and the choristers, all became inextricably entangled with my calescino and its horse, with a string of peasants bearing sacks of charcoal, with a dray piled with pumpkins and drawn by two of the savage buffalo-looking oxen of the Campagna, with a knot of Dutch Zouaves rather the worse

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-or the better-for their visit to the adjacent space of vino, and with a contadino on horseback, who, cloaked, up to the eyes, and with his shaggy overalls of goatskin, his high-peaked saddle, and huge sowoiled spurs, wanted only a coachwheel-hat and a lasso wound round the cantle of his saddle to make him the twin-brother of a Mexican guerillero. You may add to these several priests off duty, and with shovel-hats, quite broad enough of themselves to block-up a street of ordinary width; a select party of young gentlemen returning from some theological day-school, and clad for the occasion in salmon-coloured bed-gowns, also with shovel-hats-nothing religious can be done in Rome without a shovel-hat, and even the Popo wears one, of a bright crimson, like a cardinal's turned up, during the performance of certain rites-a sprinkling of monks, some barefooted and some clumsily shod, who, in infinitely-varied stages of dirt and imperfect shaving, are always hopping about Rome, like pigeons, taking what they can pick up; and innumerable monks without hoods and shaven crowns, but with brassbadges on their breasts licensing them "a domandare in Roma," and who were professional beggars.

These, with the children wriggling about under and between the legs of the adults, like eels, and a poor mule, seemingly belonging to Nobody, and who had gotten his eye knocked out, and was wandering about in a dumbly-distraught manner, the blood trickling from his orbless socket, very pitiable to view—these, with a tribe of furious dogs, and a number of old women, clawing each other's heads on the doorsteps, and, more furious than the dogs, the Confraternity of Death howling their banshee serenade, made up a

picture of modern Roman life for which I was quite unprepared. For all its frequentation by the forestieri, the grass grows between the stones on the Via Condotti and the Piazza di Spagna; but here there was life and animation and bustle of quite a turbulent order. It was life and animation, however, quite two centuries and a half old, and struck me, as I sat in a hack-cab on the 22d of December 1866, as being life and animation not precisely real and vital, but of a spasmodic and galvanised description.

A heretic of heretics, I was nevertheless taught in my youth to uncover my head whenever a corpse passed by. We owe, at least, that reverence to the Unknown King. And if Death had not been there, the Cross at least was. So I took off my hat, an action not imitated by my driver, so soon as the procession straggled into view, and I have to record that in Catholic Rome I got well laughed at for my pains. There is, perhaps, not much harm either in uncovering when in a public picture-gallery you stand before a picture of the Crucifixion, or the Mother and Child; but I have always been stared at and grinned at if I have paid that slight mark of respect to that which I do not Understand, but which I Revere.

The Confraternity of Death are much to be commended for their pious zeal; but I am afraid that the familiarity with the Office for the Dead and other sacred things has engendered something like contempt for that and other sacred things. At all events, they and the coffin-carriers and the cross-bearer indulged in a regular slanging-match with the driver of my calescino and the conductor of the dray laden with pumpkins. My driver gave them quite as good as they

brought, and the result was the usual torrent of blasphemous Billingsgate, in the comprehension of which six-months' commerce with gondolicri and cetturini has rendered me a tolerable proficient. There is a righn as and fulness, a copiousness of scurrility, in the Roman allusions to the principal persons mentioned in the Scriptures, which I have not yet heard equalled. The attendant priests did not in any way reprehend this scandalous scene, but "bullyragged" the driver themselves in good set terms-quite free, however, I hasten to admit, from blasphemy. At last, the dray being enabled to move on, my calescino got round the corner of the next street, and then the boys in red gowns began to carry the corpse, and the choristers began to swing their ceasers, and the old priest began to hitch-up his knee-shorts, and the young priest began to stare up at the windows, and the men in green-baize began to set up a renewed yowl, so dismal, that you might have fancied them the very Dogs, and not the Confraternity, of Death. Then I got down near the Post-office, asked if there were any letters, found there were none, and, plunging into the next half-dozen streets, forthwith lost myself.

There is something about funerals irresistibly encouraging to pugnacity. What a row there is whenever an Irishman is buried! What bloodshed followed the funeral of General Lamarque! What a frightful riot was that which attended the funeral of Queen Caroline! How the yeomew of the guard, if Horace Walpole is to be believed, fought for the wax-candles at the funeral of George II.! In modern English society, which is so very genteel, our funeral combativeness is of a subdued and decorous kind; but bad blood

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and set teeth have been manifest ere now on the way to Kensal-green. We disparage the cake and wine in undertones, grumble at the gloves, and mutter things sometimes not wholly complimentary to our dear brother departed. I have had myself before now words with a man in a mourning-coach. I once saw two gentlemen-Irishmen by name, and sailors by profession-get out of a "brougham hearse" in the middle of Russell-square and fight, the undertaker waiting for the purpose, and an admiring circle of partisans in hatbands and scarves cheering the combatants on from their cab-windows; but the slanging-match in Rome the day before yesterday, the blaspheary, the Billingsgate, the tawdry coffin, the dirty surplices, the howling nummers in green-baize, and the Cross above all, like the mast of a wrecked ship visible above a stormy sea, made up a spectacle which will never be effaced from my mind.

If New York has been called a city of one street, medern Rome may with equal justice, or injustice, as your architectural taste or prejudices lead you to assume be described as a city of no streets at all. Of course such sweeping criticisms applied to a metropolis once numbering a million of inhabitants, and now about two hundred thousand,\* must

\* The population of Rome in 1863, when the last census was taken, was computed, exclusive of strangers and the French garrison, at 201,164. In 1800 the total number of inhabitants was only 153,000; but in 1813 at the conclusion of Napoleon's rule, it had sunk to 111,000. Since that period it has been constantly on the increase, and in 1854 it was 178,042. The calculations as to the population of ancient Rome are, as a rule, the wildest guesses. Some antiquaries put it down at two, and some go as high as three-and-a-half millions. Topographical engineers, taking the extent of the lines of circumvallation as standpoints, declare that there could never have been more than a million of people in Rome. To have done with statistics, I may mention that the ecclesiastical population is composed of fifteen hundred priests, nearly four hundred seminary pupils destined for

to some extent necessarily partake of the nature of paradoxes. In New York, Fifth Avenue and all the other avenues, Eighthstreet and all the other streets up to Ninety-first-street if there be such a thoroughfare—the Bowery and Chatham, Wall and William, and the remainder of the streets in the old, Dutch quarter of the island of Manhatten, have a clear right, municipally, statistically, and politico-economically, to termed streets. They are built and numbered, and paved \* and populated, in due accordance with street-law. Yet, in the opinion of many, who, like Mercier and De Balzac in Paris, or Mr. Peter Cunningham and Mr. John Timbs in London, hold that a street is nothing without social characteristics and historical associations, New York has only one street, and that one is Broadway. In modern Rome, the paradox is even more sustainable. Broadway is at least a main thoroughfare, a grand artery leading from the heart to the head of the city, a High-street, indeed a trunk-road from which innumerable smaller thoroughfares branch off: but there is nothing arterial about the Corso of Rome. is simply a very long, narrow, and dirty lane, with many · turnings, by patiently threading which you may possibly get from the Piazza del Popolo into a network of filthy alleys which debouck on the Forum. It is not the highway of Roman commerce. The best Roman shops are not in the

the priesthood, two thousand five hundred monks and friars, two thousand nuns, and two thousand beadles, sacristans, custodes, bell-ringers, choristers, and other persons of the church-rat order. In this summary of the civiliau army of the Pontiff I have not been quite so minute as the German statist who began his table with "Popes, two; cardinals, thirty-six;" adding, in a foot-mote, "By the other Pope I mean the General of the Jesuits." His "ether" Holiness is usually known in Rome as "the Black Pope," in contradistinction to Pie Nono, whose habitual attire is white flannel.

Corso; and were it not that it is the most convenient passinge for carriages going to the Pincian Hill, it would be no more the main street of Rome than Holborn is the main street of London, or the Rue St. Lazare the main street of Paris.

I have, in a preceding page, mentioned the Via Condotti, which is the principal resort of foreigners, and the chief emporium of the exquisite nicknacks manufactured by the Romans for the delectation of foreigners and the impoverishment of their purses. The Via Babuino might also, by a great stretch of courtesy and the imagination, be termed a street; so might that of the Fontanella Borghese; so-a very large margin being illowed to the admission-might the Vie di Ripetta and della Scrofa. But none of these are streets, in the rigid acceptance of the word as used by civilised beings in the nineteenth century. The would-be dandy of the Regency had a garment made of Saxony broadcloth with silk linings, which probably cost him half-a-dozen guineas; but when he showed it to Brummell, expecting laudatory remarks, the Beau took the collar between his finger and thumb, and asked the abashed neophyte of fashion whether he called "that thing a coat." So is it with streets. We don't call Pentonville-hill a street, nor, the Board of Works notwithstanding, do we confer streetal dignity on Hanway-yard, or on that infirm and incult gap in which the Garrick Club have built their new house. Vigo-lane is not a street, and never will be. It will take another half-century to make New Oxford and Victoria genuine streets; and even King William-street, Strand, though more than thirty years old, is still in an incipient and embryotic state, wanting the real cachet and imprimatur of street vitality.

I have premised so much lest there might be persons yet untravelled, but studious of topegraphy, who, on reading this, should produce a monstrous map of Rome from the pocket of a guide-book, flourish it before me, and ask what I meant when such a viatorial labyrinth had been laid down by the copperplate engraver; or lest members of the more felicitous classes, who have spent a winter in Rome, should, half-astonished and half-indignant, want to know what I was driving at. "No streets in Rome?" they might say: "why, we have been nearly run over half-a-dozen times in the Via dell'Angelo Custode. We have bought West-India pickles and Durham mustard in the Via Babuino. We have lost our way in the Via Capo-le-case, and have seen the horse-races in the Via del Corso."

With all this I respectfully submit that there are no streets in Rome; and I would say to the felicitous beings who have wintered there. "Ladies and gentlemen, you lived on the Piazza di Spagna, or the Piazza del Popolo, or the Bocca di Leone; and every morning and evening a carriage came to take you to the Capitol, or the Forum, the Quirinal, the Vatican, the Lateran, the Appian Way, or the Pincian. Do you remember those long dreary drives through by-laces full of hovels and pigsties, full of dirt and beggars and foul smells? Surely you could not call those slums streets! In the afternoon, perhaps, you took a little gentle exercise, or did a little shopping within five hundred yards of your abode; and in a short time you would find out the principal places for the sale of cameos and mosaies, black

draughts, blue pills, photographs, alabaster tazze, French bonnets, and sham Etruscan vases. But within how small a compass were those shops! You deal at perhaps twenty, and there should be at least twenty thousand in this huge city."

One of the chief advantages of a paradox is, that it may be qualified, modified, and taken with as many verbal and mental reservations as an oath by a Jesuit. There are few, if any, streets in Rome which are paved, well lit, handsome, commodious, or even commonly decent. There are few, if any, in which three friends can walk arm-in-arm, or in which Materfamilias can sail along surrounded by her olive-branches. In the Corso, for instance, the foot-pavement is so narrow, that if a lady halt for a moment to look into a shop she is in imminent danger of being jostled into the kennel by a Zouave, or a Monsignore, or a barefooted friar. or sa Antibes legionary, or a "trasteverino" with a basket of charcoal on his back. As for the Condotto, there is not one inch of foot-pavement in it. Streets, indeed, where people can lounge, or even walk with convenience, are nearly altogether lacking; but on the other hand, there are some scores of Roman streets not less than three-hundred-and-fifty years Not that they are picturesque in their architecture, like the streets of Frankfort, Heidelberg, cr Vienua; their three centuries and a half only represent an accumulation of dirt, discomfort, rags, and foul smells.

If you will only consent to give the nineteenth century the go-by—and I own that it is so continually forced down our throats, both from printed column and from spouting platform, as to have become a very close imitation of a bore,—and will consent to become thoroughly mediæval, you may

take your fill of streets in Rome, and form a sufficiently accurate notion of the misery and wretchedness which the non-felicitous classes suffered during those same middle ages. Those ages have been unjustly decried, the sentimental devotees of the past inform us. There are people who wish, or profess to wish, for their reëdification. The amiable Tory poet, Lord John Manners, has put on record a couplet which, although not so well known as the famous "old nobility" one, is even more expressive of his lordship's views in regard to social progress. In the sweet volume of lyrics which he published in conjunction with the gentleman who afterwards turned Papist, and died Superior of the Oratory at Brompton, his lordship indulges in soft aspirations for the return of the haleyon time when "the humbler classes once again" shall "feel the kind pressure of the social chain."

Walk about the streets of Rome, and you will see how the "humbler classes" felt "the kind pressure of the social choin," with a vengeance, during the middle ages. kind pressure, in France, in England, and in Germany, were due the plague, the sweating fever, the falling sickness, and the black death which used to swoop down on the kindlychained ones periodically, and, where Alaric, Attila, and Totila had slair only their thousands, would lay their millions low. To the few remaining links of that "kind chain" which still rust and fester at home, we owe Bethnal-green and Spitalfields, and chronic cholera and typhus. Rome has felt the "kind pressure" so long as to have grown accustomed to it, and there are many Ultramontanes, I daresay, who assert that the Romans prefer their backward state of life to the feverish progress of the non-Catholic nations.

Would you tell me, if you please, why it is that the most orthodox Catholic cities always stink so intolerably? It is the odour of sanctity, I suppose. Many of the saints smelt more powerfully than pleasantly, and were additionally venerated for that reason. I will mention Seville, Cordova, Toledo, Toalouse, and Vienna. All those cities are orthodox, and in all of them the stench is unendurable. The streets of Rome, the houses of Rome—to the very palaces and museums—reck with such horrible odours that you are very soon led to conjecture that the ever-quoted malaria from the fontine Marshes has been made responsible for a great deal of which it is quite innocent, and that one of the chief predisposing causes of the Roman fever is the inconceivable filthiness of the people and their awellings.

But it is heterodox, of course, to ascribe the stamming filth of Rome, and the diseases bred from it, to the ignorance stupidity, and bigetry of a gevention of our women; by which I mean priests. It is heterodox, of course, to point out that the cause of true religion could scarcely suffer if the Government of his Holmess the trope would condescend to such trifles of administrative a form us to page the streets,

<sup>\*</sup> There are medical authorities, I know, who maintain a controry opinion, and who ascrose the unhealthness of Krone to the desolition of the circumparent Campagna, the diametror of the population there, and the manner of deserted villas, in whose windernesses of abandoned garden a kind of choke-damp is bred. According to these sages, where are a large number of persons have been crowded into a confined space of these as in the Chatto and the densely-througed quarter about the Capitoline 10th, the saluerity of the situation has been apparent, ha spite of the dirt; habits of the people. Now, were this statement accepted unreservedly, it would be one of the most powerful arguments ever adde ed against soap, similationth combs, fresh water, and abundant ventilation. Similar arguments were often heard in England when it was proposed to clear out St. Giice's and abolish Smithfield Market; but I am happy to remember that they did not prevail.

### THE STREETS OF ROME

light them better, drain them, perforate their postage-stamps, and hint to the employes at their post-office that there is no need for them, in the month of Becember, to take a siesta from twelve to two r.m., and at four shut up the office altogether. Catholic Unity, the Faith, the Immaculate, and the Vicar of &c. &c., would all doubtless be imperilled if an attempt were made to cleanse the Augean stables in which the humbler Romans have been weltering any time since the middle ageo, and in which they are likely to welter till this antiquated Papal machine tumbles to pieces—not from any overt violence. I hope, but of its own accord—and something new and serviceable, more in accordance with the requirements of a civilised age, is built up in its place.

These fetid pigsties, these abominable dens, were the kind of places people lived and died in during the middle ages, all the while such splendid churches and palaces were being built, such glorious pictures painted, such beautiful noissals illuminated, such exquisite bas-reliefs carved in murble and out and ivora, such delicate tapestries worked, such rich armoried glass stained, such brave goblets and tankards chisclied, such gallant spits of armour and treachant swords and keen conjurds lemmered. All the while the "humbler classes" Earl like dogs, were beaten like dogs. hanged like dogs, bought and sold like dogs, and died at last, dog-like, in such kennels. There are the very stalls where they bought their poor scraps of meat, their bunches of vegetables, their loaves of coarse sour bread. There are the very taverns where their wine was sold at a mean poice to them, and where, getting hysterical at last with acid drink upon half-empty stomachs, they dug one another in the ribs

with knives, as they do to this day. There are the same casements stuffed with foul rags, the same black and crazy staircases, from which peep old and weazened faces, or faces young and wan, or faces bleared by passion and poverty or the greed of other men's goods; or at which sprawl and squall, cascading at last to the kennel below, ragged, frowzy, elf-like children, many of them maimed by neglect, many of them scarred and scamed frightfully, more by the hot cinders of the braziers with which they have been allowed to play than by that other children's scourge, smallpox, and most of them, up to eight years of age, more than three parts naked.

I have not yet seen the "humbler classes" in Naples and Sicily, but up to this writing I have seen nothing so forlorn and so revolting; so miserable and so degraded, as the "humbler classes" of Rome. You man in the shovel-hat. who talk so unctuously about the Virgin Mary - you who have set up at every street-corner a painted idol, with a lamp before it-you who fill the minds of your pentents with all kinds of lying legends about the saints and their miraclesare you, too, so blind, so ignerant, so stupid, as not to see that in the lives of these deplorable creatures, fluttering in rags, wallowing in dirt-in these mothers, who from sheer lethargic carelessness suffer their babes to become humpbacked and bow-legged-in these slouching, unknipt men and lads-in these swarms of beggars, now cringing and now clamorous-in these homes, unfit for luman beings, and scarcely fit for bogs, there is one constant, dull denial both of the Mother and the Son of God-there is one standing negative to the tremendous assertions of Romanism in the Basilica hard by? The filthiest streets of Rome are in the Borgo, and the Borgo is composed of the streets immediately surrounding St. Peter's. "Twes Petrus," runs the great inscription in mosaic round the drum of the dome, in letters every one of them as tall as a Life Guardsman—"Twes Petrus, et super hanc petram adificabo ecclesiam meam;" but underneath the rock of the Church priestcraft has built up a dunghill.

One loses patience altogether with the splendour of the Roman church, when we contrast that splendour with the squalor by which it is environed. At least, among us heretics, consigned by the Romanists to eternal torment, the church goes hand in hand with the trim school-house, full of clean and rosy children, with the hospital, the asylum, and the reformatory. But here there is but one step from Rafaelle's pictures and Bernini's statues to Beggar's Bush and the Cadger's Arms. Bramante's and Fontana's great facades only screen the nest of hovels behind; and all the loathsome losels of the Roman Alsatia wash their rags in fountains adorned with saints and angels. The very steps of St. Peter's, the very corridors of the Vatican, to within the shadow of the halberts of the Swiss guard, are beset by beggars. But is not mendicancy itself orthodox? Did not. many of the saints themselves beg? And has not a life of sloth, uncleanliness, and mendicity, otherwise known as "holy meditation," been expressly pointed out by many Fathers of the Church as the direct road to salvation?

There are streets in Rome whose names are more poignant in their suggestiveness than the fiercest satire of Juvenal. The Vicolo Gesù-Maria is close to the Via degl

Incurabili. The Street of the Guardian Angel is the most abandoned place you ever saw out of St. Giles's; the Street of Paradise is a poor imitation of Saffron-hill; and the Street of Death skirts the wall of a grand palace. All the saints have streets named after them; all the articles of religion, all its mysteries, and most of the non-apostolic personages in the New Testament, have their streets, with an occusional Triton, or Dolphin, or Nereid to make up; and now and then plain truth peeps out to the discomfiture of fiction, as in the "Street of the Old Shoes" and the "Street of the Dark Shops." But, amidst all these rankling hovels, among all the garbage, amidst all these tatters and tatterdomalions, the three-hundred-and-sixty-four churches and basilicas of Rome rear their sumptuous heads: without, all sculpture and ornate architectural ornament-within, all-glowing fresco and radiant mosaic, gilding and embroidery, gold and silver For my part I think it would be much less sacrilegious to sell every Rafaelle and Domeniching to the dealers in the Ghetto- to scrape every particle of gold-leaf off the statues of the Virgin, as the French did at Puebla-to melt down all the silver candlesticks, and despoil the very shrine on the altar of its gems, and apply the ready-money thus obtained to building a few model lodging hours and a few baths and washhouses, than to allow Rome to seethe and rot in the corruption of neglect and abandonment, while the monuments of a preposterous idolatry blazed all around in gold and jewels.

## XXXII.

# A DAY WITH THE ROMAN HOUNDS.

"A southerty wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a huntingmorning," to which I may venture to add that "You all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well." It will be perceived by these quotations from the once-popular anthology of the cover-side, now degraded, I am sorry to say, to a very dog's-eared condition in the "fourpenny box" at the bookstalls, that my intent, on the present occasion, is a sporting one; that I purpose rhetorically to array myself in scarlet, and to substitute top-boots for the classical cothurnus, and that the burden of my song throughout this letter will be "Yoicks!" "My name is Nimrod, and on the Esquiline hills my father kept his hounds, a noble pack, until-not being a frugal swain-niv sire outran the constable, sold his dogs, and went to them himself." To have done with circumbocution, I aspire to give you an account of the great meet of the Roman Hunt as it occurred one day in the month of December 1866.

If a "southerly wind" be essential to the proclamation of a hunting-morning, the sons of Nimrod in Rome on that day must have had every reason, to be satisfied. The sirocco, which is a southerner, with a dash of the easterly, like a Carolinian who has married a lady from Massachusetts, put in a very lively appearance throughout the forenoon. The

Roman sirocco is no arid and suffocating blast, such as that awful wind in Algeria which comes scouring in from the Sahara like a goum of wild Bedouins, its burnouse laden with impalpable sand, which pierces the lungs of the consumptive even as a sharp scimitar. When the sirocco blows in Algeria the people hasten to close their doors and windows, stopping up the very chimneys and keyholes, and remain in their back-parlours, trembling, till the flying pillar of hot dust has passed away. But when the Roman sirocco blows we open our casements, and invite the gentle gale to fan our cheeks and ventilate our apartments. It is a soft, mild, caressing wind, more resembling warm milk in a volatilised state than anything else. In summer the sirocco is said to be both debilitating and oppressive; but a fortnight before Christmas, and with the knowledge that your friends in England are being choked with fog, drenched in Fleet-street mist, or rendered despondent in the morning by the appearance of ice in the water-jug, the balmy south-easter is inexpressibly grateful and refreshing. At least ten thousand times a year we are informed by didactic journalists that there were people who wept for Nero-not such a very bad fellow, perhaps, after all: a kind of Mr. Sothern fallen into evil ways and gone mad, but a great actor always—and I am determined that there shall be at least one bard to sing the praises of that much-calumniated wind, the sirocco. For the world is growing very stale and jejune, and paradox has ever a salt flavour.

With the "southerly wind" came, however, no "cloudy sky." The cerulean vault might have been taken down bodily—since this is the city of miracles—and used to crown

those enormous slabs of Russian lapis lazuli in the Baldac. chino covering the sepulchre, where, outside the walls at Rome, they say the Apostle of the Gentiles is buried. St. Peter and St. Paul! It is not more shocking and irreverent perhaps to breathe those tremendous names in a newspaper. article than to have them huckstered about to you by custodes and valets-de-place at so many bajocchi a piece. "Down dere part of St. Poul be buried; rest of him in de oder church;" or "A gauche, Excellence, sont les ossements de St. Pierre, anôtre' et martyr." Mr. Kingsley, in his time, was shocked at the gross familiarity with which the sacred names of the colleges at Cambridge were baudied about by unreflecting under-graduates; but Romish and Cambridge cars grow, I suppose, in time alike hardened. The Ten Commandments here are so much fresco or encaustic; and the Passion is done in mosaic at so many scudi per foot. The Trinity has become a trade. Miriam cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsam.

Yes; the sky was bluer than any ultramarine that Winsor and Newton could sell at a guinea an ounce; and, save one little fleecy speck of vapour, wandering like a lost lamb in the fields of Elysium, it was without a cloud. The weatherwise declared the fleecy speck to be a sign that ere noon had passed the southerly wind would shift to the north and the sirocco become a tramontana, which is a very rude and blustering gale, harsh and penetrating, cracking the lips and reddening the nose, and playing old gooseberry with the ladies' crinolines and the ampler skirts of the Roman elergy. The sun shone bright and strong, to the infinite glee of the forestieri, but far too brightly and strongly for the Romans, who, in common with other Italians, have a deep-seated re-

luctance to exposing themselves to the rays of Phæbus. They never walk on the sunny side of the street if they can help it, and the only possible objection that can be taken to the hotels of Rome, which are exceptionally clean, comfortable, and well-managed, is that most of their rooms are as dark as Sir Walter Raleigh's bedroom in the Tower of London. "Murray" tells us of a Roman saying, that "none but Englishmen and dogs walk in the sunshine." \* odd how cosmopolitan are these proverbial sayings. nine months since I was told at Mudrid, that nobody save "un perro o un Frances"-a dog or a Frenchman-walked on the sunny side of the Puerta del Sol. There were numerous Romans, however, yesterday in the Campagna, who were fain to be as dog-like as Englishmen, and not only to walk, but to ride, for a good many hours in the full blaze of the lord of the unerring bow, as Lord Byron call: the Apollo. whose how must have erred sometimes, seeing that it is now hopelessly broken. You cannot ride to hounds with an umbrella, or take a stone wall in a brougham; at least, I fancy that Nimrod and the Sporting Magazine would not approve of such proceedings.

The Roman Hunt is an institution of respectable antiquity, and probably owes its origin to the great influx of aristocratic English to the Papal capital which took place

<sup>\*</sup> The Roman doctors would not seem to be quite so strongly prejudiced against solar influences as their patients are, for the faculty in Rome have their own proverbial saying, to the effect that, in rooms where the sun does not enter, the physician invariably must. It is after all a question of season. There are months in the year, in Italy as in Spain, when the sun from a benefactor turns to an intolerable despot. In the hotels in Seville you pay for rooms without sun double the price charged for apartments al sol,; and at a bull-fight un pulou à la sombra, or box in the shade, costs twice as much as one in the sun.

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after the fall of Napoleon, and after Sir Thomas Lawrence's pencil and the munificence of George the Fourth to the Cardinal of York had made the Pope fashionable, and a winter in Rome the very genteelest of things to do. It is curious to mark the infinite ramifications stricken into the English mind, all springing from the common trunk of our hatred to the First Bonaparte. If Napoleon had used the Pope well, his Holiness would have probably remained the reviled and despised "Bishop of Rome;" but the French Emperor maltreated the Sovereign Pontiff, kidnapped and imprisoned him; so genial society in England forthwith "took him up," and he became the "dear good Pope" whom Belgravian ladiestalk so cestatically about.

. The Roman Hunt fell into abeyance for a period of seven The suspension was due partly to the troubles of 1849, from which Roman society has never entirely recovered, and never will recover, until the fount and origin of the wil ---the temporal power--is removed, and partly to the painful impression made on the mind of the benevolent Pio Nono by the numerous and sometimes fatal accidents which had taken place in the hunting-field. The truth was, that the English gentlemen who joined the Hunt imagined that they could do in the Campagna all that they had been in the habit of doing with the Quorn and the Pytchley, and that the Roman patricians who so blithely assumed the scarlet and buckskins—as the costume de' beri cacciatori Inglesi-tried, incited by noble emulation, to do all that the veterans of Melton Mowbray attempted, and more. The consequence was that, with melancholy frequency, the noble sportsman's horse would shy at the stump of a Corinthian column, or shy him neck and

crop into the profundities of a sepulchral monument; and it was obviously more classical than convenient to crack your skull by contact with the broken bust of a defunct Practor, and be carried to the hospital on a bronze door.

Since 1864 the Hunt has been reëstablished, and with the full concarrence of the Pontifical authorities—a special provise, however, being added to the permission given by the kind-hearted old Pope, to the effect that the noble sportsmen should be accompanied by a mounted corps of Pioneers, consisting of one contadino on horseback, equipped with an axe and a pick, to cut down hedges that were too tall, and knock down stone walls that were too stiff to leap. The Hunt is placed under the management of a committee of Roman noblemen-I think Prince Odescalchi and Prince Colonna are alternately Masters-and consists of at least one hundred members, or azionisti, each paying a hundred-ar I-fifty francs asyear, and engaging to keep up their subscriptions for at least three years. Strangers may become annual members, and those staying but a short time in Rome are always welcome at the meet. I need not say that nine-tenths of the foreigners who thus avail themselves of the privilege are our own countrymen. Now and then a "fast" Yankee, an illustration of the Paris Jockey Club, or a Russian prince, makes, his appearance in the field; but the Anglo-Saxon element is by far the predominant one; and the scene, apart from its wondrous associations of the buried past, is a thoroughly English one—that is to say, genial, good-natured, and jully, with just a spice of the national eccentricity - which foreigners mistake for madness-and just a leaver of the national stuckupishness - which foreigners have no name

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for, but which they laugh at. I do believe there are English people who would give themselves airs in Charon's boats, as young Bibo did, till the stern ferryman hit him over the pate with his oar to teach him humility, and who would use smelling-bottles and eyeglasses in the very dock before Rhadamanthus' judgment-seat. I have seen "stuckupishness" at the top of the Alps and at the bottom of the Catacombs, and I saw it yesterday in full bloom at the Roman Hunt.

The meet for Thursday, which was to be the most brilliant of the season, was announced to take place at the Tomb of Cecilia Metella; but the actual rendezvous was on a rising knoll in the Campagna-very likely the crest of a partially-sunk tumulus, about a mile farther on, to the left of the Appian Way. The Tomb of Cecilia Metella, and the left-hand side of the Appian Way! What a trysting-place for foxhounds! Well, they must meet somewhere; and, given the favourable nature of the locality, we need not inquire too minately into its history. The Duke of Wellington kept a pack of hounds in the Peninsula, and the Great Captain's short, sharp "Ha! ha!" was often heard as he galloped over the green slopes of Andalusia. Boabdil and Muley Abbas did not interfere with Jowler and Boxer, and Tom Moody, a colour-sergeant on ordinary days, was the whipper-in. The oldest and the dearest friend I ever had was a great huntsman, and emigrated to South America to re-make the fortune which he had lost at home. to Valparaiso, and did well-principally, I believe, in coalmines—and I met a Scotchman at Cadiz who told me that he had known him well in Chili, that his old passion for the chase had revived, and that he kept a pack of hounds,

all to himself, at the remote hacienda where he dwelt, often without seeing a European face from year's end to year's end, and went out hunting by himself, monarch of all he surveyed, like a top-booted Robinson Crusoe. Not a stranger rendezvous this, among the sierras and pampas and coppercoloured Indians, than here, among the tombs, with Numa Pompilius looking over the wall, and Professor Niebuhr denying him round the corner, while the voice of the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis is heard in high dispute with Mutius Scavola from the adjacent sepulchres. Associations, à la longue, are but adventitions. They may crop up everywhere. The bluff Leicestershire squire, the sturdy Yorkshire farmer, have their gatherings among associations as old and as interesting-now by a Roman encampment, now by a Danish colony-now by where Danids worshipped the mistletoe, and roasted people in wickerwork cages-new by where Canute rebuked his courtiers, or Hardicanute got drunk, or Boadicea was scourged, or crookbacked Richard fell in fight with Richmond.

I had made up a party, and fifled a barouchesand pair, and, at half-past ten, started from our hostelry in the Via Bocca di Leone for the tomb of Cecilia Metella. It is, perhaps, unnecessary for me to hint to you that your rambling interlocutor is not a hunting-man, and that he prefers to witness such things as battles, fox-hunts, and, if possible, shipwrecks, on four wheels, to joining in them on four legs—that is to say, on horseback. A chacun son métier: and it is not mine to follow the flying fox. The late Mr. John Leech and the yet extant Mr. Anthony Trollope have done quite enough to vindicate the individualism

Reviewer at the meet on Thursday, and I am right sorry that he did not catch a fall, for I am not one of those who profess to love my enemies. My enemy I should like to have, in handcuffs and without a hat, at high noon, in the middle of the Great Desert. I would then read him my printed opinions of him (which are highly sarcastic and, I think, clever), and retresh him from time to time with anchovy sandwiches and boiling Worcestershire sauce.

No, I do not hunt. I remember once staying in a country-house whose hospitable owner pressed me very much to "ride to hounds," and offered me something which he called s "mount" and I am afraid that, under the influence of capillaire and seltzer-water, late at night in the smokingroom, I promised to "show" at the meet the next morning. I remember that I received important letters soon after sunrise, and went to London by the 8.40 traint. Is there any harm in admitting that you never hunted anything bigger than a flea or a guinea? I hope not. Yet there are some people who grow quite savage, and sneer at you viciously, because you do not appreciate the delight of galloping after a wretched vermin at the risk of breaking your neck, or because you do not understand the slang of the hunting-field. How stupid are these sneers! Can we all of us do every-Suppose I ask Nimred what a mezzotinto scraper is; or how he would use the xoulette in half-tones; and what is the best way of laying a soft ground, or knocking up a plete which has been overbitten? Suppose I ask Tom Moody how, on a given horizontal, he would construct an equilateral triangle, or how he would inscribe, in a given

parallelogram, the ellipse known as the "gardener's oval"? Ten to one he would know nothing at all about these things.

Please, then, my noble sportsmen, don't sneer at me because, until dinner-time on Wednesday night, I did not know what the "fox's pad" was. Why should I? I never saw a fox unstuffed in my life; but, sportsmen, did you ever see a dolphin, or a shark, or a brigand, or a wild Indian? Life is short, and art is long; the study of English technology rivals that of the Oriental languages in abstruseness. heard of the fox's brush; but this is how I came to hear . of his "pad"—the which, I apprehend, is his foot. brought home the fox's pad, did the captain," quoth a young Englishman at the table-d'hôte, "and he gave it to the cook to dry on the top of the oven, and, by Jove, sir, the fellow fried it and sent it up the next morning for breakfast, with chopped parsley. You may smell it in the kitchen now." I asked, deferentially, what the fox's pad might be, not knowing exactly whether it was something to eat or something to sit down upon, and being enlightened, experienced considerable gratification. The English tongue is certainly a most copious one, and its wealth of synonyms is inexhaustible. The foot of a fox is his "pad," and that of a dog his "paw." The head of a wild-boar is his "hood," and the tail of a hare his "scut," and the stomach of a horse is his "barrel."

We drove over the slippery flagstones of modern Rome amidst a wilderness of old churches, old pictures, old beggars, old women, and old clothes, and through the old Porta San Sebastiano and the older arch of Drusus, on to the Appian Way. It is certainly not wider than that back-lane which leads from Walham-green to Hammersmith, but it

the most interesting road in the world. To reach it, by the route we took, you must pass the gigantic Baths of Caracalla, and the still more gigantic, but more dilapidated, Palace of the Cæsars, which the Emperor of the French is so busily excavating, but which, for all the quotations from Livy he has stuck up as sign-posts, will scarcely become anything more than a shapeless mass of ruins—a Titanic brick-kiln, sent in a state of distraction by a colossal earthquake.

You must pass the tombs of the Scipios, and those of the Pompeys--the Columbaria, so called from their pigeon-house conformation, where baked Romans are potted down in such very circumscribed spaces, that the practicability of being burnt on a fourpenny-piece, and having your ashes collected on a postage-stamp, and being buried in a portemonnaic, at once occurs to you. The first time I visited the Columbaria the custode took out of a jar-originally, so it seemed, intended for Bengal chutnee-a handful of little bits of black stuff, and told me that was a Roman senator. Yes; and it might have been Cleopatra, or Marc Antony, or Alexander, or the Lady of Shalott, or the costermonger's baby burnt to death in the back-garret in Bethnal-green last Monday was a fortnight. We pack very closely, and give very little trouble when we are in a jar, calcined and powdered fine, that is certain. They might make a good pigment for housepainters out of a senator, and consular ashes might be useful in bleaching linen.

Lord save us! what infinite pains these Roman magnificoes were at, not only in these pigeon-cotes, but for miles and miles along the Appian Way, to have elbow-room in

their tombs for their stuckupishness, and to let the remotest posterity know what grand folks they were! What myriads of alphabets were there not graven to record their styles and their titles, and the years of their births and their deaths. Not one in a thousand of the inscriptions is perfect; by not one in ten thousand is aught conveyed beyond a hollow noise that has no meaning. Now and then the sound is vocable, and has stress, as in the solemn warning, "Touch me not, O mortals; revere the manes of the dead;" or as in the exquisitely pathetic apostrophe, in which the bereaved mother endearingly implores the "kind fever, the good fever, the hely fever," which has taken two of her children, to spare the two that remain. But time and the barbarian's bave been as good as the fever, and neither children nor grownup people, nor the manes of the dead. for slave nor squator, have been respected; and this Appian Way is but a chaos of charnel-houses, with the Pope's highway running through it, along which post-chaises and hackney carriages drive.

Dryon know the bone-grabbing purlieus of Kensal-green, or the great Croquemort promenade on the way to Moutmer-tre or Père la Chaise, or Stonecutter's-row in the Eustouroad or Greenwood Cemetery in New York? Take all the tombs and statues, tear up the vaults, lay bare the entacorabs, break them up into fragments large and fragments small, play at nine-pins with them, half hide them in the earth, let grass cover and weeds choke them; grow the acanthus on the Corinthian capital, and let the thistle riot over the cornice—"down with the nose, down with it flat, take the bridge quite away"—from legions of headless marble

bodies. Let this be a valley of dry bones, of petrified Chelsea and Greenwich pensioners. Turn the whole chaos loose in the building-yard of a Lucas or a Cubitt, after a long strike, or a longer lock-out. Shoot the rubbish of ages there; sprinkle with dust and innumerable brickbats, and serve hot, with trailing vines, and a bright sun, and a blue sky for sauce. This is the Appian Way.

Never was there such an eloquent rebuke to the pride, and vanity, and ambition of man. You may put the Pontifex Maximus in your snuff-box, and carry away a vestal virgin in your waistcoat-pocket. Those tremendous Romans here attempted to set up a lasting text of the sublime and the stupendous; and lo! Time sits on a broken tombstone, and reads a lecture on the Infinitely Little. The poorest Paris gamin shovelled last week into the fosse commune, the wretchedest pauper whom the board can worry and the nurse bully no longer, and whom the parish undertaker has nailed-up between four deal-boards and carried off to the paupers' burying-ground, is of as much account as the Roman Prince who had five-hundred slaves, and a thousand clients, and a fortune of four millions sterling.

The Via Appia is thronged with beggars. I will not say infested; for here they do not seem out of place. They are in perfect consonance with the decaying scene, with the decaying Church, with the general "mitycheesiness," so to speak, and twenty-centuries-old aspect of everything around. A Carden here might be prodigal of bajocchi; a Marquis Townshend, even, induced to bestow a paul upon a poor widow with a callow brood of brats. There is a very hideous creature on the Appian Way, a mendicant, who has a sliding-scale of ail-

ments at his command, and who, in proportion to your liberality, will get more and more frightfully afflicted. A gratuitous view may be obtained of him; but he is then simply a spiteful idiot, with bandy-legs and St. Anthony's fire in his face. For two bajocchi he will have St. Vitus's dance; for three, his right side will be paralysed; for five, he will have an epileptic fit and foam at the mouth.

The Papalini tell us that Rome is full of charitable institutions, where every conceivable human ill is ministered to by "nostri poveri monachi"—by those charming monks and nuns whose convents the wicked and atheistical Government are so ruthlessly suppressing. Could not the Pontifical almoners find a corner in one of their admirable hospitals for this deplorable object on the Via Appia?

Signs of the Hunt began to appear as soon as we were clear of the arch of the Drusus. Outside the walls there was a great muster of ladies' and gentlemen's stoeds; for the slippery flags of the Roman streets are terribly trying to horses shed for hunting, and prude at Nimrods prefer to mount extra muros. Many even drive to cover in dogcarts, churs-à-banc, or barouches. There were half-a-dozen English ladies, at least, who did not vault-vaulting is, I believe, the term—on to their crutch-saddles until they were well clear of the walls; but the spectacle then became charmingly equestrian, and the Appian Way was brightened by a most vivacious cavalcade. Gracefully-cut jackets, more graceful English faces, plumed hats, flying skirts, cambric handkerchiefs in the pocket of the saddle, daintily-varnished boots, tiny gauntleted hands, whips with amber, and coral, and bucksfoot handles-nay, even the famous "ladies' riding-trousers,

chamois leather with black feet," were visible among the tombs. The gentlemen made an equally gallant show. With some, the modest pepper-and-salt shooting-jacket, with doeskin pantaloons and high boots, were deemed sufficiently "down the road;" but a goodly proportion of the noble sportsmen had evidently left England with malice prepense as regards the Roman Hunt. They may have aired their "pink" at Pau, in the Pyrences; but the full bloom of their Nimrodism had been reserved for the Campagna.

The ladies tell me that there is not a prettier sight to be seen the whole world over than a gentleman in full fox-hunting dress. I think that the prettiest specimen of humanity possible to view is a lady riding in Rotten-row on a fine May morning; but, I daresay, were I a lady, that the cynosure of my eyes would be a slim figure in a well-fitting swallow-tail of brightest vermilion, with a shiny chimney-pot hat, a blue birdseye scarf with a hor-eshoe pin, buckskins fitting like a glove, and top-boots shining like a mirror. The present generation of hunting-men run slim, and have a tendency to moustaches, not innocent of pommade Hongroise. Indeed, about many of the dandies of the Roman Hunt there hung a mysterious odour of Truefitt's and Pratt's, the Raleigh Club, and M. Francatelli's cabinets particuliers. Yea, even of the Treasury and the Foreign Office, Whitehall.

The Roman Hunt is a highly-select one, principally because the Campagna is rather a long way off for a tenant farmer or a sporting publican, and Mr. Soapy Sponge thinks twice before taking a second-class return-ticket to Marseilles and Civita Vecchia. I did not see Mr. Sponge at the coverside by Cecilia Metella's Tomb. I did not see Mr. Jorrocks.

Squipe Western was absent; but Sophy Western was there, and young Tom Jones-third paid secretary of her Majesty's Legation, Ecbatana-making desperate love to her behind a sarcophagus. I did not see any of the burly, bloated foxhunters, their scarlet coats smirched by innumerable spills, and stained purple, besides, by after-hunting orgies, with whom we grow so familiar in Luke Clennel's pictures; mighty hunters before the Lord, riding over five-barred gates all day, and keeping it up to all sorts of hours at night, always cracking t'other bottle, always drinking the "King, God bless him!" with nine times nine, over flowing bowls of punch, waving foxes' brushes over their heads the while in a distracted manner. A tipsy, swearing, Test-and-Corporation-Act-supporting, collar-bone-breaking generation they were, scouting the bare idea of railways, and holding the Elgin marbles in but slight estimation. They drank deep, but they did not smoke, and were far from the frivolous vices of the age of sham science and soda-water. And they won Salamanca and Waterloo, clearly.

There was no meet at Cecilia Metella's Tomb, and the fox, who must have read the announcement of the rendezvous in the Osservatore Romano of Tucsday, was doubt ess bitterly disappointed. For, if there be any truth in the good old British theory that the fox likes being hunted, we may expect Reynard to be as punctual as anyone clse in keeping his hunting-appointments. Moreover, the meet was to come off at eleven, and it was now a quarter to twelve. Appealed to, to reconcile this discrepancy, the driver of the barouche pointed to the extreme distance of the Campagna with his whip, and declared that "i cani e tutta la caccia" were "un po"

avanti"—a little farther on. So he drove us for another mile and a half along the Appian Way—always among the tombs; but still no meet in sight appeared.

I was sorry, for the sake of Cecilia Metella, with whom I had already formed an acquaintance, and whom I much admire. What a noble old ruin is the mausoleum of Crassus' wife! Battered by the barbarians, converted into a castle, besieged and retaken half-a-dozen times by the more barbarous Roman barons, stripped of its sumptuous shell of marble by the lime-burners; rifled by Clement XII., to furnish artificial rocks for his monstrous fountain of Trevi: and at last so utterly given up to abandonment and neglect that its original intent was lost, and it was known only to the. country-people as La Torre del capo di Bove, or Bull's-head Tower, from the white marble bas-reliefs on the frieze, in which festoons alternate with bulls heads-the tomb of Cecilia Metella is still one of the most perfect vestiges that remain of ancient Rome, and with the Pantheon and the Temple of Vesta induces the most definite idea of the beauty, the strength, and the magnificence of the structures of this wonderful city. Clements, and Bonifaces, and Robert Guiscard, and the Constable de Bourbon have done their best to devastate it; but still "the stern round tower of other days," with its garland of eternity, its two thousand years of ivy, stands "firm as a fortress with its fence of stone," and frowns haughtily upon the Campagna, like an indomitable woman.

There is nothing inside the tomb but bats, and, at night, I suppose, an owl or two; but I could fancy the fox sitting at the bottom on his haunches, and murmuring that it was

really very rude of the gentlemen of the Hunt to keep him waiting so long, and that if they meant hunting, they had better look sharp about it. Foxes have feelings as well as other people, which should not lightly be trifled with. We came on the meet at last, to the left - hand side, a already mentioned, of the Appian Way. The sight we saw fully atoned for the delay we had experienced in reaching it. There were the hounds-thirteen couple and a half, I think, they told me-the half being a young dog of piecrust-andcreamy hue, who would wag his tail at the wrong time, and was continually incurring personal chastisement on that account. There were the English gentlemen-riders, and the English lady-riders, and a very fair neaster of noble Romans, some of whom appeared in true British scarlet and top-loots, while others to coured us with jackets and jockey caps of black velvet, and varnished boots reaching mid-thigh. The show of horseflesh was capital; and as regards the noble sportsmen who had not beright their own hunters with them but were content to hire them at the rate of term france for the day, the addition reflected the highest credit on Ma Jarrets, who appears to be the Quartermoine of Roman liver stable-keepers, and whose little son, in the quietest ar pretties: of har tive-gear, and mounted on a very strop horse, distinguished himself greatly during the day, al took some of the stiffest leaps attainable.

There was a tent at the trysting-place, and externormal symptoms, in the shape of hampers of champagne, the something good was going on inside. Not being a specifier to the Roman Hunt, I could not of course push inquiries in this direction further. There was a great must be

of private carriages—many of the most recherché equipages you meet on the Pincian, with their most recherché occupants, were indeed present—while the "ruck" was made up of yard-barouches, such as our out. The familiar sounds of one's mother-tongue were continually audible; and an occasional "melodious twang" with "I guess," or "O, my!" or "Yes, sir," to give it zest, led to the conclusion that the American as well as the British element was "on hand." After some twenty minutes' giggling and gossipping, and mutual inspection through cyclasses, the huntsmen, the hounds, and the noble sportsmen decomped from the trysting-place, and the people who had come on carriages hastily alighted in order to follow the Hunt on foot. Then did the historian see sights!

There is a wonderfully droll Irish story of a matchmaking mamma, who is continually striving to delude subalterns in her Majesty's foot regiments into matrimony, by inciting her deaghters to proceed in advance in a country walk, and "show Ensign Somebody how the turkeys walk through the long grass." That matchmaking manama should have brought her daughters to the Campagna. Ensign Somebody would have proposed at once, had he seen Miss Jemima O'Flynn walking through the thistles. I have not the honour of Miss O'Flynn's acquaintance: but on inquiring of an English lady with whom I am on speaking term. I elicited the fact that walking through thistles, with an occasional variation in the way of climbing a stone wall, was extremely painful to the feet, ruinous to the stockings, fatal to kid boots, and trying to the temper. In addition to the thistles, many parts of the Campagna were knee-deep in wild-flowers,

most beautiful to look upon; and the deep purple of the distant Alban hills was exquisite. With all this, you don't care about having your boots cut to pieces, and your gracilis muscle lacerated by sublatent enemies of Scottish extraction.

The ladies who were best off were some very high-born Italian dames, who had adopted the last new Paris fashion for a walking-dress. Have you seen it yet in London? It is a marvellous make-up. You wear a hat, to begin with--anybody's but-a cocked-hat, if you like, but preferably Tom Tug, the jolly young waterman's, glazed flat-brimmed, and with a blue ribbon round it. The next thing is to go without your gown, and appear in public with your perticoutskirt, which should be of scarlet quilted sill. like your greatgrandmother's counterpane, and which reaches no lower than the tops of your boots. Your boots, by the way, are top ones, or rather Hessians without tassels. Yet wear a jacket, too, if I remember aright, of velvet; and to be perfectly proper and modest, you wear round your waist, not a fig-leaf, but a curious slashed-and-tagged structure, something leke a busile in duplicate, rigged fore and aft, as the tailors would say. and cut into pendent vandykes. Then, having left your crinoline at home, you borrow a very tall lam' co-care from the fifth footman, and go out walking through the thistles I don't think Ensign Anybody could have resisted that sight on Thursday. Unfortunately, most of the ladies so attired were princesses, or, at the least, duchesses, and the ensign would have had but a poor chance. O. I forgot one thing! Although it is so early in the morning, you paint your face an inch thick.

The noble sportsmen were subjected to a test of almost a crucial nature before the real business of the day began. The expanse on which the tent bar been erected was separated from the wide waste of the Campagna by a long stone wall of considerable steepness-a very Irish-looking wall, and a very ugly one, to boot. There were no gates in it, and no gaps, and unless you went a quarter of a mile to the right. and struck the Appian Way, there was no dodging it. The wall, I am proud to state, was taken, in the majority of instances, "in style." The toy-hurdles they set up for the circus-riders at Franconi's could not have been cleared more deftly than was that Roman wall by at least three-fourths of the Actions and Diana; present; and, so far as the fourfooted participants were concerned, any amount of scudi must be put down to the account of Mr. Jarrett's stable. Now and then a horse would small the wall, and prudently wheel away from it. One obstitute gray declined to do more than stand with his two forcefort on the coping, and insinuatingly endeavour to wriggle his rider off his brek; and one evil-tempered animal, a bright bay, fairly showed the wall a clean pair of heels, and bolted back towards the arm of Dinsn.

The whole field, however, got over at last; int least, that portion who couldn't manage the leaps got through the wall. A mob of contadini, ragged, active and vociferous, started up from the adjacent tombs as though they had been glowing and very soon made practicable breaches in the barriers by the simple process of pulling down the loose stones; for no mortar had been used in their structure. Thus, we pedestrians, too, were enabled to "take" our stone walls and follow

the Hunt, to our great internal joy, but to the increasing laceration of our tendon-Achilles. Surely on that hunting-morning the thistles must have savoured all the sweets of vengeance for the injuries inflicted on them by I know not how many generations of donkeys.

This kind of thing went on for a full hour and a half, the noble sportsmen meandering about the Campagna under the guidance of the huntsman, and the pack wagging their tails in unison, or keeping them in a state of quiescence in apparent obedience to the nod or the wink of the whipper-in. was very pretty to see the ladies "schooling" over the walls, or when there came a hedge with too much brushwood about it, to see the corps of mounted pioneers lop away the impertinent twigs lest the Amazons should scratch their pretty faces as they swept through. There was a dash of the steeplechase about it, and a suspicion of Mr. Sleary's circus, the audience being unrestricted in their locality. I say that it was very pretty; but by about a quarter to two I began to grow impatient to hear the hounds "give tongue"-is that the correct phraseology?--or to hear somebody cry "Yoicks!" or "Hark away!" I began to get weary, too, of the "schooling," and irritated at the corps of mounted pioneers, who was a grisly man, with a black heard, mounted on a black horse, with a black axe, and all manner of sinister-looking implements of a prevailing sable hue, slung at his saddle-bow. He looked like Herne the Hunter, who had emigrated from Windsor Forest to be nearer graves.

At about two o'clock it occurred to me that the excitement of the chase would be very much enhanced if such an article as a fox were added to it. It was very clear, as the condemned criminal remarked to the ordinary when the sheriff looked at his watch, and observed that it was growing late, that the fun couldn't begin without him.

An English friend volunteemed the information that he had met the fox, the day before yesterday, on quite another road, and going in the direction of the Porta del Pepolo, to keep an appointment, it is to be presumed, at a private henroest. For my part, I could not divest myself of the impression that the fox was still squatting snugly at the bottom of the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, lunching off a cold chicken, and repeating that it was very ungenteel behaviour on the part of the gentlemen of the Roman Hunt to keep him waiting so.

There was plenty of cover, both in the underbrush of the

slopes and in the inexhaustible graves, and for another halfhour the huntsman went poking about, followed by his dogs. At every moment I expected to see a gentleman with a brush scurry out, and, indeed, I should not have been surprised had he sallied forth, with a shovel-hat and bands, and buckles in his shoes, and, looking up from his breviary, like Don Abondio, in the Promessi Sposi, calmly inquired what all this atter was about on the Feast of St. Odille, the eve of Nicaise, and the morrow of St. Lucia. But no fox peared, and in default of Reynard, I was fain to admire the dashing horsemanship of Mr. Jarrett's little boy, and the equally intrepid Amazonship of a lady who stuck at nothing, and went at everything, who was capitally mounted, and did not look more than six-and-twenty, and who, I was told, was Miss Charlotte Cushman, the tragic actress. Lady Macbeth foxhunting! I was quite prepared after this to see the ghost of Cecilia Metella taking the lead, or Galla Placida flying over a five-barred gate.

They found a fox soon after this, appropriately enough, in a tomb; and here the duties of the scribe come to an end. I may well be excused from accumulating any more solecisms on matters which I do not understand. I trust, however, that the excellent newspaper, Bell's Life, had a correspondent in the field, and that this splendid run with the Reman Hounds will be duly chronicled. I was very glad to get back to the barouche, and return to Rome, to lunch, and send my boots, which were rather too elaborately decorated with the Order of the Thistle, to be mended. I have come to the conclusion that hunting is a very abstruse science, and that, in addition to the intense study it requires, you must be Born to it.

The Duchess of Berry, it is said, once witnessed a cricket-match gotten up by a me Englishmen at Dieppe for her special delectation. After some hours' batting and bowling, in a broiling sun, she asked "when the game was going to begin." She had mistaken all the batting and bowling for mere preparation. Thus may I have made too light. " all the meandering and the poking about, and have seen a fox-hunt without being aware of it. I heard in the evening that the fox, though hunted, was not killed. After a sharp run the poor little beast took refuge (always consistent) in another tomb, and they benevolently left him there to be hunted another day. At the last meet an enthusiastic English sportsman insisted that the fox should die the death, and, having some lucifer-matches in his pocket, he smoked him out of his earth, and so delight to the dogs and

secured his "pad." I don't know what lady had the brush. In any case, I still hold the opinion that the animal I saw chevied was not the genuine one, and that the real original fox remains to this moment in the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, picking a merrythought, and observing that punctuality is the soul of business.

Some people are born to do things by contraries. I never saw a cock-fight till I went to Africa, and the only cricket-match I ever witnessed was in the Valley of Mexico. It was quite consistent with the rule of contraries that I should have to wait for a trip to Rome ere I beheld a pack of English foxhounds.

THE END.